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SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE is incontestably dead at last, by the acknowledgment of all newspapers. I had, however, the pleasure of an intimate intercourse with him when he was an infinitely deader man than he is now, or ever will be again, I am persuaded, in the remotest *seculum seculorum*. I undoubtedly felt myself at the time every whit as dead (spiritually) as he was, and, to tell the truth, I never found him averse to admit my right of insight in regard to myself. But I could never bring him, much as he continually inspired me so to do, to face the philosophic possibility of this proposition in regard to himself. On the contrary, he invariably snorted at the bare presentation of the theme, and fled away from it, with his free, resentful heels high in air, like a spirited horse alarmed at the apparition of a wheelbarrow.

However, in spite of our fundamental difference about this burly life which now is, one insisting upon death as the proper name for it, the other bent upon maintaining every popular illusion concerning it, we had for long years what always appeared to me a very friendly intercourse, and I can never show myself sufficiently grateful to his kindly, hospitable *manes* for the many hours of unalloyed entertainment his ungrudging fireside afforded me. I

would like to reproduce from my notebook some of the recollections and observations with which those sunny hours impressed me, and so amuse, if I can, the readers of *The Atlantic*. These reminiscences were written many years ago, when the occurrences to which they relate were fresh in my memory; and they are exact, I need not say, almost to the letter. They will tend, I hope and am sure, to enhance the great personal prestige Carlyle enjoyed during life; for I cherish the most affectionate esteem for his memory, and could freely say or do nothing to wound that sentiment in any honest human breast. At the same time, I cannot doubt that the proper effect of much that I have to say will be to lower the estimation many persons have formed of Carlyle as a man of ideas. And this I should not be sorry for. Ideas are too divinely important to derive any consequence from the persons who maintain them. They are images or revelations, in intellectual form, of divine or infinite good, and therefore reflect upon men all the sanctity they possess, without receiving a particle from them. This estimate of Carlyle, as a man of ideas, always struck me as unfounded in point of fact. I think his admirers, at least his distant admirers, generally mistook the claim he made upon attention.

They were apt to regard him as eminently a man of thought, whereas his intellect, as it seemed to me, except where his prejudices were involved, had not got beyond the stage of instinct. They insisted upon finding him a philosopher, but he was only and consummately a man of genius. They had the fatuity to deem him a great teacher, but he never avouched himself to be anything else than a great critic.

I intend no disparagement of Carlyle's moral qualities in saying that he was almost sure finally to disappoint one's admiration. I merely mean to say that he was without that breadth of humanitarian sympathy which one likes to find in distinguished men; that he was deficient in spiritual as opposed to moral force. He was a man of great simplicity and sincerity in his personal manners and habits, and exhibited even an engaging sensibility to the claims of one's physical fellowship. But he was wholly impenetrable to the solicitations both of your heart and your understanding. I think he felt a helpless dread and distrust of you instantly that he found you had any positive hope in God or practical love to man. His own intellectual life consisted so much in bemoaning the vices of his race, or drew such inspiration from despair, that he could n't help regarding a man with contempt the instant he found him reconciled to the course of history. Pity is the highest style of intercourse he allowed himself with his kind. He compassionated all his friends in the measure of his affection for them. "Poor John Sterling," he used always to say, "poor John Mill, poor Frederic Maurice, poor Neuberg, poor Arthur Helps, poor little Brown-ing, poor little Lewes," and so on; as if the temple of his friendship were a hospital, and all its inmates scrofulous or paralytic. You wondered how any mere mortal got legitimately endowed with a commiseration so divine for the inferior race of man; and the expla-

nation that forced itself upon you was that he enjoyed an inward power and beatitude so redundant as naturally to seek relief in these copious outward showers of compassionate benediction. Especially did Carlyle conceive that no one could be actively interested in the progress of the species without being intellectually off his balance, and in need of tenderness from all his friends. His own sympathy went out freely to cases of individual suffering, and he believed that there was an immense amount of *specific* divine mercy practicable to us. That is to say, he felt keenly whatever appealed to his senses, and willingly patronized a fitful, because that is a picturesque, Providence in the earth. He sympathized with the starving Spitalfields weaver, and would have resented the inhumanity of the slave's condition as sharply as any one, if he had had visual contact with it, and were not incited, by the subtle freemasonry that unites aristocratic pretension in literature with the same pretension in politics, to falsify his human instincts. I remember the pleasure he took in the promise that Indian corn might be found able to supplant the diseased potato in Ireland. And he would doubtless have admitted ether and chloroform to be exquisitely ordained ministers of the divine love. But as to any sympathy with human nature itself and its inexorable wants, or any belief in a breadth of the divine mercy commensurate with those wants, I could never discern a flavor of either in him. He scoffed with hearty scorn at the contented imbecility of church and state with respect to social problems, but his own indifference to these things, save in so far as they were available to picturesque palaver, was infinitely more indolent and contented. He would have been the last man formally to deny the divine existence and providence, but that these truths had any human virtue, any living efficacy to redeem us out of ma-

terial and spiritual penury, I don't think he ever dreamt of such a thing. That our knowledge of God was essentially expansive; that revelation contemplated its own spiritual enlargement and fulfillment in the current facts of human history, in the growth and enlargement of the human mind itself,—so that Thomas Carlyle, if only he had not been quite so stubborn and conceited, might have proved himself far better, and not far worse, posted in the principles of the divine administration than even Plato was, and so have freed himself from the dismal necessity he was all his life under to ransack the graves of the dead, in order to find some spangle, still untarnished, of God's reputed presence in our nature,—all this he took every opportunity to assure you was the saddest bosh. "Poor John Mill," he exclaimed one night,—"poor John Mill is writing away there in the *Edinburgh Review* about what he calls the *Philosophy of History*! As if any man could ever know the road he is going, when once he gets astride of such a distracted steed as that!"

But to my note-book. "I happened to be in Carlyle's library, the other day, when a parcel was handed in which contained two books, a present from some American admirer. One of the books proved to be a work of singular intellectual interest, as I afterwards discovered, entitled *Lectures on the Natural History of Man*, by Alexander Kinmont, of Cincinnati; the other a book of Poems. Carlyle read Mr. Kinmont's title-page, and exclaimed, 'The natural history of man, forsooth, and from Cincinnati too, of all places on this earth! We had a right, perhaps, to expect some light from that quarter in regard to the natural history of the hog, and I can't but think that if the well-disposed Mr. Kinmont would set himself to study that unperturbed mystery he would employ his powers far more profitably to the world. I am sure he would employ them

far less wearisomely to me. There!' he continued, handing me the book, 'I freely make over to you all my right of insight into the natural history of man as that history dwells in the portentous brain of Mr. Alexander Kinmont, of Cincinnati, being more than content to wait myself till he condescend to the more intelligible animal.' And then opening to the blank leaf of the volume of Poems, and without more ado, he said, 'Permit me to write my friend Mrs. So-and-So's name here, who perhaps may get some refreshment from the poems of her countryman, for, decidedly, I shall not.' When I suggested to him that he himself did nothing all his days but philosophize in his own way, that is, from the artist point of view, or ground of mere feeling, and that his prose habitually decked itself out in the most sensuous garniture of poetry, he affected the air of M. Jourdain, in Molière, and protested, half fun, half earnest, that he was incapable of a philosophic purpose or poetic emotion."

Carlyle had very much of the narrowness, intellectual and moral, which one might expect to find in a descendant of the old Covenanting stock, bred to believe in God as essentially inhuman, and in man, accordingly, as exposed to a great deal of divine treachery and vindictiveness, which were liable to come rattling about his devoted ears the moment his back was turned. I have no idea, of course, that this grim ancestral faith dwelt in Carlyle in any acute, but only in chronic, form. He did not actively acknowledge it, but it was latent in all his intellectual and moral personality, and made itself felt in that cynical, mocking humor and those bursts of tragic pathos which set off all his abstract views of life and destiny. But a genuine pity for man as sinner and sufferer underlay all his concrete judgments, and no thought of unkindness ever entered his bosom except for people who believed in God's undiminished

presence and power in human affairs, and were therefore full of hope in our social future. A moral reformer like Louis Blanc or Robert Dale Owen, a political reformer like Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright; or a dietetic reformer like the late Mr. Greaves or our own Mr. Alcott, was sure to provoke his most acrid intellectual antipathy.

Moral force was the deity of Carlyle's unscrupulous worship, — the force of unprincipled, irresponsible will; and he was ready to glorify every historic vagabond, such as Danton or Mirabeau, in whom that quality reigned supreme. He hated Robespierre because he was inferior in moral or personal force to his rivals, being himself a victim to ideas, or, as Carlyle phrased it, to formulas. Picturesqueness in man and nature was the one key to his intellectual favor, and it made little difference to his artist eye whether the man were spiritually angel or demon. Besides, one never practically surmounts his own idea of the divine name, and Carlyle, inheriting and cherishing for its picturesque capabilities this rude Covenanting conception, which makes God a being of the most aggravated moral dimensions, of a wholly superhuman egotism or sensibility to his own consequence, of course found Mahomet, William the Conqueror, John Knox, Frederic the Second of Prussia, Goethe, men after God's own heart, and coolly told you that no man in history was ever unsuccessful who deserved to be otherwise.

Too much cannot be said of Carlyle in personal respects. He was a man of even a genial practical morality, an unexceptionable good neighbor, friend, and citizen. But in all larger or human regards he was a literalist of the most unqualified pattern, incapable of uttering an inspiring or even a soothing word in behalf of any struggling manifestation of human hope. It is true, he abused every recognized guide of the political world with such hearty good-will that

many persons claimed him at once as an intelligent herald of the new or spiritual divine advent in human nature. But the claim was absurdly unfounded. He was an amateur prophet exclusively, — a prophet "on his own hook," or in the interest of his own irritable cuticle, without a glimmer of sympathy with the distinctively public want, or a gleam of insight into its approaching divine relief; a harlequin in the guise of Jeremiah, who fed you with laughter in place of tears, and put the old prophetic sincerity out of countenance by his broad, persistent winks at the by-standers over the foot-lights.

"I heard Carlyle, last night, maintain his habitual thesis against Mr. Tennyson, in the presence of Mr. Moxon and one or two other persons. Carlyle rode a very high horse indeed, being inspired to mount and lavishly ply the spur by Mr. Tennyson, for whom he has the liveliest regard; and it was not long before William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell were trotted out of their mouldy cerements, to affront Sir Robert Peel and the Irish viceroy, whose name escapes me. 'Nothing,' Carlyle over and over again said and sung, — 'nothing will ever pry England out of the slough she is in, but to stop looking at Manchester as heaven's gate, and free-trade as the everlasting God's law man is bound to keep holy. The human stomach, I admit, is a memorable necessity, which will not allow itself, moreover, to be long neglected; and political economy no doubt has its own right to be heard among all our multifarious jargons. But I tell you the stomach is not the supreme necessity our potato-evangelists make it, nor is political economy any tolerable substitute for the eternal veracities. To think of our head men believin' the stomach to be the man, and legislatin' for the stomach, and compellin' this old England into the downright vassalage of the stomach! Such men as these, forsooth, to rule England,

the England once ruled by Oliver Cromwell! No wonder the impudent knave O'Connell takes them by the beard, shakes his big fist in their faces, does his own dirty will, in fact, with England, altogether! *Oh for a day of Duke William again!*'

"In vain his fellow Arcadian protested that England was no longer the England of Duke William, nor even of Oliver Cromwell, but a totally new England, with self-consciousness all new and unlike theirs; Carlyle only chanted or canted the more lustily his inevitable ding-dong: *Oh for a day of Duke William again!*"

"Tired out at last, the long-suffering poet cried, 'I suppose you *would* like your Duke William back, to cut off some twelve hundred Cambridgeshire gentlemen's legs, and leave their owners squat upon the ground, that they might n't be able any longer to bear arms against him!' 'Ah!' shrieked out the remorseless bagpipes, in a perfect colic of delight to find its supreme blast thus unwarily invoked, — 'ah! that *was* no doubt a very sad thing for the duke to do, but somehow he conceived he had a right to do it; and upon the whole he had!' 'Let me tell your returning hero one thing, then,' replied his practical-minded friend, 'and that is that he had better steer clear of my precincts, or he will feel my knife in his guts very soon.'" It was in fact this indignant and unaffected prose of the distinguished poet which alone embalmed the insincere colloquy to my remembrance, or set its colors, so to speak.

Carlyle was, in truth, a hardened disclaimer. He talked in a way vastly to tickle his auditors, and his enjoyment of their amusement was lively enough to sap his own intellectual integrity. Artist-like, he precipitated himself upon the picturesque in character and manners wherever he found it, and he did n't care a jot what incidental interest his precipitancy lacerated. He was used to harp so successfully on one string, the impor-

tance to men of *doing*, and the mere artistic effects he produced so infatuated him, that the whole thing tumbled off at last into a sheer insincerity, and he no longer saw any difference between *doing* well and *doing* ill. He who best denounced a canting age became himself its most signal illustration, since even his denunciation of the vice succumbed to the prevalent usage, and announced itself at length a shameless cant.

Of course I have no intention to represent this state of things as a conscious one on Carlyle's part. On the contrary, it was a wholly unconscious one, betokening such a complete absorption of his faculties in the talking function as to render him unaffectedly indifferent to the practical action which such talk, when sincere, ought always to contemplate. I recur again to my note-book. "I was diverted last evening by an account Carlyle gave of a conversation he had had with Lord John Manners and some other of the *dilettanti* aristocratic reformers, who had been led by his books to suppose that he had some practical notion, at all events some honest desire, of reform, and therefore called upon him to take counsel. Carlyle had evidently been well pleased by a visit so deferential from such distinguished swells, but so far was he from feeling the least reflective sympathy with the motive of it that he regarded the whole affair as ministering properly to the broadest fun. 'They asked me,' he said, 'with countenances of much interrogation, what it was, just, that I would have them to do. I told them that I had no manner of counsel to bestow upon them; that I did n't know how they lived at all up there in their grand houses, nor what manner of tools they had to work with. All I knew was, I told them, that they must be doing something erelong, or they would find themselves on the broad road to the devil.' And he laughed as if he would rend the roof.

"He also spoke of a call he had just received from the new rector of the parish in which he lived. He had got some previous intimation of the rector's dutiful design, so that when he came Carlyle met him at the door, hat on head and cane in hand, ready for a walk. He apologized to the somewhat flustered visitor for not asking him in, but the fact was his health was so poor that a walk in the afternoon had become a necessity for him. Would the reverend gentleman be going towards the city, perhaps? Yes? Ah, then we can confer as we walk. Of course the reverend gentleman's animus in proffering the visit had been to feel his doughty parishioner's pulse, and ascertain once for all how it beat towards religion as by law established. And equally of course Carlyle had not the least intention of assisting at any such preposterous auscultation. The hopeful pair had no sooner begun their trudge, accordingly, than Carlyle proceeded to dismount his antagonist's dainty guns by a brisk discharge from his own ruder batteries. 'I have heard of your settlement in the parish,' he said, 'with great pleasure, and my friends give me great hope that you have a clear outlook at the very serious work that lies before you here. The butcher up there at the corner of Sloane Street was a great thorn, I am told, in the side of your predecessor, and is prepared, no doubt, to give you as much trouble as he can consistently with the constitution of the vestry and his own evangelical principles; and the dissenters are notoriously a forward, lively folk in the parish. But it is my firm belief that if these turbulent people could once be brought to know some one who really believed for himself the eternal veracities, and didn't merely tell them of some one else who in old time was *thought* to have believed them, they would all be reduced to speedy silence. Our sanguinary evangelical friend at the corner, yonder, would betake him-

self hopelessly to his muttons, and dissent have no leg left to run upon. It is much, no doubt, to have a decent ceremonial of worship, and an educated, polite sort of person to administer it. But the main want of the world, as I gather, just now, and of this parish especially, which is that part of the world with which I am altogether best acquainted, is to discover some one who really knows God otherwise than by hearsay, and can tell us what divine work is actually to be done here and now in London streets, and not of a totally different work which behooved to be done two thousand years ago in old Judaea. I have much hope that you are just the man we look for, and I give you my word that you will strike dissent dumb if such really be the case. What? Your road carries you now in another direction? Farewell, then! I am glad to find that we are capable of so good an understanding with each other.'

"Carlyle was full of glee in recounting this exploit, and his laugh like the roar of a mountain brook when the snow melts in spring. And it is funny, no doubt, to fancy how hopelessly asquint the rector's intellectual vision was bound to become as he pursued his solitary walk homeward. But, after all, there is nothing higher than fun in either of these experiences. It is capital fun, I admit, and I enjoyed Carlyle's enjoyment of it in this light, as much as anybody could. I only allow myself to characterize it thus strictly in order to show that Carlyle is not at all primarily the man of humanitarian ideas and sympathies which many people fancy him to be. Of course he has a perfect right to be what he is, and no one has a keener appreciation of him in that real light than I have. I only insist that he has no manner of right to be reported to us in a false light, as we shall thereby lose the lesson which legitimately accrues to us from his immense personality. Lord John Manners

is a sincere sentimentalist, who really believes that by reviving old English sports, and putting new vigor into existing Christmas, May-day, and other festivities, and inaugurating generally a sort of systematic, voluntary humility on the part of the aristocracy towards the dependent classes, revolution may be indefinitely staved off, and England saved from the terrors of a speedy "kingdom come." And Carlyle, if ideas were really uppermost with him, would have treated his visitors' weakness tenderly, and shown them, by reference to certain well-established principles of human nature, — the indomitable instinct of freedom, for example, — how very disproportionate their remedy was to the formidable disease in hand. As it was, he sent them away unblessed, and, so far as he could effect such a result, disheartened.

"The easily baffled rector, too, clearly ought not, on the hypothesis of Carlyle being the enlightened person his admirers think him, to have so alarmed Carlyle by his approach as to ravish him from his study, and make him descend to the level of the street, in order to secure the advantage of his adversary, in case there should be need of a retreat. Were he a man of true sympathy with human want, and of earnest thought as to the best way of appeasing it, as his admirers believe him to be, how frankly would he have met the rector's friendly, harmless overture, and said to him, 'Yes, my friend, come to me as often as you will, and let us reason together of righteousness and temperance and judgment to come; for I, as well as you, have hope in God that he will show himself adequate, in ways we little dream of, to our sore public and private need, and would gladly communicate thereupon with any like hopeful man.'"

I was not in the least surprised at Carlyle's puerile gabble in *Macmillan's Magazine* about the American Iliad;

for he always felt himself qualified *a priori* to crack and pick any philosophic nut extant; to discuss and determine the toughest providential problem conceivable, without a taking of testimony or investigation of any sort, but by sheer force of genius or æsthetic instinct. One might often have felt tempted to use a more summary word, so much do the effects of the two things in certain circumstances resemble each other. But I conceive it would have been very unjust to Carlyle. He was not constitutionally arrogant. He was a man of real modesty. He was even, I think, constitutionally diffident. He was a man, in short, whom you could summer and winter with, without ever having your self-respect wantonly affronted as it habitually is by mere conventional men and women. He was, to be sure, a very sturdy son of earth, and capable at times of exhibiting the most helpless natural infirmity. But he would never ignore nor slight your human fellowship because your life or opinions exposed you to the reproach of the vain, the frivolous, the self-seeking. He would of course curse your gods ever and anon in a manful way, and scoff without mercy at your tenderest intellectual hopes and aspirations; but upon yourself personally, all the while, especially if you should drink strong tea and pass sleepless nights, or suffer from tobacco, or be menaced with insanity, or have a gnawing cancer under your jacket, he would have bestowed the finest of his wheat. He might not easily have forgiven you if you used a vegetable diet, especially if you did so on principle, and he would surely have gnashed his teeth upon you if you should have claimed any scientific knowledge or philosophic insight into the social problem, — the problem of man's coming destiny upon the earth. But within these limits you would have felt how truly human was the tie that bound you to this roaring, riotous, most benighted, yet not unbenignant, brother. Leave

England, above all, alone ; let her stumble on from one slough of despond to another, so that he might have the endless serene delight of wallowing her chief "niggers," Peel, Palmerston, Russell, Brougham, and the rest, and he would dwell forever in friendly content with you. But only hint your belief that these imbecile statesmen were the true statesmen for the time, the only men capable, *in virtue of that very imbecility*, of truly coworking with the Providence that governs the world, and is guiding it full surely to a haven of final peace and blessedness, and he would fairly deluge you with the vitriol of his wrath. No, all that can be said for Carlyle on this score is that, having an immense eye for color, an immense genius for scenic effect, he seized with avidity upon every crazy, time-stained, dishonored rag of personality that still fluttered in the breeze of history, and lent itself to his magical tissues, and he did n't like that any one should attempt to dispute his finery with him. The habit was tyrannous, no doubt, but no harm, and only amusement, could have come of it, — least of all would it have pushed him to his melancholy "latter-day" drivel, — had it not been for the heartless people who hang, for their own private ends, upon the skirts of every pronounced man of genius, and do their best, by stimulating his vanity, to make him feel himself a god. I again have recourse to my note-book.

"I happened to be at Mr. Carlyle's a Sunday or two since, when a large company was present, and the talk fell upon repudiation, which Jeff. Davis and Mississippi legislation are bringing into note. Among others a New Yorker was present, to whom his friends give the title of General, for no other reason that I can discover but to signify that he is nothing in particular, — an agreeable-mannered man, however, with something of that new-born innocence of belief and expectation in his demean-

or and countenance which Englishmen find it so hard to do justice to in Americans ; and he was apparently defending, when I went in, our general reputation for honesty from the newspaper odium which is beginning to menace it. Mr. Henry Woodman, — I will call him, — from Massachusetts, was also present, an amiable, excellent man, full of knowledge and belief in a certain way, who in former times was a Unitarian clergyman in good standing ; but having made what seemed to him a notable discovery, namely, that there is no personal devil, — none, at least, who is over six feet in height, and who therefore is not essentially amenable to police discipline, — he forthwith snaps his fingers at the faded terror, drops his profession, and betakes himself to agriculture, for which he has a passion. He overflows with good feeling, and is so tickled with the discovery he has made of old Nick's long imposture that he never makes an acquaintance without instantly telling him of it, nor ever keeps one without instantly, in season and out of season, reminding him of it. He had saturated Carlyle's outward ear with the intelligence, but to no inward profit. For Carlyle's working conception of the deity involves so much of diabolism that the decease and sepulture of a thousand legitimate old bogies, authentically chronicled in *The Times*, would hardly enliven his sombre imagination ; and he entertains a friendly contempt and compassion, accordingly, for the emancipated Mr. Woodman which are always touching to me to witness. The evening in question my attention was suddenly arrested by Carlyle saying somewhat loudly to General — that we were all on our way to the devil in America, and that unless we turned a short corner we should infallibly bring up in that perilous company. Mr. Woodman was talking, at the moment, with his hostess, of whom he is a deserved favorite, at the other extremity of the room ; but he

would have heard the name of his vanished adversary had it been pronounced in a whisper. The grateful sound no sooner reached his ear, accordingly, than he averted himself from his companion, and cried out, delighted, 'What devil do you speak of, Mr. Carlyle?' 'What devil, do you ask?' Carlyle fairly roared back in reply. 'What devil, do you ask, Mr. Woodman? The devil, Mr. Woodman, that has been known in these parts from the beginning, and is not likely soon to become unknown, — the father of *all liars, swindlers, and repudiators*, Mr. Woodman! The devil that in this Old World boasts a very numerous, though unconscious, progeny, and in your New World, Mr. Woodman, seems, from all accounts, to be producing a still more numerous and still more unconscious one! That is just the devil I mean, Mr. Woodman, and woe be to you and yours the day you vote *him* lifeless!'

"Mr. Woodman was discouraged, and at once reverted to his quiet colloquy with his softer companion, while the rest of us profited by the exhilarating breeze he had so suddenly conjured up. 'Speaking of the evil one,' General — hastened to say, 'I have been visiting to-day subterranean London, its sewers, and so forth,' — and the conversation soon fell into its ordinary undulations. But earnest as Carlyle's reply to his friend undoubtedly sounded, any listener would have very much mistaken the truth of the case if he had supposed that it meant anything more than his hopeless, helpless, and consequently irritable way of contemplating social facts and tendencies. Carlyle does not believe, of course, in the literal personality of the devil near so much as Mr. Woodman does; that is, he believes in it so little as to disdain the trouble of denying it. But he has a profound faith that there is at the head of affairs some very peremptory person or other, who will infallibly have his own will in the end, or

override all other wills; and he is able, consequently, to variegate his conversation and writing with lurid lights that seem most orthodox and pious to innocent imaginations, and would make the ghost of John Knox roll up the whites of his eyes in grateful astonishment. Whatever be Carlyle's interest in any question of life or destiny, he talks so well and writes so well that it can hardly escape being all swallowed up in talk or writing; and he would regard you as a bore of the largest calibre if, talking in the same sense with him, you yet did not confine yourself to talk, but went on to organize your ideas in some appropriate action."

You would say, remembering certain passages in Carlyle's books, notably his *Past and Present* and his pamphlet on *Chartism*, that he had a very lively sympathy with reform and a profound sentiment of human fellowship. He did, indeed, dally with the divine ideas long enough to suck them dry of their rhetorical juices, but then dropped them, to lavish contempt on them ever after when anybody else should chance to pick them up and cherish them, not for their rhetorical uses, but their absolute truth. He had no belief in society as a living organizing force in history, but only as an empirical necessity of the race. He had no conception of human brotherhood or equality as the profoundest truth of science, disclosing a hell in the bosom wherever it is not allowed to reveal a heaven, but only as an emotional or sentimental experience of happily endowed natures. On the contrary, he used to laugh and fling out his scornful heels at the bare suggestion of such a thing, much as a tropical savage would laugh and fling out his heels at the suggestion of frozen rivers. He looked at the good and evil in our nature as final or absolute quantities, and saw no way, consequently, of ever utilizing the evil element. He saw no possible way of dealing with weak races but by reducing

them to slavery; no way of dealing successfully with evil men but by applying lynch law to them, and crushing them out of existence. In short, he had not the least conception of history as a *divine drama, designed to educate man into self-knowledge and the knowledge of God*; and consequently could never meet you on any ground of objective truth, but only on that of your subjective whim or caprice. It was this intellectual incapacity he was under to esteem truth for its own sake, or value it except for the personal prestige it confers, that made him so impotent to help a struggling brother on to daylight, and fixed him in so intense and irritable a literary *self-consciousness*.

"I went to see Carlyle last night to get permission to bring a friend — J. McK. — to see him the next day, who had it much at heart to thank him for the aid and comfort his books had given him, years ago, away out on the shores of Lake Erie. Would he treat the friend kindly, in case I brought him? Or would he altogether pulverize him, as he had erewhile pulverized a certain person we both wotted of? Nay, nay; he would be all that Chesterfield himself could desire of polite and affable! Well, then, what would be the most auspicious hour? When would the inward man be most unpuckered? — for I should really be sorry to see my friend go home with his ardent thirst of worship all unslaked. 'Ask Jane,' was the reply. 'What she appoints I will give my diligence to conform to.' Mrs. Carlyle, who sat upon the sofa beside us, obligingly entered into my anxieties, and said, 'You shall bring your friend to-morrow, after dinner, or between two and three o'clock; for I often observe that is a very placid hour with the creature, and I think we may reckon upon a great success if we will just avail ourselves of it.' Accordingly, we did n't fail to be in the little Chelsea parlor this afternoon, at the hour appointed, my friend and I, — not

without a certain prophetic tremor, I can assure you, on my part, for his raised expectations. As we entered the room Carlyle stood upon a chair, with his back to us, vainly trying, to all appearance, to close his inside window-shutters. He did n't at all desist, on our entrance, but cried out, 'Is that you, J., and have you brought your friend McK. with you? I don't know whether he is at all related to *my* friend, Sandy McK., of Glasgow. If he is, he can't be related to a worthier man.' By this time he had reduced his refractory window-shutter to order, and descended from his perch to take a first look at his guest. My friend of course made a neat little salutatory expressive of his intellectual obligations, and the need he felt to make some sort of avowal of them, before he again set his face westward. 'I don't believe a word of it!' said Carlyle, as my friend gracefully perorated. 'I don't believe a word of it! I don't believe that I ever helped any man. I don't believe that any man ever helped another. It is indeed unspeakable folly to conceive such a thing. The only man I ever found (and him I did n't find) who seemed to me sincere in such a thought was a ship captain, some time ago, who wrote to me to say, without giving me name or address, that he had called his vessel the Thomas Carlyle, because he had got some good, he fancied, from my books. I thought it behooved me to look the man up, so I traversed the London docks from end to end, asking of the sailors ever and anon if they knew any vessel in those parts bearin' the portentous name of Thomas Carlyle; but it was all in vain, and I returned home persuaded that, whatever else might betide me, I should probably never see under this sun the extraordinary individual who had named his vessel the Thomas Carlyle.' You may easily imagine the sudden pallor that came over my friend's ruddy devotion. It was not that Carlyle intended out of

pure wantonness to mock the admiration he lives to conciliate. It was only that he chanced at that moment to feel the ghastly disproportion which existed between his real aims and those lent him by the generous faith of his disciples, and instead of doing penance by himself for the diversity he preferred to make the devotee pay his share of the penalty."

Carlyle used to strike me as a man of genius or consummate executive faculty, and not primarily of sympathy or understanding. Every one is familiar with this discrimination. We all know some one or other who is a genius in his way, or has a power of doing certain things as no one else can do them, and as arrests our great admiration. And yet, as likely as not, this person so marvelously endowed is a somewhat uncomfortable person apart from his particular line of action. Very possibly, and even probably, he is domineering and irritable to the pitch of insanity in his personal intercourse with others, and his judgments are apt to be purely whimsical, or reflect his own imperious will. We admire the genius in his own sphere of work or production, and feel a divine force in him that moves the world. But at the same time we are persuaded that there is something in us, not half so resplendent as genius, which is yet a vast deal better, and that is spiritual character, or a cultivated deference to the humblest forms of goodness and truth. At best genius is only a spiritual temperament in man, and therefore, though it serves as an excellent basis for spiritual character, should yet never be confounded with it. The genius is God's spoiled child upon earth; woe be unto him, if he look upon that indulgence as consecrating him for the skies as well. Character, or spiritual manhood, is not created, but only communicated. It is not our birthright, but is only brought about with our own zealous privacy, or solicitous concurrence in some sort. It

is honestly wrought out of the most literal conformity to the principles of universal justice. It puts up with no histrionic piety, tramples under foot the cheap humility of the prayer-book and the pew, and insists upon the just thing at the just moment, under pain of eternal damnation, — which means, *abandonment to the endless illusions of self-love*. Hence it is that, while the genius cuts such a lustrous figure in the eyes of men, and wins oftentimes so loud a renown, we yet know many a nameless person whom we value more than a raft of genii, because we confide without stint in their living truth, their infinite rectitude of heart and understanding. We like the genius, or whatsoever makes life glorious, powerful, divine, on Sundays or holidays; but we prefer the ordinary, unconscious, unostentatious stuff which alone keeps it sweet and human on all other days.

It always appeared to me that Carlyle valued truth and good as a painter does his pigments, not for what they are in themselves, but for the effects they lend themselves to in the sphere of production. Indeed, he always exhibited a contempt so characteristic as to be comical for every one whose zeal for truth or good led him to question existing institutions with a view to any practical reform. He himself was wont to question established institutions and dogmas with the utmost license of skepticism, but he obviously meant nothing beyond the production of a certain literary surprise, or the enjoyment of his own æsthetic power. Nothing maddened him so much as to be mistaken for a reformer, really intent upon the interests of God's righteousness upon the earth, which are the interests of universal justice. This is what made him hate Americans, and call us a nation of bores, that we took him at his word, and reckoned upon him as a sincere well-wisher to his species. He hated us, because a secret instinct told him that our exuberant

faith in him would never be justified by closer knowledge; for no one loves the man who forces him upon a premature recognition of himself. I recall the uproarious mirth with which he and Mrs. Carlyle used to recount the incidents of a visit they had received from a young New England woman, and describe the earnest, devout homage her credulous soul had rendered him. It was her first visit abroad, and she supposed — poor thing! — that these famous European writers and talkers, who so dominated her fancy at a distance, really meant all they said, were as innocent and lovely in their lives as in their books; and she no sooner crossed Carlyle's threshold, accordingly, than her heart offered its fragrance to him as liberally as the flower opens to the sun. And Carlyle, the inveterate comedian, instead of being humbled to the dust by the revelation which such simplicity suddenly flashed upon his own eyes of his essentially dramatic genius and exploits, was irritated, vexed, and outraged by it as by a covert insult. His own undevout soul had never risen to the contemplation of himself as the priest of a really infinite sanctity, and when this clear-eyed barbarian, looking past him to the substance which informed him, made him feel himself for the moment the transparent mask or unconscious actor he was, his self-consciousness took the alarm. She sat, the breathless, silly little maid, between him and Mrs. Carlyle, holding a hand of each, and feeling the while her anticipations of Paradise on earth so met in this foolish encounter that she could not speak, but barely looked the pious rapture which filled her soul.

One more extract from my note-book, and I shall have done with it, for it is getting to be time to close my paper. I mentioned a while since the name of O'Connell, and apropos of this name I should like to cite a reminiscence which sets Carlyle in a touchingly amiable spiritual light.

"Sunday before last I found myself seated at Carlyle's with Mr. Woodman and an aid-de-camp of Lord Castle-reagh, who had just returned from India, and was entertaining Mrs. Carlyle with any amount of anecdotes about the picturesque people he left behind him. To us enter Dr. John Carlyle and a certain Mr. —, a great burly Englishman, who has the faculty (according to an *aside* of Mrs. Carlyle, dexterously slipped in for my information) of always exciting Carlyle to frenzy by talk about O'Connell, of whom he is a thick-and-thin admirer. The weather topic and the health inquiry, on both sides, were soon quietly disposed of, but immediately after Mrs. Carlyle nudged my elbow, and whispered in a tone of dread, '*Now for the deluge!*' For she had heard the nasty din of politics commencing, and too well anticipated the fierce and merciless *mêlée* that was about to ensue. It speedily announced itself, hot and heavy, and for an hour poor breathless Mr. Woodman and myself, together with the awe-struck aid-de-camp, taking refuge under the skirts of outraged Mrs. Carlyle, assisted at a *lit de justice* such as we had none of us ever before imagined. At last tea was served, to our very great relief. But no! the conflict was quite unexhausted, apparently, and went on with ever new alacrity, under the inspiration of the grateful sou-chong. Mrs. Carlyle had placed me at her left hand, with belligerent or bellowing Mr. Bull next to me, and as her tea-table chanced to be inadequate to the number of her guests we were all constrained to sit in very close proximity. Soon after our amiable and estimable hostess had officiated at the tea-tray, I felt her foot crossing mine to reach the feet of my infuriated neighbor and implore peace! She successfully reached them, and succeeded fully, also, in bringing about her end, without any thanks to him, however. For the ruffian had no sooner felt the gentle, appealing

pressure of her foot than he turned from Carlyle to meet her tender appeal with undisguised savagery. 'Why don't you,' he fiercely screamed, — '*why don't you, Mrs. Carlyle, touch your husband's toe? I am sure he is greatly more to blame than I am!*' The whole company immediately broke forth in a burst of uncontrollable glee at this extraordinary specimen of manners, Carlyle himself taking the lead, and his amiable *convive*, seeing, I suppose, the mortifying spectacle he had made of himself, was content to 'sing small' for the remainder of the evening.

"Anyhow, I heard nothing distressing while I remained. But happening to have made an appointment with Mrs. Carlyle for the next day, I went down to Chelsea in the morning, and found my friend seated with her stocking-basket beside her, diligently mending the *gudeman's* hose. I asked her if any dead had been left on the battlefield the night before, and she replied, 'Yes; I never saw Carlyle more near to death than he is this dismal Monday morning! I must first tell you that he has been a long time in the habit of going to Mr. —'s, in — Street, for a Sunday dinner, protesting that, though his friends have no acquaintance with books or literary people, he never pays them a Sunday visit without feeling himself renovated against all the soil of the week, and never comes away without being baptized anew in unconsciousness. Now yesterday he had gone to this friend's to dine, and when he returned, about three or four o'clock, he said to me, *Jane, I am henceforth a regenerate man, and eschew evil from this hour as a snake does its skin!* This he said with conviction and earnest purpose, as if that lovely family had inoculated him with the blessed life! What a scathing sense of weakness, then, besets the poor man this morning! Such a contrast between the placid noon of yesterday and the horrid, hideous night!'

"To my inquiry whether anything had further occurred of disagreeable after I had left, Mrs. Carlyle replied, 'Everything went on swimmingly till about eleven o'clock, when it pleased your unfortunate countryman, Mr. Woodman, to renew the war-whoop by saying, *Let us return a moment to O'Connell*. If the talk was frightful before you left, what did it now become? Altogether unbearable, and when, about twelve o'clock, John Carlyle got up to go, taking his friend along with him, Carlyle, lighting his candle to see the company to the door, stretched out his hand to his late antagonist, with the frank remark, *Let bygones be bygones!* The latter scorned to take it, saying, *Never again shall I set foot in this house!* I knew how cruelly Carlyle would feel this rebuff, and scarcely dared to glance at him as he came up-stairs after lighting his guests out; but when I did look, there he stood at the door of the room, holding the candle above his head, and laughing with bitter, remorseful laughter, as he repeated the words of the morning: *Jane, I am henceforth a regenerate man, and eschew evil from this hour as the snake does its skin.*'"

Alas! poor Yorick!

The main intellectual disqualification, then, of Carlyle, in my opinion, was the absoluteness with which he asserted the moral principle in the human bosom, or the finality which his grim imagination lent to the conflict of good and evil in men's experience. He never had the least idea, that I could discover, of the true or intellectually educative nature of this conflict, as being purely ministerial to a new and final evolution of *human nature itself* into permanent harmony with God's spiritual perfection. He never expressed a suspicion, in intercourse with me, — on the contrary, he always denounced my fervent conviction on the subject as so much fervent nonsense, — that out of this conflict would one day emerge a positive or faultless

life of man, which would otherwise have been impracticable; just as out of the conflict of alkali and acid emerges a neutral salt which would otherwise be invisible. On the contrary, he always expressed himself to the effect that the conflict was absolutely *valid in itself*; that it constituted its own end, having no other result than to insure to good men the final dominion of evil men, and so array heaven and hell in mere chronic or fossil antagonism. The truth is he had no idea but of a carnal or literal rectitude in human nature, — a rectitude secured by an unflinching inward submission to some commanding *outward* or *personal* authority. The law, not the gospel, was for him the true bond of intercourse between God and man, and between man and man as well. That is to say, he believed in our moral instincts, not as constituting the mere carnal body or rude husk of our spiritual manhood, but its inmost kernel or soul; and hence he habitually browsed upon the *tree of the knowledge of good and evil*, as if it had been divinely commended to us for that purpose, or been always regarded as the undisputed tree of life, not of death. He was mother Eve's own darling cantankerous Thomas, in short, the child of her dreariest, most melancholy old age, and he used to bury his worn, dejected face in her penurious lap, in a way so determined as forever to shut out all sight of God's new and better creation.

Of course this is only saying in other words that Carlyle was without any sense of a *universal* providence in human affairs. He supposed that God Almighty literally saw with our eyes, and had therefore the same sympathy for strong men that we ourselves have, and the same disregard for feeble men. And he conceived that the world was governed upon the obvious plan of giving strong men sway, and hustling weak men out of sight. In the teeth of all the prophets who have ever prophesied,

he held that the race *is* always to the swift, the battle always to the strong. Long before Mr. Darwin had thought of applying the principle of natural selection to the animal kingdom, Carlyle, not in words but in fact, had applied it to the spiritual kingdom, proclaiming as fundamental axioms of the divine administration, *Might makes right* and *Devil take the hindmost*. He thought the divine activity in the world exceptional, not normal, occasional, not constant; that God worked one day out of seven, and rested the remaining six; thus, that he had a much nearer relation to holiday persons like Plato, or Shakespeare, or Goethe, than he has to every-day people like the negro, the prison convict, the street-walker. In this shallow way the great mystery of godliness, which the angels desire to look into, became to his eyes as flat as any pancake; Deity himself being an incomparable athlete, or having an enormous weight of selfhood, so that all his legitimate children are born to rule. Ruler of men, this was Carlyle's most rustical ideal of human greatness; rule on the one hand, obedience on the other, this was his most provincial ideal of human society or fellowship, and he never dreamt of any profounder key to the interpretation of our earthly destiny. The strong man to grow ever more strong, the feeble man to grow ever more feeble, until he is finally extinguished, that was his very pedantic and puerile conception of the rest that remains to the people of God. The glorification of force, ability, genius, "that is the one condition," he always said, "in my poor opinion, of any much-talked-of millennial felicity for this poor planet, — the only thing which will ever rescue it from being the devil's churchyard and miserable donkey pasture it now for the most part turns out to be."

The divine hieroglyphics in human nature are never going to be deciphered in this sensuous, childish way. The divine gait is not lop-sided. As His spe-

cial glory is to bring good out of evil, one can easily see that He has never had a thought of exalting one style of man outwardly or personally above another style, but only of reducing both styles to a just humility. *The tree of knowledge of good and evil* is a tree which belongs exclusively to the garden of our immature, sensuous, or scientific intelligence, and it will not bear transplantation to a subtler spiritual soil. Our moral experience has always been, in purpose, intellectually educative. It is adapted, in literal or outward form, to our rude and crude, or nascent scientific, intelligence, and was intended to afford us, in the absence of any positive conceptions of infinitude, at least a negative spiritual conception, that so we might learn betimes a modest or humble conceit of ourselves. Now Carlyle's precise intellectual weakness was that he never had a glimpse of any distinctively divine ends in human nature, but only in the more or less conflicting persons of that nature; and hence he was even childishly unable to justify the advance of the social sentiment in humanity, the sanest, deepest, most reconciling sentiment ever known to man's bosom. To escape Carlyle's fatuity, then, and avoid the just reproach which he is fated to incur in the future, we must give up our hero-worship, or sentimental reverence for great men, and put ourselves in the frankest practical harmony with the Providence that governs the world. Nor is this half so difficult a task as our leading lazy-bones in church and state would have us believe. Our leaders should be called our misleaders, in fact, so often do they betray us as to the principles of the divine administration. The world is not administered, as Carlyle and Louis Napoleon would have us fancy, upon the principle of making everything bend to the will of the strongest. On the contrary, the true will of the Strongest is, and always has been, to efface Himself before every the meanest creature

He has made, and his profoundest joy, not to have His own way, but to give way to every such creature, provided, first of all, there be nothing in that way injurious to the common weal. In fact, the one principle of divine administration in human affairs, as we learn from Christianity, is to disregard high things, and mind only low things; to condemn whatsoever is highly esteemed among men, and exalt or utilize whatsoever they despise and reject. Henry Carey has been long and vainly showing us that a proper economy of the world's waste is all we need to inaugurate in the material sphere the long-promised millennium. And Liebig published, not many years ago, what he calls a legacy to his fellows, in which he proves: *first*, that European agriculture is fast becoming so fruitless, by the exhaustion of soils, that unless some remedy be provided Europe must soon go into hopeless physical decrepitude; and, *secondly*, that men have the amplest remedy against this contingency in their own hands, by simply economizing the sewage of large towns, and restoring to the land the mineral wealth their food robs it of. Only think of this: Europe actually depends for her material salvation upon a divine redemption mercifully stored up for her in substances which her most pious churchmen and wisest statesmen have always disdained as an unmitigated nuisance! If any one thing be more abhorrent than another to our dainty sensual pride, if one thing more than another has been permitted to fill our selfish, stupid life with disgust and disease, it is this waste material of the world, which we, in our insanity, would gladly hurry into the abyss of oblivion! And yet in God's munificent wisdom this self-same odious waste teems with incomparably greater renovation to human society than all the gold, silver, and precious stones ever dug from earth to madden human lust and enslave human weakness!

Now, what is the philosophic lesson of this surprising scientific gospel? When science thus teaches us, beyond all possibility of cavil, that the abject waste and offscouring of the planet, which we ourselves are too fastidious even to name, is fuller of God's redeeming virtue, of his intimate presence, than all its pomp of living loveliness, than all its vivid garniture of mineral, vegetable, and animal beauty, what philosophic bearing does the lesson exert? It is the very gospel of Christ, mind you, reduced to the level of sense, or turned into a scientific verity. What, then, is its urgent message to men's spiritual understanding? Evidently this, and nothing else, namely: that human life is now so full of want, so full of sorrow, so full of vice — that human intercourse is now so full of fraud, rapacity, and violence — only because the truth of human society, human fellowship, human equality, which alone reveals the infinitude of God's love, enjoys as yet so stinted a recognition, while race continues to war with race, and sect with sect. Society has as yet achieved only a typical or provisional existence, by no means a real or final one. Every clergyman is the professional fellow or equal of every other; every lawyer or physician enjoys the equal countenance of his professional brethren. But no man is yet sacred to his brother man by virtue of his manhood simply, but only by virtue of some conventional or accidental advantage. The vast majority of our Christian population are supposed to be properly excluded from an equal public consideration with their more fortunate compeers by the fact of their poverty or enforced subjection to natural want, and the personal limitations which such want imposes; while outside of Christendom the entire mass of mankind is shut out of our respect and sympathy, if not exposed to the incursions of our ravenous cupidity, because they do not profess the exact faith we profess, nor

practice the literal maxims we practice. Thus, the righteousness of the letter prevails everywhere over that of the spirit, everywhere betrays and condemns our divinest natural manhood to dishonor and death; the inevitable consequence being, that God's living energy in our nature, disdaining, as it does, anything but a universal operation, is shut up to the narrowest, most personal and penurious dimensions, — is associated, in fact, with the meanest, most meagre, bosoms of the race, — while the great mass of men, in whose hearts and brains its infinite splendors lie seething and tumultuous for an outlet, are cast out of our Christian fellowship, are dishonored and reviled as so much worthless rubbish or noisome excrement.

It is quite time, then, in my opinion, that we should cease minding Carlyle's rococo airs and affectations; his antiquated strut and heroics, reminding us now of John Knox and now of Don Quixote; his owlish, obscene hootings at the endless divine day which is breaking over all the earth of our regenerate nature. We have no need that he or any other literary desperado should enlighten us as to the principles of God's administration, for we have a more sure word of prophecy in our own hearts, — a ray of the light which illumines every man who comes into the world, and is ample, if we follow it, to scatter every cloud that rests upon the course of history. We are all of us parents, potentially or actually, and although we represent the infinite paternity most imperfectly, we do, nevertheless, represent it. And how do we administer our families? Do we bestow our chief solicitude upon those of our children who need it least, or upon those who need it most; upon those who are most up to the world's remorseless demands upon them, or those who fall short of those demands? I need not wait for an answer. All our base, egotistic pride may go to the former,

but we reserve all our care and tenderness for those whom an unkind nature, as we say, consigns to comparative indigence and ignominy. Now God has absolutely no pride and no egotism, being infinitely inferior to us in both those respects. But then, for that very reason, he is infinitely our superior in point of love or tenderness. I don't believe that the tenderness we bestow upon our prodigals is worthy to be named in the same day with that which he bestows upon his. I don't believe, for my part, that he ever lifts a finger, or casts a glance, to bless those of his offspring who resemble him, or are in sympathy with his perfection, — for such persons need no blessing, are themselves already their own best blessing, — but reserves all his care and tenderness for the unblest and disorderly, for the unthankful and the evil, for those who are disaffected to his righteousness, and make a mock of his peace. I doubt not, if a celestial visitor should come to us tomorrow in the flesh, we should engage the best rooms for him at the Parker House; supply his table with the fat of the land; place a coach and four at his beck, whisk him off to the State House, introduce him to all the notabilities, ecclesiastic, political, scholastic, financial; give him a public dinner, a box at the opera, the most conspicuous pew in

church; in short, do everything our stupidity could invent to persuade *him*, at all events, that we regarded him as an arrival from the most uncelestial corner of the universe. Well, we have in truth at this time, and all the time, no celestial visitant in the flesh among us, but a divine resident in the spirit, whom the heaven of heavens is all unmeet to contain, and who yet dwells — awaiting there his eventual glorious resurrection — a patient, despised, discredited, spiritual form in every fibre of that starved, and maddened, and polluted flesh and blood which feeds our prisons and fattens our hospitals, and which we have yet the sagacity to regard as the indispensable base of our unclean and inhuman civilization. And it is my fixed conviction that unless we speedily consent to recognize His humiliated form in that loathsome sepulchre, and give emancipation to it there, first of all, by bringing this waste life, this corrupt and outcast force of Christendom, into complete social recognition, or clothing it with the equal garments of praise and salvation that hide our own spiritual nakedness, we shall utterly miss our historic justification, and baffle the majestic Providence which is striving through us to inaugurate a free, unforced, and permanent order of human life.

Henry James.

RABBI ISHMAEL.

THE Rabbi Ishmael, with the woe and sin
Of the world heavy upon him, entering in
The Holy of Holies, saw an awful Face
With terrible splendor filling all the place.
"O Ishmael Ben Elisha!" said a voice,
"What seekest thou? What blessing is thy choice?"
And, knowing that he stood before the Lord,
Within the shadow of the cherubim
Wide-winged between the blinding light and him

He bowed himself, and uttered not a word,
 But in the silence of his soul was prayer:
 "O thou Eternal! I am one of all,
 And nothing ask that others may not share.
 Thou art almighty; we are weak and small,
 And yet thy children: let thy mercy spare!"
 Trembling he raised his eyes, and, in the place
 Of the insufferable glory, lo! a face
 Of more than mortal tenderness, that bent
 Graciously down in token of assent,
 And, smiling, vanished! With strange joy elate,
 The wondering Rabbi sought the temple's gate.
 Radiant as Moses from the Mount, he stood
 And cried aloud unto the multitude:
 "O Israel, hear! The Lord our God is good!
 Mine eyes have seen his glory and his grace;
 Beyond his judgments shall his love endure;
 The mercy of the Merciful is sure!"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE MARTYRDOM OF AN EMPIRE.

"A HAPPY land," observes my confident and enthusiastic interlocutor, by way of peroration to a prolonged eulogy of the distant country from which he knows I have just returned, — "truly a fruitful, plenteous, prosperous land. A sort of 'region in Guiana, all gold and bounty;' wealth in abundance, to aid the course of vigorous progress we all admire; comfort prevailing everywhere; a government resolute in projects of advancement, and encouraged by the sympathy and generous support of the entire civilized world; a people fertile in resource, and united in the pursuit of a vast material development, — what can await this favored race but a future, by no means distant, of substantial power and shining splendor? Who, but that he were an American, would not be a Japanese?"

Having listened to this species of rhapsody on more occasions than I can reckon together, and finding it, finally, a trifle monotonous, I resolved to at-

tempt a remonstrance. Cautiously feeling my way, I remarked, —

"That is really your opinion, I take it."

"Certainly, it is my opinion," comes the spirited answer, — "undoubtedly my opinion; everybody's opinion; your opinion first of all, of course, since you are from the very place, and know all about it."

I conceal the fact that most persons who do me the honor to converse with me upon Japan speak with an air of knowing infinitely more "about it" than a ten years' residence has enabled me to learn, and resume my humble imitation of Socratic inquiry.

"Then you actually believe that Japan is, as you would put it, the home of wealth, plenty, and prosperity; that comfort and content are the portion of every citizen; that vigorous progress is the order of the day, the powers of Europe and America contributing a magnanimous moral support; and that the gov-

ernment is leading the people, by short and easy stages, to a position of national dignity, strength, and grandeur, such as any state might be proud to achieve, even through centuries of toil and endurance."

"Unquestionably. The established truth is not a thing to disbelieve."

"Ah,—the truth"—Here my colloquist evinces a certain disquietude.

"You do not mean—surely, you cannot possibly mean"—

"I mean, my friend, that if you and the others who express themselves with such blind faith in Japan's destiny imagine that country to be the abiding place of all happiness and high fortune, exempt from the pains that harass nations whose physical might is inferior to their ambitious spirit, you cherish as sad a delusion as the courtiers who flattered themselves and their master that Mexico rejoiced and thrived under the imperial rule; or the statesmen who in all times have proclaimed the beatitude of native India under Saxon sway; or, to come nearer the present hour, the political poets who sing the sweet serenity of Irish peasant life under the hard hand of English domination. I have heard all that is in your minds—your wishes, doubtless, being father to your thoughts—too often to misapprehend the common error. What you have to do, if you desire to argue out the true condition of Japan and her prospects, is to accept, at the beginning, a whole series of disagreeable premises. You must know that she is not rich, but poor,—very poor; that many of the inhabitants are suffering bitterly from positive want; that the government is in straits which may almost be called desperate, for lack of funds requisite to the conduct of public business; that progress, in the sense of material development, has been necessarily so curtailed, in the past two or three years, as to be virtually suspended; that even the schools, which are the crowning glory of the Japanese social

system, have been alarmingly diminished; that the outlook offers nothing but bankruptcy and national ruin; and that all this is the direct handiwork of the foreign powers, through their accredited agents, some of whom have acted with deliberate purpose in bringing about the calamitous state of affairs, while others have ignorantly or carelessly coöperated, only a small minority striving, and that with indifferent success, to avert the fatal consummation. When you have grasped these fundamental facts, you may begin to build upon them a new and more trustworthy set of speculations concerning the fate of the most interesting of Asian empires."

The effect of this conversation upon my companion—a fair representative of the pleasantly disposed class of Eastern connoisseurs—suggested to me the expediency of submitting a brief statement of what Japan really is at this day, describing her misfortunes and the causes thereof, and leaving for easy discovery the means by which she may be lifted from undeserved distress and humiliation. The narrative of her griefs cannot be an agreeable one, and no reader of this paper must expect to be entertained by those fanciful flights and decorative artifices which usually accompany records of Oriental experience. There is little light to the shadow of the story, unless it be found in the hope that America may be induced to stretch a helping hand across the Pacific, and tear away some of the injustice that has planted itself, in the name of the United States, upon Japanese soil. But that result must come hereafter, if it come at all. The present gloom seems unrelieved by a single ray.

It should perhaps be admitted, in the first place, that the sanguine views of unreflecting observers were not always as groundless as they now are. There was a period, not very remote, when Japan seemed likely to justify the brightest expectation. She took her place in the

line of civilization, and held it with an intelligent firmness and a comprehension of her responsibilities that excited warm admiration. Every successive disclosure of her policy was marked by singular sagacity and propriety. Her domestic reforms, radical though they were, produced no convulsion, but resulted in an increased social stability. Her measures and manifestations of internal improvement extorted approving acknowledgment from those who were most reluctant to praise. Her external relations were regulated on principles which, for liberality and integrity, could not be surpassed; and if the convenience of strangers was allowed too large a share in dictating the system of intercourse, the fault was easily excusable on the part of an administration oppressed with a world of unfamiliar cares and embarrassments. Undoubtedly, Japan appeared to be solving the great problems of government with a facility calculated to astonish as well as gratify her friends, whom, after all, it is impossible to blame severely for neglecting to look beneath so satisfactory a surface. But the time has come when the surface is stripped away, and the interior tribulations reveal themselves too prominently to be overlooked. The impetus which kept the empire in motion from the days of the restoration, in 1868, has failed. The vital force which animated the whole machinery of government and society, so far as their practical operations were concerned, has waned. In the plainest words, the nation is destitute of money, — as nearly penniless as a nation can be and yet preserve the outward decencies of existence. How this has come about, by what oversights of the unwary, and what malignant machinations of the unfriendly, as well as to what utter consternation of those most deeply concerned, — the rulers of the empire, — I shall undertake to explain.

The opening of Japan, as every one is aware, was effected by the United

States of America. Precisely what this country intended to accomplish by that imposing deed it would be difficult to say. What it did accomplish was to open a clear way for the realization of one of Great Britain's most ardent hopes. Our commercial needs have never been pressing, but the extension of English trade began to be, a quarter of a century ago, a matter of extreme importance to the merchants and manufacturers of that kingdom. It was supposed that Japan would prove a superb market for British products; and she was, indeed, and always has been, a considerable purchaser, though not to the extent originally anticipated. How complacently we played England's hand, in the early proceedings, is shown by the events that followed the diplomatic successes of our first official representative there, Mr. Townsend Harris. This gentleman was peculiarly well qualified to perform the duties confided to him, and, with the exception of one error of detail, — an error of most disastrous consequences in the sequel, though intended to be remedied by his own hand, — he laid the ground-work of foreign intercourse with as just and honorable a regard for Japanese rights as for the interests of his own countrymen. The first effective commercial treaty with Japan was draughted by him in 1858, upon terms which, in general, were not disadvantageous to the unsophisticated people with whom he was dealing. It required two years of constant and weary struggle on his part to overcome their repugnance to an agreement of any sort; but within a few weeks of its negotiation, an English envoy, Lord Elgin, visited Yeddo, and executed a compact virtually identical in form and substance, and differing only in the reduction of the impost on particular English fabrics from a reasonable to a merely nominal charge.¹ Thus England strolled com-

¹ The articles were manufactured woolen and cotton goods. Our consul-general fixed the duty for

fortably over the course which had been laid out with severe labor by the United States, and which could not have been peaceably prepared by English agencies in less than double the time employed by Mr. Harris. Everything that could be done to facilitate Lord Elgin's plans was done by our representative. He gave the new-comer a copy of the American treaty, instructed him in the methods of transacting business in the unfamiliar field, and lent him a Dutch interpreter, without whose aid he could not have communicated an intelligible idea. All this was in accordance with the demands of high courtesy, and in due time Mr. Harris received an inestimable token of recognition in the shape of a royal snuff-box; but if he had foreseen what was to follow in after-years, he never would have moved a hand in aid of British ingress to Japan. The discrepancy in customs duty above mentioned was the first manifestation of a determined resolve to break down every obstacle to the untaxed admission of English goods, no matter at what cost or injury to the freshly opened nation.

It is here necessary to describe with precision the unfortunate mistake in Mr. Harris's convention of 1858, — that mistake which, in spite of his good intentions throughout, has been to Japan "the direful spring of woes unnumbered." As he has frequently declared, he never intended nor expected that the treaty should represent anything but a temporary arrangement. It was intended to cover the term of fourteen years in its political provisions, and five years in its tariff stipulations. It did, indeed, provide for a readjustment of the cus-

toms duties in 1863, in case the Japanese government should desire it. But the date of a general revision was fixed at 1872. This revision was to take place upon the demand of either of the contracting parties. Contrary to the common rule, no limit was assigned to the operation of the treaty. It was, in fact, interminable, unless a revision could be agreed upon in 1872 or later. If its terms had been mutually beneficial, or the reverse, there would probably have been no objection to a partial or a thorough reconstruction, as the case might be. It is easy to understand, however, that if it were strongly to the disadvantage of one side the other side would have a powerful interest in opposing any change. And so it has been. The working of the treaty has proved flagrantly injurious to Japan, and proportionately favorable to the foreign powers, — exceptionally favorable to England, that country having the most extensive trade connection. Under these circumstances, the English representative has always met the appeals of the Japanese for revision with evasion, or with counter-proposals so monstrous as to destroy all hope of a just negotiation. The weaker party has had no choice but to submit to the prolonged infliction of a cruel burden; the only alternative — unless some nation be led, in the name of international honor, to speak a rescuing word on her behalf — being a downright renunciation of the oppressive enactment, which might entail the perils of an unequal war.¹

Mr. Harris has more than once stated what was in his mind when he arranged for "revision" at specified dates. The explanation, I regret to say, is not suf-

these commodities at twenty per cent. *ad valorem*. The English negotiator reduced it to five per cent.; not more than enough to pay the cost of collection. Mr. Harris at once warned the Japanese of the false step they were taking, but the document had been signed, and it was too late to repair the evil.

¹ The late Mr. Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, whose appreciation of the Japanese situation was always keen, wrote as follows respecting the painful condition of that country and its rulers:

"The Japanese government has stood in the position of being compelled to submit to all the provisions of a treaty whose maintenance cannot fail to result in utter ruin; or, on the other hand, risk being involved in a war with a nation that has always in the Eastern seas more vessels of war than would be required at once to close all that great domestic commerce now carried on by means of boats and ships between the various towns and cities, islands and provinces, of the empire."

ficient to excuse his deplorable oversight, though it shows his purpose to have been considerate and upright. In a letter written to me, some years before his death, he thus reviewed his own action:—

"The tariff appended to the treaty of Yeddo (1858) was made entirely by me. Not one of its provisions was the subject of discussion, nor were any amendments to it offered by the Japanese commissioners. This unprecedented proceeding arose from the necessities growing out of the ignorance of the Japanese of a tariff of duties on imports, and of the manner in which customs should be collected. They frankly avowed their want of knowledge in the matter, and placed themselves in my hands, relying, as they said, on my doing them justice. . . . In fixing the rates of duties, I desired, on the one hand, to give such a revenue as would substantially show the Japanese the benefits of foreign trade, and, on the other, to avoid such excessive taxation as would amount to prohibition. I constantly told the Japanese commissioners that before the time came around for revising the treaties they would have gained such experience as would enable them intelligently to deal with this matter themselves; remarking that, while ten years was an important part of a man's life, it was as nothing in the life of a nation. I never for a moment claimed a right to interfere in matters which purely belong to the municipal affairs of every nation. Such interference is the result of absolute conquest, and not of any international right."

It is thus apparent that there was no design to exercise control over the tariff for more than a few years. In fact, the rates of impost would not have been designated by the American consul-general, but for the inability of the native authorities to regulate that part of the business. If he had taken the precaution to insure the absolute expi-

ration of the treaty and its appendages at a proper date, all would have resulted as he desired. But the word "revision" spoiled the whole. He probably thought he had done everything essential to the convenience and security of all parties, and perhaps imagined he was serving the Japanese by averting the need of preparing an entirely new document, and going over the same ground again, within so short a time. We may assume it did not occur to him that any one would resist a call for revision. He knew that he would himself have accepted such a call in the right spirit, and believed others would do likewise. Yet, granting that to have been his conviction, he was strangely at fault. All the treaty makers that followed him, English, French, Dutch, German, and the rest, adopted his phraseology, and their governments have systematically adhered to the letter of it. There has been no disposition, on their part, to allow an interpretation favorable to Japan, on the basis of what was meant by the original compact. The treaty is therefore held to be interminable by those who are interested in so regarding it, notwithstanding that such a view is totally without precedent, and untenable on any principle of the law of nations; or, if not interminable in fact, it is made so in effect, by the crafty expedient of proposing terms of revision which are known to be inadmissible by Japan. That country is consequently chained down to a set of arbitrary and intolerable regulations, the nature of which was never comprehended by those who first subscribed to them, and which are not only offensive and degrading to the sovereign and his advisers, but are also inconsistent with the true independence of the state, harassing to the government, destructive to all enterprise, and subversive of every hope of national prosperity.

The determination to hold Japan rigidly to her bargain is most emphatically

proclaimed by England, since England has, as I have said, the largest concern in maintaining the present system. It was England, moreover, that gradually introduced alterations into the tariff drawn up by Mr. Harris, until finally, in 1866, the comparatively fair rates of duty were crowded down to five per cent. *ad valorem*, or its equivalent, upon every article of commerce. This five per cent. duty, let it here be said, barely suffices to pay the expense of the customs machinery. Even in 1866 the native officials were quite unenlightened as to their country's real needs. It was not until after the restoration, in 1868, that a correct apprehension of affairs displayed itself; but the decree of financial doom had been passed under the previous *régime*. A few significant figures will tell the truth respecting England's preponderating material interest. The yearly imports from that country into Japan are valued at about twenty millions of dollars, nearly double the amount of what is sent from all other countries combined; the United States, for example, supplying the worth of only about three millions. The duties paid by English merchants, under existing rates, do not aggregate one million; whereas, if the tariff were, let us say, one fourth of what our own is, they would amount to eight or ten millions. But the desire to get English wares admitted upon easy terms is not the only reason for keeping the imposts low. There is another and a far more insidious motive. The Japanese must be prevented from developing their own industries, and competing with the products which England pours into her ports. Nay, more: the markets must be so manipulated as to crush out existing industries, as far as possible. It is needless to state that, before the advent of foreigners, Japan found no difficulty in supplying her own wants. Her cotton fabrics, for one thing, were ample in quantity and excellent in quality.

Now, England sells her four millions' worth of raw cotton and three millions' worth of manufactured, annually. A huge proportion of the native commodity has been driven out of the field of competition. How it has been driven out no one needs to be told who is acquainted with the methods employed by Great Britain for enlarging the area of her commercial tributary possessions. But who shall answer the melancholy question, What has become of the army of cotton growers, spinners, sellers, and the multitudes directly and indirectly dependent on them? As it is with cotton, so, in a less degree, it is with other articles. The domestic producer cannot stand against the capital of the British merchant, and, with a tariff that anybody can override at pleasure, every attempt at home encouragement by the government would be futile, even if the government were possessed of funds to apply to that purpose.

The government! Let us see how it sustains the financial pressure which the treaties have put upon it. The several critics, to begin with, unite in acknowledgments of its frugality; and, indeed, no external testimony to its economy is needed when the treasury reports exhibit an annual expenditure of less than sixty millions of dollars. The amount is certainly not large for a nation of nearly thirty-five millions of inhabitants, but, small as it is, it must be regularly collected, from some source. Whence does it come? In the United States, the entire cost of carrying on the government business is defrayed by the customs; in England, the customs supply nearly one half; and in all countries where commerce has any hold at all, they contribute a considerable share. But in Japan they yield less than one seventeenth part, and of the total national expenditure only about one thirtieth part. The great burden of taxation falls directly upon the farmers,—the very class that should be as nearly

as possible exempt, — who are assessed close upon four fifths of the whole. The government has been unsparing in its efforts to relieve them. Five years ago, a revenue of sixty-eight millions was required, and of this amount fifty-one millions were taken from the tillers of the soil. In the anxiety to lighten this weight, the authorities retrenched in every direction, and within two years succeeded in reducing the land tax to thirty-eight millions, — the total income being fifty-one millions. But the strain was too severe, and it was found that no degree of care and circumspection could keep the disbursements at that figure. They rose first to fifty-three and then to fifty-five millions, agriculture furnishing, in the latest instance, forty-one millions, while the duties on imports were only twelve hundred thousand dollars. What a state of things is this! And yet no shadow of blame can be fastened on the government. The inevitable expenses of the nation have been immensely augmented by foreign intercourse. These expenses cannot be curtailed; the intercourse cannot be checked. At the same time, the treaties forbid that the external commerce shall bear its due proportion of the very outlay it causes. If the government had foreseen the resolution of the European powers to deny forever (through the diplomatic agents) its right to change the treaties and raise the tariff, it would have refrained from diminishing the land tax, and kept the few millions it so sorely needs. But a step of that kind cannot be retraced without serious difficulty, and it is unlikely that any further reimposition than that just alluded to will be made. It is easy, now, to see that the authorities were over-confident, and to say that they should have estimated more exactly the temper of the foreign ministers. Yet who can reproach them for failing to guard against so improbable a contingency as the deliberate design of one or more great European powers to withhold from them the means

of meeting their engagements, sustaining their country's credit, and even preserving its independent existence among the nations of the earth?

For that is what it must come to, if the means of relief be not soon provided. The plainest evidence indicates a settled purpose to impoverish the country, render it incapable of maintaining its own industries, make it dependent upon England for supplies, and so hamper the public finances as to compel, if possible the negotiation of British loans which, again, shall be used as new instruments of oppression, until, while preserving the outward aspect of autonomy, it shall be virtually degraded into the condition of India. It is startling to discover, as may be done by minute scrutiny, to what extent this precious design has already been wrought out. Nothing but the fact that beneath the easy and docile bearing of the populace there exists a spirit — predominantly among the cultivated classes — of sturdy self-respect and intense pride of race saves the outlook from desperation. There is not upon the earth a more passionately patriotic community than the *samurai*, or gentry of Japan. Pride, however, is anything but a protection against humiliation, and patriotism does not afford a refuge from grinding want. Many of the people are bitterly and miserably poor, — a thing almost unknown before the advent of strangers, — and the deprivations of poverty are on the increase. One of the numerous baleful results of foreign machinations is a heavy depreciation of the domestic currency, brought about, presumably, with the view of weakening the national credit; the immediate effect of which is to destroy the government's power of succoring the distressed by direct bounty, or building up safeguards against pauperism by promoting industrial enterprises. All it can do is to sustain its high character for integrity, by meeting every engagement with honorable

promptness; and this it will do to its last hour. Meanwhile, it looks among those who have brought these sorrows upon the country for some token of sympathy or consolation, and sees no sign.¹ If it turn to England's agents, feebly hoping against hope defeated a hundred times, the most it gets is a cheerful discourse upon the blessings of "free trade," which the great island kingdom of the West would fain implant in the little island empire of the East. So long as Japan is tending toward that blissful consummation, an absolutely unrestricted commerce, it is impossible that its political machinery can work otherwise than happily and well. The ruin of a mass of cotton producers, the suffering of millions concerned in the manufacture and sale of that staple, the paralysis of a dozen, or a hundred, domestic industries, and the slow starvation of the helpless victims to alien greed, — these are trifles to which the

¹ It is true that private expressions of profound commiseration and of intense indignation against the authors of Japan's misfortunes have not been wanting, but these have been of but slight practical avail, owing to their unofficial character, notwithstanding that they have frequently proceeded from high personal authority. General Grant, for example, during his recent visit there, was outspoken and emphatic in his condemnation of the inhuman practices of certain diplomatic agents, and on one occasion plainly declared that the government would have been justified in sinking a German ship which broke through a cholera quarantine in Yokohama Harbor, under singularly aggravated circumstances, and by the express order of the German envoy. General Grant did not hesitate to say that the judgment of the civilized world would have sustained such action on Japan's part. Again, the governor of Hong Kong, Sir John Pope Hennessy, whose whole public life has been a noble protest against the infliction of wrongs upon the feeble, has placed on record his abhorrence of the methods employed by the majority of foreign representatives in Japan; but Japan is apart from his jurisdiction, and even in his own colony the wise and humane policy he has established is often bitterly contested by the large trading class which seeks only for immediate gain, reckless of what the future has in store. Yet the mere presence in the East of a man like Hennessy is of more value to his country's true interests than the extravagant exertions of a score of average envoys would be, — even if not misdirected, as they commonly are.

promoters of a lofty economic principle can give no heed. But what have the Japanese to say upon this head? To them the idea of one nation, whose annual customs revenue is a hundred millions, prating about perfect freedom of trade to another, which collects only two millions, and has no intention of collecting more than eight or ten, is the extremity of impudence and absurdity. England undoubtedly has greater needs than Japan, but Japan assuredly has some. What covers the English pretense of untrammelled commercial intercourse with overwhelming mockery, in their eyes, is the circumstance that Great Britain imposes a tax of larger amount upon its imports from Japan than the entire customs revenue of Japan from every source. More than this, the income to the British treasury proceeding from duty upon a single Japanese product is greater than all the customs receipts of Japan put together.²

² The relations of the two countries, so far as their customs receipts of the latest recorded year are concerned, and the difference between the burdens imposed by each upon the other's trade, may be concisely set down as follows: —

English duty upon Japanese tobacco	\$2,600,000
English duty upon Japanese tea	60,000
	<hr/> \$2,660,000

Japanese duty upon all English imports	960,000
Gain of English over that of Japanese treasury	<hr/> \$1,700,000

It is furthermore apparent that, in the same year, the sum gathered in England upon Japanese products was larger than that secured in Japan, not only from foreign goods, but even from total collections, both on imports and exports: —

English duty on Japanese products	\$2,660,000
Total Japanese duty upon imports,	\$1,379,824
Total Japanese duty upon exports,	939,564
	<hr/> \$2,319,388

Excess of English duties upon Japanese goods over total Japanese duties	<hr/> \$340,612
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This calculation is based upon an English tobacco duty of only three shillings per pound. It has since been raised to three shillings and sixpence for unmanufactured, and four shillings and fourpence for manufactured, tobacco.

The knowledge of this is sufficient to outweigh all the financial theories that the English legation can bring forward. But the English legation has a "might" behind it, against which Japan's assertion of indisputable "right" never can prevail.

If the experiment is tried, at times, of appealing to the honorable instincts of other Western representatives, the result is equally disheartening. French diplomacy in the far East is simply a reflection of English diplomacy. The system of imitation is probably a relic of the Napoleonic policy, which the republic has not found opportunity to rectify. For years past, the French minister has really had no duty to fulfill except that of implicitly following the lead of his British colleague. The German envoy, who might be supposed to act more independently, and who in earlier times has done so, has placed himself so thoroughly under the guidance of the English as to have been recently incited by the latter to the commission of a sheer outrage upon civilization and humanity, namely: the breaking through of a quarantine, established during a cholera epidemic, by a German ship which came directly from an infected port. This and other like proceedings having been traced to the same inimical source, little expectation of fair treatment is cherished in that quarter. Russia is not unfriendly, but she has projects of her own in Asia, and declines openly to manifest the commiseration which her plenipotentiary does not hesitate to declare. Italy is well disposed, and shows it, but the position of Italy is not such as to enable her to support a struggling country against the determined onslaughts of greater powers. The lesser European states sail in England's wake, as a matter of commercial instinct. There is one nation which might do all that is required for the legitimate relief of Japan without a serious effort, whose duty, indeed, it is to make some reparation for

the wrongs that have followed its original action, and which, in serving the cause of justice, would, as it happens, be also serving its own material interests; but when the United States is called upon, even by its own diplomatic officers, to perform its share in the work of reinstatement, the plea is either rejected, or is evaded by some rigmarole of fictitious negotiation, which results solely in shattering anew a timid, half-grown faith, covering with fresh contempt the pretense of republican magnanimity, and conferring unspeakable aid and comfort upon those who aim at the destruction of Japan's sovereignty.

As if the conditions of the treaties were not of themselves severe enough, they have been singularly aggravated by accidents which have determined the personality of the foreign representation in Japan. By an untoward fate, the United States, which should have been the prop and stay of the inexperienced government in time of trouble, was deprived at an early date of the services of a most worthy minister, all of whose successors, save the latest, were, to speak leniently, incapable of appreciating the magnitude and gravity of their duties; while Great Britain, which under any circumstances would almost necessarily have exercised a hurtful influence, has sent out a series of envoys, most of whom, and conspicuously the present incumbent, have undertaken to wield the authority of tyrants over a vanquished nation. Townsend Harris, acting under a mistaken sense of his obligations, resigned his post on the incoming of the first republican administration, in 1861. Had he not done so, he would probably never have been removed, and the defects of his convention of 1858 would have been repaired; while his sagacity and stern probity would have been exerted for the protection of those who needed it, against all oppressors. A few years after his retirement arrived the Englishman who, if search had been

made for the purpose, would have been chosen, above all others, as the one who could keep in constant irritation the sores of foreign aggression, and whose nature and training would lead him to maintain a course of relentless persecution, and whose controlling principle would be to add to the injury of persistent invasion of Japan's rights the insult of offensive brutality, frequently extending to physical violence, in his treatment of her rulers and statesmen. The career of this official has been so amazing in its extravagance as to call for a brief description. Without a formal statement of his phenomenal performances, no notion of their character, or of his own, could be conveyed.

Harry Smith Parkes went to the East as a civil-service attaché, some forty years ago. By energy and activity he rose, while still a young man, to the important position of British consul at Canton. There, in 1856, he first sought and found distinction in the line of occupation which he seems never to have abandoned. He was one of the chief movers, if not the principal instrument, in bringing about the war which grew out of the still memorable "Arrow" affair, — a war which, with its authors, was denounced in Parliament with an unparalleled force and unanimity of invective. Nobody denied that Parkes and his associates had provoked hostilities for which there was no tenable ground, but the defense was that it was done for the purpose of breaking down Chinese isolation and extending British trade. The scheme was in a measure successful. Manchester goods penetrated the walls of Canton, and perhaps served to shroud some of the odd thou-

sand corpses with which British cannon had strewn the soil. But the blood of these innocent murdered men was too much for the conscience of England at home. It is not necessary to repeat the language in which parliamentary leaders of all parties, excepting the heads of the ministry, stigmatized the transaction. It nearly caused the overthrow of the cabinet, and nothing but the vast popularity of Lord Palmerston enabled him to keep his place, after a dissolution, and to protect the originator of the mischief. When Lord Elgin was sent out to close up the business, he expressed himself with contemptuous frankness as to the fraudulent quarrel that had been forced upon China; but Parkes was just then a valuable man, owing to his knowledge of the native tongue, and his services were in request at Peking, where, by the bye, he was captured, and nearly met his death at the hands of the exasperated mandarins. For this mishap he was supposed to be entitled to compensation, and he was kept employed in China, retaining always his reputation for irascibility and hatred of Asiatics, until 1864, when a vacancy occurred at Tokio, then Yeddo,¹ which he was appointed to fill. It was at that time thought that Japanese turbulence might require to be treated with a heavy hand, and that Parkes was by inclination and experience eminently qualified for such a task. It is on record that the first thing he did, after landing, was to fly into a rage — no earthly being knows why — with the governor of Nagasaki, and to commit an assault on that poor trembling creature which nearly frightened his spirit out of its body. His second formal act was to indite a dispatch to

¹ This incidental allusion to the former name of the Japanese capital recalls one of Parkes's most characteristic manifestations of spite. At the time of the imperial restoration, thirteen years ago, the use of the word "Yeddo" was formally forbidden, on account of its association with the long supremacy of the usurping house of Tokugawa, and "Tokio" was substituted therefor. But

the British legation has never recognized the change, and persists in adhering to Yeddo, to this day, notwithstanding the government's declared dislike of the title. To harass and mortify the authorities by all methods, great and small, is a prominent feature of the policy which this minister deems requisite for maintaining the supremacy of British influence.

the foreign office, in which was given the key-note to all his after-utterances, — a cry of defiance, wrath, and menace, launched with a liberal and comprehensive vindictiveness against the whole Japanese race.

From that moment the attitude of Parkes — who had been made a K. C. B. — was unswerving in hostility to the people among whom he dwelt and the government to which he was accredited. What he has done he has declared to be for the glory of England generally, and more especially for the benefit of its trade. There is no reason why that claim should not be allowed him. If he has believed all along that the interests of his mercantile countrymen are advanced by the devices he has practiced, he must have whatever credit belongs to him. Perhaps it is true that the terror he long inspired prevented all attempts to readjust the conditions of foreign commerce, and left the traders in possession of the advantages bestowed by the treaties. But it is difficult not to suppose that he must sometimes have contemplated the possibility of Japan's regaining her natural privileges, and calculated the consequences of inevitable reaction. For it cannot be believed, even by him, that his long catalogue of enormities will be forgotten. Can he imagine they will be forgiven? Governments do not forgive, for example, the furious smashing of a glass, on a public occasion, with the assurance that their nation can be as easily dashed in pieces. Nor are they likely to condone a formal threat to occupy the shore line of their principal port with alien troops, avowedly to protect Englishmen in landing from their ships wherever they choose, instead of at the appointed customs stations, as required by Japanese law. They will not readily overlook the habit, of a dozen years' continuance, of emphasizing arguments in diplomatic debate by fist-shakings in the faces of cabinet ministers, and beatings of tables with rulers, inkstands, and

other available implements. They can hardly reconcile themselves to having been compelled, by dire menaces, to dismiss in disgrace a prominent official, the superintendent of customs in Yokohama, solely because he called the queen of England a queen, instead of applying to her the identical title belonging to the Mikado. The recollection will not glide pleasantly away that Japanese dignitaries, while traveling in Europe, were called upon to discharge their private servants, because one of these latter, not knowing his English excellency, refused to carry his trunk up the staircase of a hotel, and another, knowing him, inadvertently addressed him as "Mr." instead of "Sir Harry." The affront of sending threatening letters direct to the prime minister, in violation of personal decency and universal established usage, which requires that the foreign office shall be the channel of all communications to and from a foreign envoy, is not a thing to drop into genial oblivion. The emperor himself will be slow to pardon a harangue which, in the ostensible form of a New Year's address from the combined diplomatic corps, was really a lecture on his sovereign duties, so grossly impertinent that other envoys were compelled to disavow it. The record of a high-handed attempt to annul the treaty clause forbidding the importation of opium, and to allow English merchants to ply the same extirpating vocation in Japan that renders them infamous in China, cannot be blotted out; nor can the memory of the more successful scheme for permitting English traders to evade the export duty on coal, which was accomplished by the mere issuing of a decree, twelve years ago, falsely declaring that the native authorities had agreed to such an arrangement, and resulting in a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Japanese treasury. The terrible devastations of cholera, in recent years, which would in all human probability have been warded off but for the refusal

to submit English ships to quarantine regulations, will be a lasting and unanswerable reproach. Physical assaults, such as knocking down an officer, who is now one of the highest ministers of state, on the beach of an open port, and rubbing his face in the sand, linger with rankling persistence in the minds of those who have endured them. Announcements that the government shall pass no laws in any way affecting British subjects, without approval and indorsement from the legation, likewise belong to the class of inexpiable offenses. So does the prolonged struggle to prevent the Japanese from taking full control of their post-office, which they manage excellently well. It is needless to continue the recital. All these inflictions, and more, have been practiced upon the long-suffering Japanese by the representative of the most civilized country of Europe. The list might be indefinitely extended, and even the few instances above related — which are set down at random, without reference or reflection — might be presented far more impressively, if the object were other than to give a plain and uncolored statement of what a spirited but helpless people are compelled to endure. The fact that they are helpless, or believe themselves to be so, is the sufficient explanation of their silent submission. Resistance on the part of the government would entail worse evils, it is feared, than any yet encountered. Too much weight is probably given to this apprehension, and the unconcerned spectator of events may easily convince himself that England would not venture to prosecute a war for the upholding of a heartless bully, or the enforcement of a cruelly unjust and oppressive treaty; but the statesmen of Japan are novices, and perhaps ignorant of their own reserves of strength. At any rate, they shrink from risking the sacrifice of their remaining privileges. They have too much cause to feel that they stand alone and friendless in their grief. Europe,

as has been said, mocks at their sorrows. America listens, holds out fair promises, and at the expected moment of action escapes from the fulfillment by a paltry subterfuge. Three years ago, through the exertions of persons acquainted with the situation, a new treaty for the United States and Japan was drawn up, and transmitted, with the cordial and earnest approbation of Mr. Bingham, our minister, to the state department at Washington. It did not provide for restitution of all, nor yet one half, of what we had taken from Japan, but it loosened our grip upon her tariff, and recognized her exclusive right to control the coastwise trade. To that extent it was a fair contract. After a little delay, information was vouchsafed that it was satisfactory to the president, and that, with a trifling emendation or two, it would be submitted to the senate. There was great rejoicing in Tokio, as may be conceived; but when the document was returned, the trifling emendation turned out an absolute invalidation of the whole transaction. It consisted of an additional clause, making the treaty inoperative until all the other powers should conclude a similar agreement! Inasmuch as England would never, under any circumstances, willingly consent to a similar agreement, and could be brought to it only by the pressure of an example from the United States, it would have been more straightforward, though not quite so polite, to tear up the original draught, and send back the pieces. Since that rebuff, the Japanese government has seemed to abandon all hope of relief from any outside direction.

Enough has been said to show how disastrously the treaties have affected the direct revenues of the empire, but something remains to be explained respecting their indirect hostile influence. If the relations of Japan to foreigners were the same as those which prevail in Europe and America, neither the poverty of the people nor the straitened

circumstances of the government would necessarily stand in the way of enterprise and prosperity. The resources of the soil could be developed by capital from abroad, which, indeed, has long been clamoring for admission. To sanction this, however, under existing circumstances, would be an act of suicide. The tariff incubus was not the only adverse feature in Mr. Harris's first compact. There was also a provision for what is clumsily called "extra-territorial jurisdiction," by virtue of which no alien is amenable to the tribunals of the country, but may be tried only by the consuls or other officials of his own land. It is, indeed, insolently claimed by every power except the United States that foreigners are not bound to observe or respect the laws of Japan. What Mr. Harris thought of his own handiwork, in this particular, may be judged by the following extract from one of his letters to the present writer:—

"The provision of the treaty giving the right of ex-territoriality to all Americans in Japan was against my conscience. In a conversation with Governor Marcy, the secretary of state, in 1855, he strongly condemned it as an unjust interference with the municipal law of a country which no Western nation would tolerate for a moment; but he said that it would be impossible to have a treaty with any Oriental nation unless it contained that provision. The examples of our treaties with Turkey, Persia, and the Barbary States gave precedents that the senate would not overlook. I fear that I shall not live to see this unjust provision struck out of our treaties, but I fondly hope that you may see it fully abrogated."

Like the tariff infliction, this harsh regulation was copied by the framers of other conventions, but not with regret, nor with a desire for its ultimate suspension. It is in complete force at this day, and the consequence which we have to consider in connection with the

question of employing outside capital is that no foreign participant in an internal enterprise could ever be held to account for his deeds before a court in which the Japanese could place confidence. He might cheat or rob his native partner to any extent, and redress could be sought nowhere but from a judge who would almost certainly be ignorant of law, who would probably be swayed by partiality, and might very possibly have a direct interest in defeating justice. Under the American system of appointments, there is never a guaranty that capable men, not to say honest men, will be chosen consuls. The English plan is theoretically better, but experience has not taught the Japanese to trust the British courts too implicitly. As for the consular delegates from the majority of European states, their procedure would invariably be open to suspicion; for they are traders and speculators almost without exception, and would inevitably be mixed up in all sorts of undertakings the moment that the funds of strangers should be allowed ingress. Their official position would give them unusual advantages, without imposing upon them any restraints; and, no matter what they might be guilty of, they could be arraigned only before themselves, so to speak. That settles, in the negative, the whole question of using foreign capital, and destroys the last chance of Japan's pecuniary redemption except by measures apart from and remedial to those embodied in the treaties.

I have now told all that is requisite, I trust, to dispel the prevalent illusion concerning the condition of a country which has shown itself deserving of immunity from more than the ordinary cares and trials of aspirants to the comity of states, but which has been made to suffer to an extent exceeding that which would commonly be awarded to a flagrant offender against the law of nations. While doing her best to win the

applause of the civilized world, and actually gaining it in no usual degree, she has, unknown to the mass of her admirers, been enduring all the torments of wretchedness and despair. Whether the bitterness of her experience, together with her gallant struggle against adversity, does or does not constitute a claim upon the commiseration and forbearance of the powerful, I shall not pretend to say. That question is for others to decide, as is also the proper method of affording redress for past injuries,

should redress be deemed due. My purpose has been simply to upset a popular fallacy, and to reveal the darker side of a picture which represents, to most eyes, the fairest ideal of a nation's happiness. I shall be content if I can persuade the intelligent reader to take a serious view of what has hitherto attracted him only as an amusing field for the play of his gayer fancy. When that is done, with hearty and general consent the decree of justice will follow in rapid sequence.

E. H. House.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XXV.

GILBERT OSMOND came to see Isabel again; that is, he came to the Palazzo Crescentini. He had other friends there as well, and to Mrs. Touchett and Madame Merle he was always impartially civil; but the former of these ladies noted the fact that in the course of a fortnight he called five times, and compared it with another fact that she found no difficulty in remembering. Two visits a year had hitherto constituted his regular tribute to Mrs. Touchett's charms, and she had never observed that he selected for such visits those moments, of almost periodical recurrence, when Madame Merle was under her roof. It was not for Madame Merle that he came. These two were old friends, and he never put himself out for her. He was not fond of Ralph,—Ralph had told her so,—and it was not supposable that Mr. Osmond had suddenly taken a fancy to her son. Ralph was imperturbable; Ralph had a kind of loose-fitting urbanity that wrapped him about like an ill-made overcoat, but of which he never divested himself; he thought Mr. Osmond very good com-

pany, and would have been willing at any time to take the hospitable view of his idiosyncrasies. But he did not flatter himself that the desire to repair a past injustice was the motive of their visitor's calls; he read the situation more clearly. Isabel was the attraction, and in all conscience a sufficient one. Osmond was a critic, a student of the exquisite, and it was natural he should admire an admirable person. So when his mother said to him that it was very plain what Mr. Osmond was thinking of, Ralph replied that he was quite of her opinion. Mrs. Touchett had always liked Mr. Osmond; she thought him so much of a gentleman. As he had never been an importunate visitor he had had no chance to be offensive, and he was recommended to Mrs. Touchett by his appearance of being as well able to do without her as she was to do without him,—a quality that always excited her esteem. It gave her no satisfaction, however, to think that he had taken it into his head to marry her niece. Such an alliance, on Isabel's part, would have an air of almost morbid perversity. Mrs. Touchett easily remembered that the girl had refused an English peer; and

that a young lady for whom Lord Warburton had not been up to the mark should content herself with an obscure American dilettante, a middle-aged widow with an overgrown daughter and an income of nothing, — this answered to nothing in Mrs. Touchett's conception of success. She took, it will be observed, not the sentimental, but the political, view of matrimony, — a view which has always had much to recommend it. "I trust she won't have the folly to listen to him," she said to her son; to which Ralph replied that Isabel's listening was one thing, and her answering quite another. He knew that she had listened to others, but that she had made them listen to her in return; and he found much entertainment in the idea that, in these few months that he had known her, he should see a third suitor at her gate. She had wanted to see life, and fortune was serving her to her taste; a succession of gentlemen going down on their knees to her was by itself a respectable chapter of experience. Ralph looked forward to a fourth and a fifth *soupirant*; he had no conviction that she would stop at a third. She would keep the gate ajar and open a parley; she would certainly not allow number three to come in. He expressed this view, somewhat after this fashion, to his mother, who looked at him as if he had been dancing a jig. He had such a fanciful, pictorial way of saying things that he might as well address her in the deaf-mute's alphabet.

"I don't think I know what you mean," she said; "you use too many metaphors; I could never understand allegories. The two words in the language I most respect are Yes and No. If Isabel wants to marry Mr. Osmond, she will do so in spite of all your similes. Let her alone to find a favorable comparison for anything she undertakes. I know very little about the young man in America; I don't think she spends much of her time in thinking of him,

and I suspect he has got tired of waiting for her. There is nothing in life to prevent her marrying Mr. Osmond if she only looks at him in a certain way. That is all very well; no one approves more than I of one's pleasing one's self. But she takes her pleasure in such odd things; she is capable of marrying Mr. Osmond for his opinions. She wants to be disinterested; as if she were the only person who is in danger of not being so! Will he be so disinterested when he has the spending of her money? That was her idea before your father's death, and it has acquired new charms for her since. She ought to marry some one of whose disinterestedness she should be sure, herself; and there would be no such proof of that as his having a fortune of his own."

"My dear mother, I am not afraid," Ralph answered; "she is making fools of us all. She will please herself, of course; but she will do so by studying human nature and retaining her liberty. She has started on an exploring expedition, and I don't think she will change her course, at the outset, at a signal from Gilbert Osmond. She may have slackened speed for an hour, but before we know it she will be steaming away again. Excuse another metaphor."

Mrs. Touchett excused it, perhaps, but she was not so much reassured as to withhold from Madame Merle the expression of her fears. "You who know everything," she said, "you must know this: whether that man is making love to my niece."

Madame Merle opened her expressive eyes, and with a brilliant smile, "Heaven help us!" she exclaimed; "that's an idea!"

"Has it never occurred to you?"

"You make me feel like a fool, — but I confess it has n't. I wonder," added Madame Merle, "whether it has occurred to her."

"I think I will ask her," said Mrs. Touchett.

Madame Merle reflected a moment. "Don't put it into her head. The thing would be to ask Mr. Osmond."

"I can't do that," said Mrs. Touchett; "it's none of my business."

"I will ask him myself," Madame Merle declared, bravely.

"It's none of yours, either."

"That's precisely why I can afford to ask him; it is so much less my business than any one's else that in me the question will not seem to him embarrassing."

"Pray let me know on the first day, then," said Mrs. Touchett. "If I can't speak to him, at least I can speak to her."

"Don't be too quick with her; don't inflame her imagination."

"I never did anything to any one's imagination. But I am always sure she will do something I don't like."

"You would n't like this," Madame Merle observed, without the point of interrogation.

"Why should I, pray? Mr. Osmond has nothing to offer."

Again Madame Merle was silent, while her thoughtful smile drew up her mouth more than usual toward the left corner. "Let us distinguish. Gilbert Osmond is certainly not the first comer. He is a man who under favorable circumstances might very well make an impression. He has made an impression, to my knowledge, more than once."

"Don't tell me about his love affairs; they are nothing to me!" Mrs. Touchett cried. "What you say is precisely why I wish he would cease his visits. He has nothing in the world that I know of but a dozen or two of early masters and a grown-up daughter."

"The early masters are worth a good deal of money," said Madame Merle, "and the daughter is a very young and very harmless person."

"In other words, she is an insipid school-girl. Is that what you mean? Having no fortune, she can't hope to

marry, as they marry here; so that Isabel will have to furnish her either with a maintenance or with a dowry."

"Isabel probably would not object to being kind to her. I think she likes the child."

"Another reason for Mr. Osmond stopping at home! Otherwise, a week hence, we shall have Isabel arriving at the conviction that her mission in life is to prove that a step-mother may sacrifice herself; and that, to prove it, she must first become one."

"She would make a charming step-mother," said Madame Merle, smiling; "but I quite agree with you that she had better not decide upon her mission too hastily. Changing one's mission is often awkward! I will investigate, and report to you."

All this went on quite over Isabel's head; she had no suspicion that her relations with Mr. Osmond were being discussed. Madame Merle had said nothing to put her on her guard; she alluded no more pointedly to Mr. Osmond than to the other gentlemen of Florence, native and foreign, who came in considerable numbers to pay their respects to Miss Archer's aunt. Isabel thought him very pleasant; she liked to think of him. She had carried away an image from her visit to his hill-top which her subsequent knowledge of him did nothing to efface, and which happened to take her fancy particularly, — the image of a quiet, clever, sensitive, distinguished man, strolling on a moss-grown terrace above the sweet Val d'Arno, and holding by the hand a little girl, whose sympathetic docility gave a new aspect to childhood. The picture was not brilliant, but she liked its lowness of tone, and the atmosphere of summer twilight that pervaded it. It seemed to tell a story, a story of the sort that touched her most easily; to speak of a serious choice, a choice between things of shallow and things of deep interest; of a lonely, studious life in a lovely land;

of an old sorrow that sometimes ached to-day ; a feeling of pride that was perhaps exaggerated, but that had an element of nobleness ; a care for beauty and perfection, so natural and so cultivated together that it had been the main occupation of a life-time, of which the arid places were watered with the sweet sense of a quaint, half-anxious, half-helpless fatherhood. At the Palazzo Crescentini Mr. Osmond's manner remained the same : shy at first, and full of the effort (visible only to a sympathetic eye) to overcome this disadvantage, — an effort which usually resulted in a great deal of easy, lively, very positive, rather aggressive, and always effective talk. Mr. Osmond's talk was not injured by the indication of an eagerness to shine ; Isabel found no difficulty in believing that a person was sincere who had so many of the signs of strong conviction ; as, for instance, an explicit and graceful appreciation of anything that might be said on his own side, said, perhaps, by Miss Archer in particular. What continued to please this young lady was his extraordinary subtlety. There was such a fine intellectual intention in what he said, and the movement of his wit was like that of a quick-flashing blade. One day he brought his little daughter with him, and Isabel was delighted to renew acquaintance with the child, who, as she presented her forehead to be kissed by every member of the circle, reminded her vividly of an *ingénue* in a French play. Isabel had never seen a young girl of this pattern ; American girls were very different ; different, too, were the daughters of England. This young lady was so neat, so complete in her manner ; and yet in character, as one could see, so innocent and infantine. She sat on the sofa, by Isabel ; she wore a small grenadine mantle and a pair of the useful gloves that Madame Merle had given her, — little gray gloves, with a single button. She was like a sheet of blank paper, — the

ideal *jeune fille* of foreign fiction. Isabel hoped that so fair and smooth a page would be covered with an edifying text.

The Countess Gemini also came to call upon her ; but the countess was quite another affair. She was by no means a blank sheet ; she had been written over in a variety of hands, and Mrs. Touchett, who felt by no means honored by her visit, declared that a number of unmistakable blots were to be seen upon her surface. The Countess Gemini was indeed the occasion of a slight discussion between the mistress of the house and the visitor from Rome, in which Madame Merle (who was not such a fool as to irritate people by always agreeing with them) availed herself humorously of that large license of dissent which her hostess permitted as freely as she practiced it. Mrs. Touchett had pronounced it a piece of audacity that the Countess Gemini should have presented herself at this time of day at the door of a house in which she was esteemed so little as she must long have known herself to be at the Palazzo Crescentini. Isabel had been made acquainted with the estimate which prevailed under this roof ; it represented Mr. Osmond's sister as a kind of flighty reprobate. She had been married by her mother — a heartless featherhead like herself, with an appreciation of foreign titles which the daughter, to do her justice, had probably by this time thrown off — to an Italian nobleman, who had perhaps given her some excuse for attempting to quench the consciousness of neglect. The countess, however, had consoled herself too well, and it was notorious in Florence that she had consoled others also. Mrs. Touchett had never consented to receive her, though the countess had made overtures of old. Florence was not an austere city ; but, as Mrs. Touchett said, she had to draw the line somewhere.

Madame Merle defended the unhappy

lady with a great deal of zeal and wit. She could not see why Mrs. Touchett should make a scapegoat of that poor countess, who had really done no harm, who had only done good in the wrong way. One must certainly draw the line, but while one was about it one should draw it straight; it was a very crooked chalk-mark that would exclude the Countess Gemini. In that case Mrs. Touchett had better shut up her house; this, perhaps, would be the best course so long as she remained in Florence. One must be fair, and not make arbitrary differences. The countess had doubtless been imprudent; she had not been so clever as other women. She was a good creature, not clever at all; but since when had that been a ground of exclusion from the best society? It was a long time since one had heard anything about her, and there could be no better proof of her having renounced the error of her ways than her desire to become a member of Mrs. Touchett's circle. Isabel could contribute nothing to this interesting dispute, not even a patient attention; she contented herself with having given a friendly welcome to the Countess Gemini, who, whatever her defects, had at least the merit of being Mr. Osmond's sister. As she liked the brother, Isabel thought it proper to try and like the sister; in spite of the growing perplexity of things, she was still perfectly capable of these rather primitive sequences of feeling. She had not received the happiest impression of the countess on meeting her at the villa, but she was thankful for an opportunity to repair this accident. Had not Mr. Osmond declared that she was a good woman? To have proceeded from Gilbert Osmond, this was rather a rough statement; but Madame Merle bestowed upon it a certain improving polish. She told Isabel more about the poor countess than Mr. Osmond had done, and related the history of her marriage and its consequences. The count was a mem-

ber of an ancient Tuscan family, but so poor that he had been glad to accept Amy Osmond, in spite of her being no beauty, with the modest dowry her mother was able to offer, — a sum about equivalent to that which had already formed her brother's share of their patrimony. Count Gemini, since then, however, had inherited money, and now they were well enough off, as Italians went, though Amy was horribly extravagant. The count was a low-lived brute; he had given his wife every excuse. She had no children; she had lost three within a year of their birth. Her mother, who had pretensions to "culture," wrote descriptive poems, and corresponded on Italian subjects with the English weekly journals; her mother had died three years after the countess' marriage, the father having died long before. One could see this in Gilbert Osmond, Madame Merle thought, — see that he had been brought up by a woman; though, to do him justice, one would suppose it had been by a more sensible woman than the American Corinne, as Mrs. Osmond liked to be called. She had brought her children to Italy, after her husband's death, and Mrs. Touchett remembered her during the years that followed her arrival. She thought her a horrible snob; but this was an irregularity of judgment on Mrs. Touchett's part, for she, like Mr. Osmond, approved of political marriages. The countess was very good company, and not such a fool as she seemed; one got on with her perfectly if one observed a single simple condition, — that of not believing a word she said. Madame Merle had always made the best of her for her brother's sake; he always appreciated any kindness shown to Amy, because (if it had to be confessed for him) he was rather ashamed of her. Naturally, he could n't like her style, her loudness, her want of repose. She displeased him; she acted on his nerves; she was not *his* sort of woman. What was his

sort of woman? Oh, the opposite of the countess,—a woman who should always speak the truth. Isabel was unable to estimate the number of fibs her visitor had told her; the countess, indeed, had given her an impression of rather silly sincerity. She had talked almost exclusively about herself: how much she should like to know Miss Archer; how thankful she should be for a real friend; how nasty the people in Florence were; how tired she was of the place; how much she should like to live somewhere else,—in Paris, or London, or St. Petersburg; how impossible it was to get anything nice to wear in Italy, except a little old lace; how dear the world was growing everywhere; what a life of suffering and privation she had led. Madame Merle listened with interest to Isabel's account of her conversation with this plaintive butterfly; but she had not needed it, to feel exempt from anxiety. On the whole, she was not afraid of the countess, and she could afford to do what was altogether best,—not to appear so.

Isabel had another visitor, whom it was not, even behind her back, so easy a matter to patronize. Henrietta Stackpole, who had left Paris after Mrs. Touchett's departure for San Remo, and had worked her way down, as she said, through the cities of North Italy, arrived in Florence about the middle of May. Madame Merle surveyed her with a single glance, comprehended her, and, after a moment's concentrated reflection, determined to like her. She determined, indeed, to delight in her. To like her was impossible; but the intenser sentiment might be managed. Madame Merle managed it beautifully, and Isabel felt that in foreseeing this event she had done justice to her friend's breadth of mind. Henrietta's arrival had been announced by Mr. Bantling, who, coming down from Nice while she was at Venice, and expecting to find her in Florence, which she had not yet

reached, came to the Palazzo Crescentini to express his disappointment. Henrietta's own advent occurred two days later, and produced in Mr. Bantling an emotion amply accounted for by the fact that he had not seen her since the termination of the episode at Versailles. The humorous view of his situation was generally taken, but it was openly expressed only by Ralph Touchett, who, in the privacy of his own apartment, when Bantling smoked a cigar there, indulged in Heaven knows what genial pleasantries on the subject of the incisive Miss Stackpole and her British ally. This gentleman took the joke in perfectly good part, and artlessly confessed that he regarded the affair as an intellectual flirtation. He liked Miss Stackpole extremely; he thought she had a wonderful head on her shoulders, and found great comfort in the society of a woman who was not perpetually thinking about what would be said and how it would look. Miss Stackpole never cared how it looked, and, if she did n't care, pray, why should he? But his curiosity had been aroused; he wanted awfully to see whether she ever would care. He was prepared to go as far as she; he did not see why he should stop first.

Henrietta showed no signs of stopping at all. Her prospects, as we know, had brightened upon her leaving England, and she was now in the full enjoyment of her copious resources. She had indeed been obliged to sacrifice her hopes with regard to the inner life; the social question, on the Continent, bristled with difficulties even more numerous than those she had encountered in England. But on the Continent there was the outer life, which was palpable and visible at every turn, and more easily convertible to literary uses than the customs of those opaque islanders. Out-of-doors, in foreign lands, as Miss Stackpole ingeniously remarked, one seemed to see the right side of the tapestry;

out-of-doors, in England, one seemed to see the wrong side, which gave one no notion of the figure. It is mortifying to be obliged to confess it, but Henrietta, despairing of more occult things, was now paying much attention to the outer life. She had been studying it for two months at Venice, from which city she sent to the Interviewer a conscientious account of the gondolas, the Piazza, the Bridge of Sighs, the pigeons, and the young boatman who chanted Tasso. The Interviewer was perhaps disappointed, but Henrietta was at least seeing Europe. Her present purpose was to get down to Rome before the malaria should come on, — she apparently supposed that it began on a fixed day; and with this design she was to spend at present but few days in Florence. Mr. Bantling was to go with her to Rome, and she pointed out to Isabel that, as he had been there before, as he was a military man, and as he had had a classical education, — he was brought up at Eton, where they study nothing but Latin, said Miss Stackpole, — he would be a most useful companion in the city of the Cæsars. At this juncture Ralph had the happy idea of proposing to Isabel that she also, under his own escort, should make a pilgrimage to Rome. She expected to pass a portion of the next winter there, — that was very well; but meantime there was no harm in surveying the field. There were ten days left of the beautiful month of May, — the most precious month of all to the true Rome-lover. Isabel would become a Rome-lover; that was a foregone conclusion. She was provided with a well-tested companion of her own sex, whose society, thanks to the fact that she had other calls upon her sympathy, would probably not be oppressive. Madame Merle would remain with Mrs. Touchett; she had left Rome for the summer, and would not care to return. This lady professed herself delighted to be left at peace in Florence; she had locked

up her apartment, and sent her cook home to Palestrina. She urged Isabel, however, to assent to Ralph's proposal, and assured her that a good introduction to Rome was not a thing to be despised. Isabel, in truth, needed no urging, and the party of four arranged its little journey. Mrs. Touchett, on this occasion, had resigned herself to the absence of a dueña; we have seen that she now inclined to the belief that her niece should stand alone.

Isabel saw Gilbert Osmond before she started, and mentioned her intention to him.

"I should like to be in Rome with you," he said; "I should like to see you there."

She hesitated a moment.

"You might come, then."

"But you'll have a lot of people with you."

"Ah," Isabel admitted, "of course I shall not be alone."

For a moment he said nothing more.

"You'll like it," he went on, at last. "They have spoiled it, but you'll like it."

"Ought I to dislike it, because it's spoiled?" she asked.

"No, I think not. It has been spoiled so often. If I were to go, what should I do with my little girl?"

"Can't you leave her at the villa?"

"I don't know that I like that, though there is a very good old woman who looks after her. I can't afford a governess."

"Bring her with you, then," said Isabel, smiling.

Mr. Osmond looked grave.

"She has been in Rome all winter, at her convent; and she is too young to make journeys of pleasure."

"You don't like bringing her forward?" Isabel suggested.

"No, I think young girls should be kept out of the world."

"I was brought up on a different system."

"You? Oh, with you it succeeded, because you — you were exceptional."

"I don't see why," said Isabel, who, however, was not sure there was not some truth in the speech.

Mr. Osmond did not explain; he simply went on: "If I thought it would make her resemble you to join a social group in Rome, I would take her there to-morrow."

"Don't make her resemble me," said Isabel; "keep her like herself."

"I might send her to my sister," Mr. Osmond suggested. He had almost the air of asking advice; he seemed to like to talk over his domestic matters with Isabel.

"Yes," said the girl; "I think that would not do much towards making her resemble me!"

After she had left Florence, Gilbert Osmond met Madame Merle at the Countess Gemini's. There were other people present, — the countess' drawing-room was usually well filled, — and the talk had been general; but after a while Osmond left his place, and came and sat on an ottoman half behind, half beside, Madame Merle's chair.

"She wants me to go to Rome with her," he announced, in a low tone of voice.

"To go with her?"

"To be there while she is there. She proposed it."

"I suppose you mean that you proposed it, and that she assented."

"Of course I gave her a chance. But she is encouraging, — she is very encouraging."

"I am glad to hear it; but don't cry victory too soon. Of course you will go to Rome."

"Ah," said Osmond, "it makes one work, this idea of yours!"

"Don't pretend you don't enjoy it; you are very ungrateful. You have not been so well occupied these many years."

"The way you take it is beautiful,"

said Osmond. "I ought to be grateful for that."

"Not too much so, however," Madame Merle answered. She talked with her usual smile, leaning back in her chair, and looking round the room. "You have made a very good impression, and I have seen for myself that you have received one. You have not come to Mrs. Touchett's seven times to oblige me."

"The girl is not disagreeable," Osmond quietly remarked.

Madame Merle dropped her eye on him a moment, during which her lips closed with a certain firmness.

"Is that all you can find to say about that fine creature?"

"All? Isn't it enough? Of how many people have you heard me say more?"

She made no answer to this, but still presented her conversational smile to the room.

"You're unfathomable," she murmured at last. "I am frightened at the abyss I shall have dropped her into!"

Osmond gave a laugh.

"You can't draw back, — you have gone too far."

"Very good; but you must do the rest yourself."

"I shall do it," said Osmond.

Madame Merle remained silent, and he changed his place again; but when she rose to go he also took leave. Mrs. Touchett's victoria was awaiting her in the court, and after he had helped Madame Merle into it he stood there detaining her.

"You are very indiscreet," she said, rather wearily; "you should not have moved when I did."

He had taken off his hat; he passed his hand over his forehead.

"I always forget; I am out of the habit."

"You are quite unfathomable," she repeated, glancing up at the windows

of the house, — a modern structure in the new part of the town.

He paid no heed to this remark, but said to Madame Merle, with a considerable appearance of earnestness —

"She is really very charming; I have scarcely known any one more graceful."

"I like to hear you say that. The better you like her, the better for me."

"I like her very much. She is all you said, and into the bargain she is capable of great devotion. She has only one fault."

"What is that?"

"She has too many ideas."

"I warned you she was clever."

"Fortunately they are very bad ones," said Osmond.

"Why is that fortunate?"

"*Dame*, if they must be sacrificed!"

Madame Merle leaned back, looking straight before her; then she spoke to the coachman. But Osmond again detained her.

"If I go to Rome, what shall I do with Pansy?"

"I will go and see her," said Madame Merle.

XXVI.

I shall not undertake to give an account of Isabel's impressions of Rome, to analyze her feelings as she trod the ancient pavement of the Forum, or to number her pulsations as she crossed the threshold of St. Peter's. It is enough to say that her perception of the endless interest of the place was such as might have been expected in a young woman of her intelligence and culture. She had always been fond of history, and here was history in the stones of the street and the atoms of the sunshine. She had an imagination that kindled at the mention of great deeds, and wherever she turned some great deed had been acted. These things excited her, but she was quietly excited.

It seemed to her companions that she spoke less than usual, and Ralph Touchett, when he appeared to be looking listlessly and awkwardly over her head, was really dropping an eye of observation upon her. To her own knowledge she was very happy; she would even have been willing to believe that these were to be, on the whole, the happiest hours of her life. The sense of the mighty human past was heavy upon her, but it was interfused in the strangest, suddenest, most capricious way with the fresh, cool breath of the future. Her feelings were so mingled that she scarcely knew whither any of them would lead her, and she went about in a kind of repressed ecstasy of contemplation, seeing often in the things she looked at a great deal more than was there, and yet not seeing many of the items enumerated in Murray. Rome, as Ralph said, was in capital condition. The herd of reëchoing tourists had departed, and most of the solemn places had relapsed into solemnity. The sky was a blaze of blue, and the plash of the fountains in their mossy niches had lost its chill and doubled its music. On the corners of the warm, bright streets one stumbled upon bundles of flowers.

Our friends had gone one afternoon — it was the third of their stay — to look at the latest excavations in the Forum; these labors having been for some time previous largely extended. They had gone down from the modern street to the level of the Sacred Way, along which they wandered with a reverence of step which was not the same on the part of each. Henrietta Stackpole was struck with the fact that ancient Rome had been paved a good deal like New York, and even found an analogy between the deep chariot ruts which are traceable in the antique street and the iron grooves which mark the course of the American horse-car. The sun had begun to sink, the air was filled with a golden haze, and the long

shadows of broken column and formless pedestal were thrown across the field of ruin. Henrietta wandered away with Mr. Bantling, in whose Latin reminiscences she was apparently much engrossed, and Ralph addressed such elucidations as he was prepared to offer to the attentive ear of our heroine. One of the humbler archaeologists who hover about the place had put himself at the disposal of the two, and repeated his lesson with a fluency which the decline of the season had done nothing to impair. Some digging was going on in a remote corner of the Forum, and he presently remarked that if it should please the *signori* to go and watch it a little they might see something interesting. The proposal commended itself more to Ralph than to Isabel, who was weary with much wandering; so that she charged her companion to satisfy his curiosity, while she patiently awaited his return. The hour and the place were much to her taste, and she should enjoy being alone. Ralph accordingly went off with the cicerone, while Isabel sat down on a prostrate column near the foundations of the Capitol. She desired a quarter of an hour's solitude, but she was not long to enjoy it. Keen as was her interest in the rugged relics of the Roman past that lay scattered around her, and in which the corrosion of centuries had still left so much of individual life, her thoughts, after resting a while on these things, had wandered, by a concatenation of stages it might require some subtlety to trace, to regions and objects more contemporaneous. From the Roman past to Isabel Archer's future was a long stride, but her imagination had taken it in a single flight, and now hovered in slow circles over the nearer and richer field. She was so absorbed in her thoughts, as she bent her eyes upon a row of cracked but not dislocated slabs covering the ground at her feet, that she had not heard the sound of ap-

proaching footsteps before a shadow was thrown across the line of her vision. She looked up, and saw a gentleman, — a gentleman who was not Ralph come back to say that the excavations were a bore. This personage was startled, as she was startled; he stood there, smiling a little, blushing a good deal, and raising his hat.

"Lord Warburton!" Isabel exclaimed, getting up.

"I had no idea it was you," he said. "I turned that corner and came upon you."

Isabel looked about her.

"I am alone, but my companions have just left me. My cousin is gone to look at the digging over there."

"Ah, yes; I see." And Lord Warburton's eyes wandered vaguely in the direction Isabel had indicated. He stood firmly before her; he had stopped smiling; he folded his arms with a kind of deliberation. "Don't let me disturb you," he went on, looking at her dejected pillar. "I am afraid you are tired."

"Yes, I am rather tired." She hesitated a moment, and then she sat down. "But don't let me interrupt you," she added.

"Oh, dear, I am quite alone; I have nothing on earth to do. I had no idea you were in Rome. I have just come from the East. I am only passing through."

"You have been making a long journey," said Isabel, who had learned from Ralph that Lord Warburton was absent from England.

"Yes, I came abroad for six months — soon after I saw you last. I have been in Turkey and Asia Minor; I came the other day from Athens." He spoke with visible embarrassment; this unexpected meeting caused him an emotion that he was unable to conceal. He looked at Isabel a moment, and then he said, abruptly, "Do you wish me to leave you, or will you let me stay a little?"

She looked up at him, gently. "I don't wish you to leave me, Lord Warburton; I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you for saying that. May I sit down?"

The fluted shaft on which Isabel had taken her seat would have afforded a resting-place to several persons, and there was plenty of room even for a highly-developed Englishman. This fine specimen of that great class seated himself near our young lady, and in the course of five minutes he had asked her several questions, taken rather at random, and of which, as he asked some of them twice over, he apparently did not always heed the answer; had given her, too, some information about himself, which was not wasted upon her calmer feminine sense. Lord Warburton, though he tried hard to seem easy, was agitated; he repeated more than once that he had not expected to meet her, and it was evident that the encounter touched him in a way that would have made preparation advisable. He had abrupt alternations of gayety and gravity; he appeared at one moment to seek his neighbor's eye, and at the next to avoid it. He was splendidly sunburnt; even his multitudinous beard seemed to have been burnished by the fire of Asia. He was dressed in the loose-fitting, heterogeneous garments in which the English traveler in foreign lands is wont to consult his comfort and affirm his nationality; and with his clear gray eye, his bronzed complexion, fresh beneath its brownness, his manly figure, his modest manner, and his general air of being a gentleman and an explorer, he was such a representative of the British race as need not in any clime have been disavowed by those who have a kindness for it. Isabel noted these things, and was glad she had always liked Lord Warburton. He was evidently as likeable as before, and the tone of his voice, which she had formerly thought delightful, was as good as an assurance that he would never change

for the worse. They talked about the matters that were naturally in order: her uncle's death, Ralph's state of health, the way she had passed her winter, her visit to Rome, her return to Florence, her plans for the summer, the hotel she was staying at; and then Lord Warburton's own adventures, movements, intentions, impressions, and present domicile. At last there was a silence, and she knew what he was thinking of. His eyes were fixed on the ground; but at last he raised them, and said gravely, "I have written to you several times."

"Written to me? I have never got your letters."

"I never sent them. I burned them up."

"Ah," said Isabel, with a laugh, "it was better that you should do that than I!"

"I thought you would n't care about them," he went on, with a simplicity that might have touched her. "It seemed to me that after all I had no right to trouble you with letters."

"I should have been very glad to have news of you. You know that I hoped that—that"—Isabel stopped; it seemed to her there would be a certain flatness in the utterance of her thought.

"I know what you are going to say. You hoped we should always remain good friends." This formula, as Lord Warburton uttered it, was certainly flat enough; but then he was interested in making it appear so.

Isabel found herself reduced simply to saying, "Please don't talk of all that,"—a speech which hardly seemed to her an improvement on the other.

"It's a small consolation to allow me!" Lord Warburton exclaimed, with force.

"I can't pretend to console you," said the girl, who, as she sat there, found it good to think that she had given him the answer that had satisfied him so little six months before. He was pleas-

ant, he was powerful, he was gallant; there was no better man than he. But her answer remained.

"It's very well you don't try to console me; it would not be in your power," she heard him say, through the medium of her quickened reflections.

"I hoped we should meet again, because I had no fear you would attempt to make me feel I had wronged you. But when you do that — the pain is greater than the pleasure." And Isabel got up, looking for her companions.

"I don't want to make you feel that; of course I can't say that. I only just want you to know one or two things, in fairness to myself, as it were. I won't return to the subject again. I felt very strongly what I expressed to you last year; I could n't think of anything else. I tried to forget, energetically, systematically. I tried to take an interest in some one else. I tell you this because I want you to know I did my duty. I did n't succeed. It was for the same purpose I went abroad, — as far away as possible. They say traveling distracts the mind; but it did n't distract mine. I have thought of you perpetually, ever since I last saw you. I feel exactly the same. I love you just as much, and everything I said to you then is just as true. However, I don't mean to trouble you now; it's only for a moment. I may add that when I came upon you, a moment since, without the smallest idea of seeing you, I was in the very act of wishing I knew where you were."

He had recovered his self-control, as I say, and while he spoke it became complete. He spoke plainly and simply, in a low tone of voice, in a matter-of-fact way. There might have been something impressive, even to a woman of less imagination than the one he addressed, in hearing this powerful, brave-looking gentleman express himself so modestly and reasonably.

"I have often thought of you, Lord Warburton," Isabel answered. "You

may be sure I shall always do that." And then she added, with a smile, "There is no harm in that, on either side."

They walked along together, and she asked kindly about his sisters, and requested him to let them know she had done so. He said nothing more about his own feelings, but returned to those more objective topics they had already touched upon. Presently he asked her when she was to leave Rome, and on her mentioning the limit of her stay declared he was glad it was still so distant.

"Why do you say that, if you yourself are only passing through?" she inquired, with some anxiety.

"Ah, when I said I was passing through, I did n't mean that one would treat Rome as if it were Clapham Junction. To pass through Rome is to stop a week or two."

"Say frankly that you mean to stay as long as I do!"

Lord Warburton looked at her a moment, with an uncomfortable smile. "You won't like that. You are afraid you will see too much of me."

"It does n't matter what I like. I certainly can't expect you to leave this delightful place on my account. But I confess I am afraid of you."

"Afraid I will begin again? I promise to be very careful."

They had gradually stopped, and they stood a moment face to face. "Poor Lord Warburton!" said Isabel, with a melancholy smile.

"Poor Lord Warburton, indeed! But I will be careful."

"You may be unhappy, but you shall not make me so. That I cannot allow."

"If I believed I *could* make you unhappy, I think I should try it." At this she walked on again, and he also proceeded. "I will never say a word to displease you," he promised, very gently.

"Very good. If you do, our friendship's at an end."

"Perhaps some day — after a while — you will give me leave," he suggested.

"Give you leave — to make me unhappy?"

He hesitated. "To tell you again" — But he checked himself. "I will be silent," he said, — "silent always."

Ralph Touchett had been joined, in his visit to the excavation, by Miss Stackpole and her attendant, and these three now emerged from among the mounds of earth and stone collected round the aperture, and came into sight of Isabel and her companion. Ralph Touchett gave signs of greeting to Lord Warburton, and Henrietta exclaimed in a high voice, "Gracious! there's that lord!" Ralph and his friend met each other with undemonstrative cordiality, and Miss Stackpole rested her large intellectual gaze upon the sunburnt traveler.

"I don't suppose you remember me, sir," she soon remarked.

"Indeed, I do remember you," said Lord Warburton. "I asked you to come and see me, and you never came."

"I don't go everywhere I am asked," Miss Stackpole answered, coldly.

"Ah, well, I won't ask you again," said Warburton, good-humoredly.

"If you do I will go; so be sure!"

Lord Warburton, for all his good-humor, seemed sure enough. Mr. Bantling had stood by, without claiming a recognition, but he now took occasion to nod to his lordship, who answered him with a friendly "Oh, you here, Bantling?" and a hand-shake.

"Well," said Henrietta, "I did n't know you knew him!"

"I guess you don't know every one I know," Mr. Bantling rejoined, facetiously.

"I thought that when an Englishman knew a lord he always told you."

"Ah, I am afraid Bantling was

ashamed of me!" said Lord Warburton, laughing. Isabel was glad to hear him laugh; she gave a little sigh of relief as they took their way homeward.

The next day was Sunday. She spent her morning writing two long letters, — one to her sister Lily, the other to Madame Merle; but in neither of these epistles did she mention the fact that a rejected suitor had threatened her with another appeal. Of a Sunday afternoon all good Romans (and the best Romans are often the northern barbarians) follow the custom of going to hear vespers at St. Peter's; and it had been agreed among our friends that they would drive together to the great church. After lunch, an hour before the carriage came, Lord Warburton presented himself at the Hotel de Paris and paid a visit to the two ladies, Ralph Touchett and Mr. Bantling having gone out together. The visitor seemed to have wished to give Isabel an example of his intention to keep the promise he had made her the evening before: he was both discreet and frank; he made not even a tacit appeal, but left it for her to judge what a mere good friend he could be. He talked about his travels, about Persia, about Turkey; and when Miss Stackpole asked him whether it would "pay" for her to visit those countries he assured her that they offered a great field to female enterprise. Isabel did him justice, but she wondered what his purpose was, and what he expected to gain even by behaving heroically. If he expected to melt her by showing what a good fellow he was, he might spare himself the trouble. She knew already he was a good fellow, and nothing he could do would add to this conviction. Moreover, his being in Rome at all made her vaguely uneasy. Nevertheless, when, on bringing his call to a close, he said that he too should be at St. Peter's, and should look out for Isabel and her friends, she was obliged to reply that it would be a pleasure to see him again.

In the church, as she strolled over its tessellated acres, he was the first person she encountered. She had not been one of the superior tourists who are "disappointed" in St. Peter's, and find it smaller than its fame; the first time she passed beneath the huge leathern curtain that strains and bangs at the entrance, the first time she found herself beneath the far-arching dome, and saw the light drizzle down through the air thickened with incense, and with the reflections of marble and gilt, of mosaic and bronze, her conception of greatness received an extension. After this it never lacked space to soar. She gazed and wondered, like a child or a peasant, and paid her silent tribute to visible grandeur. Lord Warburton walked beside her, and talked of Saint Sophia of Constantinople; she was afraid that he would end by calling attention to his exemplary conduct. The service had not yet begun, but at St. Peter's there is much to observe, and as there is something almost profane in the vastness of the place, which seems meant as much for physical as for spiritual exercise, the different figures and groups, the mingled worshipers and spectators, may follow their various intentions without mutual scandal. In that splendid immensity individual indiscretion carries but a short distance. Isabel and her companions, however, were guilty of none; for though Henrietta was obliged to declare that Michael Angelo's dome suffered by comparison with that of the Capitol at Washington, she addressed her protest chiefly to Mr. Bantling's ear, and reserved it, in its more accentuated form, for the columns of the Interviewer. Isabel made the circuit of the church with Lord Warburton, and as they drew near the choir, on the left of the entrance, the voices of the Pope's singers were borne towards them over the heads of the large number of persons clustered outside of the doors. They paused awhile on the skirts of

this crowd, composed in equal measure of Roman cockneys and inquisitive strangers, and while they stood there the sacred concert went forward. Ralph, with Henrietta and Mr. Bantling, was apparently within, where Isabel, above the heads of the dense group in front of her, saw the afternoon light, silvered by clouds of incense that seemed to mingle with the splendid chant, sloping through the embossed recesses of high windows. After a while the singing stopped, and then Lord Warburton seemed disposed to turn away again. Isabel for a moment did the same; whereupon she found herself confronted with Gilbert Osmond, who appeared to have been standing at a short distance behind her. He now approached with a formal salutation.

"So you decided to come?" she said, putting out her hand.

"Yes, I came last night, and called this afternoon at your hotel. They told me you had come here, and I looked about for you."

"The others are inside," said Isabel.

"I did n't come for the others," Gilbert Osmond murmured, smiling.

She turned away; Lord Warburton was looking at them; perhaps he had heard this. Suddenly she remembered that it was just what he had said to her the morning he came to Gardencourt to ask her to marry him. Mr. Osmond's words had brought the color to her cheek, and this reminiscence had not the effect of dispelling it. Isabel sought refuge from her slight agitation in mentioning to each gentleman the name of the other, and fortunately at this moment Mr. Bantling made his way out of the choir, cleaving the crowd with British valor, and followed by Miss Stackpole and Ralph Touchett. I say fortunately, but this is perhaps a superficial view of the matter; for, on perceiving the gentleman from Florence, Ralph Touchett exhibited symptoms of surprise which might not, perhaps, have seemed flattering to Mr. Osmond. It

must be added, however, that these manifestations were momentary, and Ralph was presently able to say to his cousin, with due jocularly, that she would soon have all her friends about her. His greeting to Mr. Osmond was apparently frank; that is, the two men shook hands and looked at each other. Miss Stackpole had met the new-comer in Florence, but she had already found occasion to say to Isabel that she liked him no better than her other admirers, — than Mr. Touchett, Lord Warburton, and little Mr. Rosier, in Paris. "I don't know what it is in you," she had been pleased to remark, "but for a nice girl you do attract the most unpleasant people. Mr. Goodwood is the only one I have any respect for, and he's just the one you don't appreciate."

"What's your opinion of St. Peter's?" Mr. Osmond asked of Isabel.

"It's very large and very bright," said the girl.

"It's too large; it makes one feel like an atom."

"Is not that the right way to feel — in a church?" Isabel asked, with a faint but interested smile.

"I suppose it's the right way to feel everywhere, when one *is* nobody. But I like it in a church as little as anywhere else."

"You ought, indeed, to be a Pope!" Isabel exclaimed, remembering something he had said to her in Florence.

"Ah, I should have enjoyed that!" said Gilbert Osmond.

Lord Warburton, meanwhile, had joined Ralph Touchett, and the two strolled away together.

"Who is the gentleman speaking to Miss Archer?" his lordship inquired.

"His name is Gilbert Osmond; he lives in Florence," Ralph said.

"What is he besides?"

"Nothing at all. Oh, yes, he is an American; but one forgets that, he is so little of one."

"Has he known Miss Archer long?"

"No, about a fortnight."

"Does she like him?"

"Yes, I think she does."

"Is he a good fellow?"

Ralph hesitated a moment. "No, he's not," he said at last.

"Why, then, does she like him?" pursued Lord Warburton, with noble *naïveté*.

"Because she's a woman."

Lord Warburton was silent a moment. "There are other men who *are* good fellows," he presently said, "and them — and them" —

"And them she likes also!" Ralph interrupted, smiling.

"Oh, if you mean she likes him in that way!" And Lord Warburton turned round again. As far as he was concerned, however, the party was broken up. Isabel remained in conversation with the gentleman from Florence till they left the church, and her English lover consoled himself by lending such attention as he might to the strains which continued to proceed from the choir.

XXVII.

On the morrow, in the evening, Lord Warburton went again to see his friends at their hotel, and at this establishment he learned that they had gone to the opera. He drove to the opera, with the idea of paying them a visit in their box, in accordance with the time-honored Italian custom; and after he had obtained his admittance — it was one of the secondary theatres — looked about the large, bare, ill-lighted house. An act had just terminated, and he was at liberty to pursue his quest. After scanning two or three tiers of boxes, he perceived in one of the largest of these receptacles a lady whom he easily recognized. Miss Archer was seated facing the stage, and partly screened by the curtain of the box; and beside her,

leaning back in his chair, was Mr. Gilbert Osmond. They appeared to have the place to themselves, and Warburton supposed that their companions had taken advantage of the *entr'acte* to enjoy the relative coolness of the lobby. He stood a while watching the interesting pair in the box, and asking himself whether he should go up and interrupt their harmonious colloquy. At last it became apparent that Isabel had seen him, and this accident determined him. He took his way to the upper regions, and on the staircase he met Ralph Touchett, slowly descending, with his hat in the attitude of ennui and his hands where they usually were.

"I saw you below, a moment since, and was going down to you. I feel lonely and want company," Ralph remarked.

"You have some that is very good that you have deserted."

"Do you mean my cousin? Oh, she has got a visitor, and does n't want me. Then Miss Stackpole and Bantling have gone out to a café to eat an ice, — Miss Stackpole delights in an ice. I did n't think they wanted me, either. The opera is very bad; the women look like laundresses and sing like peacocks. I feel very low."

"You had better go home," Lord Warburton said, without affectation.

"And leave my young lady in this sad place? Ah, no; I must watch over her."

"She seems to have plenty of friends."

"Yes, that's why I must watch," said Ralph, with the same low-voiced mock-melancholy.

"If she does n't want you, it's probable she does n't want me."

"No, you are different. Go to the box and stay there while I walk about."

Lord Warburton went to the box, where he received a very gracious welcome from the more attractive of its occupants. He exchanged greetings with

Mr. Osmond, to whom he had been introduced the day before, and who, after he came in, sat very quietly, scarcely mingling in the somewhat disjointed talk in which Lord Warburton engaged with Isabel. It seemed to the latter gentleman that Miss Archer looked very pretty; he even thought she looked excited; as she was, however, at all times a keenly-glancing, quickly-moving, completely animated young woman, he may have been mistaken on this point. Her talk with him betrayed little agitation; it expressed a kindness so ingenious and deliberate as to indicate that she was in undisturbed possession of her faculties. Poor Lord Warburton had moments of bewilderment. She had discouraged him, formally, as much as a woman could; what business had she, then, to have such soft, reassuring tones in her voice? The others came back; the bare, familiar, trivial opera began again. The box was large, and there was room for Lord Warburton to remain, if he would sit a little behind, in the dark. He did so for half an hour, while Mr. Osmond sat in front, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, just behind Isabel. Lord Warburton heard nothing, and from his gloomy corner saw nothing but the clear profile of this young lady, defined against the dim illumination of the house. When there was another interval no one moved. Mr. Osmond talked to Isabel, and Lord Warburton remained in his corner. He did so but for a short time, however; after which he got up and bade good-night to the ladies. Isabel said nothing to detain him, and then he was puzzled again. Why had she so sweet a voice, such a friendly accent? He was angry with himself for being puzzled, and then angry for being angry. Verdi's music did little to comfort him, and he left the theatre and walked homeward, without knowing his way, through the tortuous, tragical streets of Rome, where heavier sorrows than his had been carried under the stars.

"What is the character of that gentleman?" Osmond asked of Isabel, after the visitor had gone.

"Irreproachable; don't you see it?"

"He owns about half England; that's his character," Henrietta remarked. "That's what they call a free country!"

"Ah, he is a great proprietor? Happy man!" said Gilbert Osmond.

"Do you call that happiness, — the ownership of human beings?" cried Miss Stackpole. "He owns his tenants, and he has thousands of them. It is pleasant to own something, but inanimate objects are enough for me. I don't insist on flesh and blood, and minds and consciences."

"It seems to me you own a human being or two," Mr. Bantling suggested, jocosely. "I wonder if Warburton orders his tenants about as you do me."

"Lord Warburton is a great radical," Isabel said. "He has very advanced opinions."

"He has very advanced stone walls. His park is inclosed by a gigantic iron fence, some thirty miles round," Henrietta announced for the information of Mr. Osmond. "I should like him to converse with a few of our Boston radicals."

"Don't they approve of iron fences?" asked Mr. Bantling.

"Only to shut up wicked conservatives. I always feel as if I were talking to you over a fence!"

"Do you know him well, this unreformed reformer?" Osmond went on, questioning Isabel.

"Well enough."

"Do you like him?"

"Very much."

"Is he a man of ability?"

"Of excellent ability, and as good as he looks."

"As good as he is good-looking, do you mean? He is very good-looking. How detestably fortunate! — to be a great English magnate, to be clever and

handsome into the bargain, and, by way of finishing off, to win your admiration! That's a man I could envy."

Isabel gave a serious smile.

"You seem to me to be always envying some one. Yesterday it was the Pope; to-day it's poor Lord Warburton."

"My envy is not dangerous; it is very platonic. Why do you call him poor?"

"Women usually pity men after they have hurt them; that is their great way of showing kindness," said Ralph, joining in the conversation for the first time, with a cynicism so transparently ingenious as to be virtually innocent.

"Pray, have I hurt Lord Warburton?" Isabel asked, raising her eyebrows, as if the idea were perfectly novel.

"It serves him right, if you have," said Henrietta, while the curtain rose for the ballet.

Isabel saw no more of her attributive victim for the next twenty-four hours, but on the second day after the visit to the opera she encountered him in the gallery of the Capitol, where he was standing before the lion of the collection, the statue of the Dying Gladiator. She had come in with her companions, among whom, on this occasion again, Gilbert Osmond was numbered, and the party, having ascended the staircase, entered the first and finest of the rooms. Lord Warburton spoke to her with all his usual geniality, but said in a moment that he was leaving the gallery.

"And I am leaving Rome," he added. "I should bid you good-by."

I shall not undertake to explain why, but Isabel was sorry to hear it. It was, perhaps, because she had ceased to be afraid of his renewing his suit; she was thinking of something else. She was on the point of saying she was sorry, but she checked herself, and simply wished him a happy journey.

He looked at her with a somewhat heavy eye.

"I am afraid you think me rather inconsistent," he said. "I told you the other day that I wanted so much to stay a while."

"Oh, no; you could easily change your mind."

"That's what I have done."

"*Bon voyage*, then."

"You're in a great hurry to get rid of me," said his lordship, rather dismally.

"Not in the least. But I hate partings."

"You don't care what I do," he went on, pitifully.

Isabel looked at him for a moment.

"Ah," she said, "you are not keeping your promise!"

He colored like a boy of fifteen.

"If I am not, then it's because I can't; and that's why I am going."

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by." He lingered still, however. "When shall I see you again?"

Isabel hesitated, and then, as if she had had a happy inspiration, "Some day after you are married."

"That will never be. It will be after you are."

"That will do as well," said Isabel, smiling.

"Yes, quite as well. Good-by."

They shook hands, and he left her alone in the beautiful room, among the shining antique marbles. She sat down in the middle of the circle of statues, looking at them vaguely, resting her eyes on their beautiful blank faces; listening, as it were, to their eternal silence. It is impossible, in Rome at least, to look long at a great company of Greek sculptures without feeling the effect of their noble quietude. It soothes and moderates the spirit, it purifies the imagination. I say in Rome especially, because the Roman air is an exquisite medium for such impressions. The golden sunshine mingles with them; the great stillness of the past, so vivid yet, though it is nothing but a void full of

names, seems to throw a solemn spell upon them. The blinds were partly closed in the windows of the Capitol, and a clear, warm shadow rested on the figures and made them more perfectly human. Isabel sat there a long time, under the charm of their motionless grace, seeing life between their gazing eyelids and purpose in their marble lips. The dark red walls of the room threw them into relief; the polished marble floor reflected their beauty. She had seen them all before, but her enjoyment repeated itself, and it was all the greater because she was glad, for the time, to be alone. At the last her thoughts wandered away from them, solicited by images of a vitality more complete. An occasional tourist came into the room, stopped and stared a moment at the Dying Gladiator, and then passed out of the outer door, creaking over the brilliant pavement. At the end of half an hour Gilbert Osmond reappeared, apparently in advance of his companions. He strolled towards her slowly, with his hands behind him, and with his usual keen, pleasant, inquiring, yet not appealing smile.

"I am surprised to find you alone," he said. "I thought you had company."

"So I have,—the best." And Isabel glanced at the circle of sculpture.

"Do you call that better company than an English peer?"

"Ah, my English peer left me some time ago," said Isabel, getting up. She spoke, with intention, a little dryly.

Mr. Osmond noted her dryness, but it did not prevent him from giving a laugh.

"I am afraid that what I heard the other evening is true; you are rather cruel to that nobleman."

Isabel looked a moment at the Lycian Apollo.

"It is not true. I am scrupulously kind."

"That's exactly what I mean!" Gilbert Osmond exclaimed, so humorously that his joke needs to be explained.

We knew that he was fond of originals, of rarities, of the superior, the exquisite; and now that he had seen Lord Warburton, whom he thought a very fine example of his race and order, he perceived a new attraction in the idea of taking to himself a young lady who had qualified herself to figure in his collection of choice objects by rejecting the splendid offer of a British aristocrat. Gilbert Osmond had a high appreciation of the British aristocracy, — he had never forgiven Providence for not making him an English duke, — and could measure the unexpectedness of this conduct. It would be proper that the woman he should marry should have done something of that sort.

XXVIII.

Ralph Touchett, for reasons best known to himself, had seen fit to say that Gilbert Osmond was not a good fellow; but this assertion was not borne out by the gentleman's conduct during the rest of the visit to Rome. He spent a portion of each day with Isabel and her companions, and gave every indication of being an easy man to live with. It was impossible not to feel that he had excellent points, and indeed this is perhaps why Ralph Touchett made his want of good fellowship a reproach to him. Even Ralph was obliged to admit that just now he was a delightful companion. His good-humor was imperturbable, his knowledge universal; his manners were the gentlest in the world. His spirits were not visibly high; it was difficult to think of Gilbert Osmond as boisterous; he had a mortal dislike to loudness or eagerness. He thought Miss Archer sometimes too eager, too pronounced. It was a pity she had that fault; because if she had not had it she would really have had none; she would have been as bright and soft as an April cloud. If Osmond was not loud, how-

ever, he was deep, and during these closing days of the Roman May he had a gayety that matched with slow, irregular walks under the pines of the Villa Borghese, among the small sweet meadow flowers and the mossy marbles. He was pleased with everything; he had never before been pleased with so many things at once. Old impressions, old enjoyments, renewed themselves; one evening, going home to his room at the inn, he wrote down a little sonnet, to which he prefixed the title of *Rome Revisited*. A day or two later he showed this piece of correct and ingenious verse to Isabel, explaining to her that it was an Italian fashion to commemorate the pleasant occasions of life by a tribute to the muse. In general Osmond took his pleasures singly; he was usually disgusted with something that seemed to him ugly or offensive; his mind was rarely visited with moods of comprehensive satisfaction. But at present he was happy, — happier than he had perhaps ever been in his life; and the feeling had a large foundation. This was simply the sense of success, — the most agreeable emotion of the human heart. Osmond had never had too much of it; in this respect he had never been spoiled, as he knew perfectly well, and often reminded himself. "Ah, no, I have not been spoiled; certainly I have not been spoiled," he used to repeat to himself. "If I do succeed before I die, I shall have earned it well." Absolutely void of success his career had not been; a very moderate amount of reflection would have assured him of this. But his triumphs were, some of them, now too old; others had been too easy. The present one had been less difficult than might have been expected; but it had been easy — that is, it had been rapid — only because he had made an altogether exceptional effort, a greater effort than he had believed it was in him to make. The desire to succeed greatly, in something or other, had been the

dream of his youth ; but as the years went on, the conditions attached to success became so various and repulsive that the idea of making an effort gradually lost its charm. It was not dead, however ; it only slept ; it revived after he had made the acquaintance of Isabel Archer. Osmond had felt that any enterprise in which the chance of failure was at all considerable would never have an attraction for him ; to fail would have been unspeakably odious, would have left an ineffaceable stain upon his life. Success was to seem in advance definitely certain, — certain, that is, on this one condition, that the effort should be an agreeable one to make. That of exciting an interest on the part of Isabel Archer corresponded to this description, for the girl had pleased him from the first of his seeing her. We have seen that she thought him "fine ;" and Gilbert Osmond returned the compliment. We have also seen (or heard) that he had a great dread of vulgarity, and on this score his mind was at rest with regard to our young lady. He was not afraid that she would disgust him or irritate him ; he had no fear that she would even, in the more special sense of the word, displease him. If she were too eager, she could be taught to be less so ; that was a fault which diminished with growing knowledge. She might defy him, she might anger him ; this was another matter from displeasing him, and on the whole a less serious one. If a woman were ungraceful and common, her whole quality was vitiated, and one could take no precautions against that ; one's own delicacy would avail little. If, however, she were only willful and high-tempered, the defect might be managed with comparative ease ; for had one not a will of one's own that one had been keeping for years in the best condition, as pure and keen as a sword protected by its sheath ?

Though I have tried to speak with extreme discretion, the reader may have

gathered a suspicion that Gilbert Osmond was not untainted by selfishness. This is rather a coarse imputation to put upon a man of his refinement ; and it behooves us at all times to remember the familiar proverb about those who live in glass houses. If Mr. Osmond was more selfish than most of his fellows, the fact will still establish itself. Lest it should fail to do so, I must decline to commit myself to an accusation so gross ; the more especially as several of the items of our story would seem to point the other way. It is well known that there few indications of selfishness more conclusive (on the part of a gentleman, at least) than the preference for a single life. Gilbert Osmond, after having tasted of matrimony, had spent a succession of years in the full enjoyment of recovered singleness. He was familiar with the simplicity of purpose, the lonely liberties, of bachelorhood. He had reached that period of life when it is supposed to be doubly difficult to renounce these liberties, endeared as they are by long association ; and yet he was prepared to make the generous sacrifice. It would seem that this might fairly be set down to the credit of the noblest of our qualities, the faculty of self-devotion. Certain it is that Osmond's desire to marry had been deep and distinct. It had not been notorious ; he had not gone about asking people whether they knew a nice girl with a little money. Money was an object ; but this was not his manner of proceeding, and no one knew — or even greatly cared — whether he wished to marry or not. Madame Merle knew ; that we have already perceived. It was not that he had told her ; on the whole, he would not have cared to tell her. But there were things of which she had no need to be told, — things as to which she had a sort of creative intuition. She had recognized a truth that was none the less pertinent for being very subtle : the truth that there was something very im-

perfect in Osmond's situation as it stood. He was a failure, of course, — that was an old story; to Madame Merle's perception he would always be a failure. But there were degrees of ineffectiveness, and there was no need of taking one of the highest. Success, for Gilbert Osmond, would be to make himself felt; that was the only success to which he could now pretend. It is not a kind of distinction that is officially recognized, unless indeed the operation be performed upon multitudes of men. Osmond's line would be to impress himself not largely, but deeply; a distinction of the most private sort. A single character might offer the whole measure of it; the clear and sensitive nature of a generous girl would make space for the record. The record, of course, would be complete if the young lady should have a fortune, and Madame Merle would have taken no pains to make Mr. Osmond acquainted with Mrs. Touchett's niece if Isabel had been as scantily dowered as when first she met her. He had waited all these years because he wanted only the best, and a portionless bride naturally would not have been the best. He had waited so long in vain that he finally almost lost his interest in the subject, not having kept it up by venturesome experiments. It had become improbable that the best was now to be had, and if he wished to make himself felt, there was soft and supple little Pansy, who would evidently respond to the slightest pressure. When at last the best did present itself, Osmond recognized it like a gentleman. There was therefore no incongruity in his wishing to marry; it was his own idea of success, as well as that which Madame Merle, with her old-time interest in his affairs, entertained for him. Let it not, however, be supposed that he was guilty of the error of believing that Isabel's character was of that passive sort which offers a free field for domination. He was sure that she would constantly act,

— act in the sense of enthusiastic concession.

Shortly before the time which had been fixed in advance for her return to Florence, this young lady received from Mrs. Touchett a telegram, which ran as follows: "Leave Florence 4th June, Bellaggio, and take you if you have not other views. But can't wait if you dawdle in Rome." The dawdling in Rome was very pleasant, but Isabel had no other views, and she wrote to her aunt that she would immediately join her. She told Gilbert Osmond that she had done so, and he replied that, spending his summers as well as his winters in Italy, he himself would loiter a little longer among the Seven Hills. He would not return to Florence for ten days more, and in that time she would have started for Bellaggio. It might be long, in this case, before he should see her again. This conversation took place in the large decorated sitting-room which our friends occupied at the hotel; it was late in the evening, and Ralph Touchett was to take his cousin back to Florence on the morrow. Osmond had found the girl alone; Miss Stackpole had contracted a friendship with a delightful American family on the fourth floor, and had mounted the interminable staircase to pay them a visit. Miss Stackpole contracted friendships, in traveling, with great freedom, and had formed several in railway-carriages, which were among her most valued ties. Ralph was making arrangements for the morrow's journey, and Isabel sat alone in a wilderness of yellow upholstery, — the chairs and sofas were orange; the walls and windows were draped in purple and gilt. The mirrors, the pictures, had great flamboyant frames; the ceiling was deeply vaulted and painted over with naked muses and cherubs. To Osmond the place was painfully ugly; the false colors, the sham splendor, made him suffer. Isabel had taken in hand a volume of Ampère, presented, on their arrival in

Rome, by Ralph; but though she held it in her lap with her finger vaguely kept in the place, she was not impatient to go on with her reading. A lamp covered with a drooping veil of pink tissue paper burned on the table beside her, and diffused a strange, pale rosinose over the scene.

"You say you will come back; but who knows?" Gilbert Osmond said. "I think you are much more likely to start on your voyage round the world. You are under no obligation to come back; you can do exactly what you choose; you can roam through space."

"Well, Italy is a part of space," Isabel answered; "I can take it on the way."

"On the way round the world? No, don't do that. Don't put us into a parenthesis; give us a chapter to ourselves. I don't want to see you on your travels. I would rather see you when they are over. I should like to see you when you are tired and satiated," Osmond added, in a moment. "I shall prefer you in that state."

Isabel, with her eyes bent down, fingered her volume of *M. Ampère*.

"You turn things into ridicule without seeming to do it, though not, I think, without intending it," she said at last. "You have no respect for my travels, — you think them ridiculous."

"Where do you find that?"

Isabel went on in the same tone, fretting the edge of her book with the paper-knife.

"You see my ignorance, my blunders, the way I wander about as if the world belonged to me, simply because — because it has been put into my power to do so. You don't think a woman ought to do that. You think it bold and ungraceful."

"I think it beautiful," said Osmond. "You know my opinions, — I have treated you to enough of them. Don't you remember my telling you that one ought to make one's life a work of art? You

looked rather shocked at first; but then I told you that it was exactly what you seemed to me to be trying to do with your own life."

Isabel looked up from her book.

"What you despise most in the world is bad art."

"Possibly. But yours seems to me very good."

"If I were to go to Japan next winter, you would laugh at me," Isabel continued.

Osmond gave a smile, a broad one, but not a laugh, for the tone of their conversation was not jocular. Isabel was almost tremulously serious; he had seen her so before.

"You have an imagination that startles one!"

"That is exactly what I say. You think such an idea absurd."

"I would give my little finger to go to Japan; it is one of the countries I want most to see. Can't you believe that, with my taste for old lacquer?"

"I have n't a taste for old lacquer to excuse me," said Isabel.

"You have a better excuse, — the means of going. You are quite wrong in your theory that I laugh at you. I don't know what put it into your head."

"It would n't be remarkable if you did think it ridiculous that I should have the means to travel, when you have not; for you know everything, and I know nothing."

"The more reason why you should travel and learn," said Osmond, smiling. "Besides," he added, more gravely, "I don't know everything."

Isabel was not struck with the oddity of his saying this gravely; she was thinking that the pleasantest incident of her life — so it pleased her to qualify her little visit to Rome — was coming to an end. That most of the interest of this episode had been owing to Mr. Osmond, — this reflection she was not just now at pains to make; she had already done the point abundant justice. But

she said to herself that if there were a danger that they should not meet again, perhaps, after all, it would be as well. Happy things do not repeat themselves, and these few days had been interfused with the element of success. She might come back to Italy and find him different, — this strange man who pleased her just as he was; and it would be better not to come than run the risk of that. But if she was not to come, the greater was the pity that this happy week was over; for a moment she felt her heart throb with a kind of delicious pain. The sensation kept her silent, and Gilbert Osmond was silent, too; he was looking at her.

"Go everywhere," he said at last, in a low, kind voice; "do everything; get everything out of life. Be happy, be triumphant."

"What do you mean by being triumphant?"

"Doing what you like."

"To triumph, then, it seems to me, is to fail! Doing what we like is often very tiresome."

"Exactly," said Osmond, with his quick responsiveness. "As I intimated just now, you will be tired some day." He paused a moment, and then he went on: "I don't know whether I had better not wait till then for something I wish to say to you."

"Ah, I can't advise you without knowing what it is. But I am horrid when I am tired," Isabel added, with due inconsequence.

"I don't believe that. You are angry, sometimes, — that I can believe, though I have never seen it. But I am sure you are never disagreeable."

"Not even when I lose my temper?"

"You don't lose it; you find it, and that must be beautiful." Osmond spoke very simply, almost solemnly. "There must be something very noble about that."

"If I could only find it now!" the girl exclaimed, laughing, yet frowning.

"I am not afraid; I should fold my arms and admire you. I am speaking very seriously." He was leaning forward, with a hand on each knee; for some moments he bent his eyes on the floor. "What I wish to say to you," he went on at last, looking up, "is that I find I am in love with you."

Isabel instantly rose from her chair.

"Ah, keep that till I am tired!" she murmured.

"Tired of hearing it from others?" And Osmond sat there, looking up at her. "No, you may heed it now, or never, as you please. But, after all, I must say it now."

She had turned away, but in the movement she had stopped herself and dropped her gaze upon him. The two remained a moment in this situation, exchanging a long look, — the large, clear look of the critical hours of life. Then he got up and came near her, deeply respectful, as if he were afraid he had been too familiar.

"I am completely in love with you."

He repeated the announcement in a tone of almost impersonal discretion; like a man who expected very little from it, but spoke for his own relief.

The tears came into Isabel's eyes; they were caused by an intenser throb of that pleasant pain I spoke of a moment ago. There was an immense sweetness in the words he had uttered; but, morally speaking, she retreated before them, — facing him still, — as she had retreated in two or three cases that we know of in which the same words had been spoken.

"Oh, don't say that, please!" she answered at last, in a tone of entreaty, which had nothing of conventional modesty, but which expressed the dread of having, in this case too, to choose and decide.

What made her dread great was precisely the force which, as it would seem, ought to have banished all dread, — the consciousness of what was in her own

heart. It was terrible to have to surrender herself to that.

"I have n't the idea that it will matter much to you," said Osmond. "I have too little to offer you. What I have,—it's enough for me; but it's not enough for you. I have neither fortune, nor fame, nor extrinsic advantages of any kind. So I offer nothing. I only tell you because I think it can't offend you, and some day or other it may give you pleasure. It gives me pleasure, I assure you," he went on, standing there before her, bending forward a little, turning his hat, which he had taken up, slowly round, with a movement which had all the decent tremor of awkwardness and none of its oddity, and presenting to her his keen, expressive, emphatic face. "It gives me no pain, because it is perfectly simple. For me you will always be the most important woman in the world."

Isabel looked at herself in this character,—looked intently, and thought that she filled it with a certain grace. But what she said was not an expression of this complacency: "You don't offend me; but you ought to remember that, without being offended, one may be incommoded, troubled." "Incommoded,"—she heard herself saying that, and thought it a ridiculous word. But it was the word that came to her.

"I remember, perfectly. Of course you are surprised and startled. But if it is nothing but that, it will pass away. And it will perhaps leave something that I may not be ashamed of."

"I don't know what it may leave. You see, at all events, that I am not overwhelmed," said Isabel, with rather a pale smile. "I am not too troubled to think. And I think that I am glad we are separating,—that I leave Rome to-morrow."

"Of course I don't agree with you there."

"I don't know you," said Isabel, abruptly; and then she colored, as she

heard herself saying what she had said almost a year before to Lord Warburton.

"If you were not going away you would know me better."

"I shall do that some other time."

"I hope so. I am very easy to know."

"No, no," said the girl, with a flash of bright eagerness; "there you are not sincere. You are not easy to know; no one could be less so."

"Well," Osmond answered, with a laugh, "I said that because I know myself. That may be a boast, but I do."

"Very likely; but you are very wise."

"So are you, Miss Archer!" Osmond exclaimed.

"I don't feel so just now. Still, I am wise enough to think you had better go. Good-night."

"God bless you!" said Gilbert Osmond, taking the hand which she failed to surrender to him. And then, in a moment, he added, "If we meet again, you will find me as you leave me. If we don't, I shall be so, all the same."

"Thank you very much. Good-by."

There was something quietly firm about Isabel's visitor; he might go of his own movement, but he would not be dismissed. "There is one thing more," he said. "I have n't asked anything of you,—not even a thought in the future; you must do me that justice. But there is a little service I should like to ask. I shall not return home for several days; Rome is delightful, and it is a good place for a man in my state of mind. Oh, I know you are sorry to leave it; but you are right to do what your aunt wishes."

"She does n't even wish it!" Isabel broke out strangely.

Osmond for a moment was apparently on the point of saying something that would match these words. But he changed his mind, and rejoined, simply, "Ah, well, it's proper you should go with her, all the same. Do everything

that 's proper; I go in for that. Excuse my being so patronizing. You say you don't know me; but when you do you will discover what a worship I have for propriety."

"You are not conventional?" said Isabel, very gravely.

"I like the way you utter that word! No, I am not conventional: I am convention itself. You don't understand that?" And Osmond paused a moment, smiling. "I should like to explain it." Then, with a sudden, quick, bright naturalness, "Do come back again!" he cried. "There are so many things we might talk about."

Isabel stood there with lowered eyes. "What service did you speak of just now?"

"Go and see my little daughter before you leave Florence. She is alone at the villa; I decided not to send her to my sister, who has n't my ideas. Tell her she must love her poor father very much," said Gilbert Osmond gently.

"It will be a great pleasure to me

to go," Isabel answered. "I will tell her what you say. Once more, goodbye."

On this he took a rapid, respectful leave. When he had gone, she stood a moment, looking about her, and then she seated herself, slowly, with an air of deliberation. She sat there till her companions came back, with folded hands, gazing at the ugly carpet. Her agitation — for it had not diminished — was very still, very deep. That which had happened was something that for a week past her imagination had been going forward to meet; but here, when it had come, she stopped, — her imagination halted. The working of this young lady's spirit was strange, and I can only give it to you as I see it, not hoping to make it seem altogether natural. Her imagination stopped, as I say; there was a last vague space it could not cross — a dusky, uncertain tract, which looked ambiguous, and even slightly treacherous, like a moorland seen in the winter twilight. But she was to cross it yet.

Henry James, Jr.

THREE SONNETS.

I.

Nativity.

THISTLE and serpent we exterminate,
 Yet blame them not; and righteously abhor
 The crimes of men with all their kind at war,
 Whom we may stay or slay, but not in hate.
 By blood and brain we are predestinate
 Each to his course; and unawares therefor
 The heart's blind wish and inmost counselor
 Makes times and tides; for man is his own fate.
 Nativity is horoscope and star!
 One innocent egg incloses song and wings;
 One, deadly fangs and rattles set to warn.
 Our days, our deeds, all we achieve or are,
 Lay folded in our infancy; the things
 Of good or ill we choose while yet unborn.

II.

Circumstance.

STALKING before the lords of life, one came,
 A Titan shape! But often he will crawl,
 Their most subservient, helpful, humble thrall;
 Swift as the light, or sluggish, laggard, lame;
 Stony-eyed archer, launching without aim
 Arrows and lightnings, heedless how they fall, —
 Blind Circumstance, that makes or baffles all,
 Happiness, length of days, power, riches, fame.
 Could we but take each wingèd chance aright!
 A timely word let fall, a wind-blown germ,
 May crown our glebe with many a golden sheaf;
 A thought may touch and edge our life with light,
 Fill all its sphere, as yonder crescent worm
 Brightens upon the old moon's dusky leaf.

III.

Providence.

WEARY with pondering many a weighty theme,
 I slept; and in the realm of vision saw
 A mighty Angel reverently updraw
 The cords of earth, all woven of gloom and gleam,
 Wiles, woes, and many a silver-threaded stream
 Of sighs and prayers, and golden bands of law,
 And ties of faith and love, with many a flaw
 Riven, but reunited in my dream.
 These the great Angel, gathering, lifted high,
 Like mingled lines of rain and radiance, all
 In one bright, awful braid divinely blended,
 That reached the beams of heaven, — a chain whereby
 This dimly glorious, shadow-brooding ball
 And home of man hung wondrously suspended.

J. T. Trowbridge.

STUDY OF AN OLD SOUTHERN BOROUGH.

NOWHERE are the elements of two distinct civilizations seen more plainly side by side than in an old Southern borough.

Almost any old town of Northern Europe presents to the eye the union of two

civilizations. The mediæval *alt Stadt* has its ancient stone buildings, among which, in no regular way, wind the narrow passages that served and serve yet as streets. They are just wide enough from house to house for a cart to pass, and there are

no sidewalks. The architecture of the houses as well as the plan of the streets dates back to the earliest period of settled Germanic life. Then, immediately adjoining, is the *neu Stadt*, built as towns are now built the world over, with wider streets, with sidewalks, and with some reference to a plan. In going from one part of the town to the other, one steps backward or forward some half a dozen centuries. The difference that the eye sees in these two parts of an old European town corresponds precisely with that which the mind discerns between the old element and the new in an old Southern borough. The difference is not architectural, but social; there are two elements in life and in thought. But this is not discernible by a stranger. In fact, very frequently a residence of some time is necessary to discover it. It lies in the very heart of the people, and comes to view only after a study of their history and their social life. But there is no society wherein, after a certain intimacy of acquaintance, the typical individuals are more strongly marked.

The most notable personage and the most interesting as a study is the *ante-bellum* gentleman. He is now an old man, for he was in the prime of life before the war. He inherited his broad acres, and by his slaves he accumulated something of a fortune. This type of the old Southerner is familiar; for, with certain exaggerations, he is supposed to typify all Southerners except the meaner class of the *post-bellum* generation. His house is the same that he occupied in former times. His grounds are changed somewhat, but not a great deal; in parts they have fallen into decay. But always the drive that leads up to the front door has precisely its old appearance, and it is cared for with the neatness that the approach to the premises demands. It will be kept clean and graveled, at any cost. The house is now found much too large for the same number of inmates who filled it formerly, and the family

of one of the old gentleman's sons lives with him.

The old gentleman has no occupation now further than a sort of general and useless supervision over his farm, and over the business that his sons and his sons-in-law may have in the town; but, in his eyes, this supervision is of the utmost importance. He goes very frequently to the city, some fifty miles away, to sit a day or two in the back office of the bank of which he is one of the directors. The rest of his time he spends at home and in driving about his farm. Whenever he goes out, he has his carriage brought up to his door, and a negro boy drives him. His handsome span and his liveried outfit of the old time are now reduced to a sort of rock-away with a single horse. But, although his employment of his time is useless, except in his own estimation, he is awake to every public interest that meets with his approval. But such schemes as he does not at first sight approve can never be made plain or practicable to him. In the main, whatever is a perpetuation of an ante-bellum institution he will think highly of and help most heartily. But he conceives, and will give you to understand, that the greatest aid that can be rendered is his favor. He considers the influence of his opinion either *pro* or *con* on a given subject of the greatest importance, and he looks to its finally conquering all opposition. For example, he will repudiate the system of public schools, and no number or strength of arguments can change his mind. Whatever favor such a system may meet with now, the time will come, he will tell you, when, for the lack of the support of the best people of the land, it must die. He will wish also for the revival of the old state banks.

In a certain way, he is widely acquainted with men, has read a great deal and very thoroughly such literature as was current twenty-five or forty years ago, and he reads very nearly the same

now. Of the new day of thought, of the all-revolutionizing comparative method, of the new sciences, of the new literature, he knows nothing, nor cares to know. He reads French, perhaps, but not German, surely; and that fact fixes the date of his thinking and reading. History, especially English and Roman history, is his chief study; but even in history he knows nothing of the thousands of new books that the press is giving out yearly. Hume and Gibbon are fresher than Macaulay, and of Freeman and Arnold and Froude he never heard. Scott is more familiar than Dickens, and almost the only American author that he knows is Washington Irving. At long intervals, even now, he reads Cicero and Horace, and he has long passages of Virgil committed to memory. He reads regularly one of the New York papers, the organ of his political party in his State, and the organ of his church. The church paper, however, his wife and daughters read more diligently than he.

Yet not in reading is his chief delight now, but rather in talking. He will not often go out of his way to find a listener, but when a visitor comes whose opinions are congenial to him and whom he considers his social equal, he will talk incessantly. In fact, there are not now anywhere else in the world such talkers as these old gentlemen. Almost every borough has a story of some of its old men, how they talked on one occasion ten hours without interruption; and even a twenty-hour conversation has been heard of. There are no other men who talk so much, no other men who love to talk so well, and in many instances few men who are able to talk so well. To sit on the piazza of a country place after tea, the invariable place of gathering in summer, when the night-breeze even in the warmest weather is fresh, and when it comes over several acres of lawn and through a grove of large oaks, reminding one much of a mild sea-breeze, — to sit and listen to endless reminiscences

is to the listener as well as to the talker one of the most delightful things in the world. The old gentleman's opinions are his own, — in fact, the very same opinions that he formed years ago. And, although by this time the world at large may have concluded differently about very many subjects, he is not a whit less confident of the truth of his own convictions. He has been saying the same things over for years, until everybody of his acquaintance is perfectly familiar with all his ideas. But what matter? His tone betrays the feeling that he has already lived his life; and he cannot conceive why his opinions and conclusions should not be as interesting to everybody else as to himself. These old heroes are thus their own bards; and, as they become fewer and fewer in the land, each one looks upon himself as a more and more important survivor of a race that can never be reproduced. Our old gentleman's talk runs wild over men who were his contemporaries, men who distinguished themselves no matter where, — in the legislature (nine tenths of them were politicians, great or small), on the field, in the professions, or even in society. The achievements of these, whether brave deeds, or great speeches, or notable *bon mots* on a grand social occasion, are told over and over again, with the same warm praise the thousandth time. Neither has he any hesitation in bringing into the narrative his own deeds and his own sayings. The great speeches made at some political crisis (he himself made a great effort), the memorable administrative policy of some forgotten governor or president (he himself was intimately associated with him), — how exceedingly fertile such a subject is! He has been heard to tell of a great speech of Mr. Clay a hundred times; and invariably thereafter follows a long account of an important financial transaction of his own doing, when he was treasurer of his State. Mr. Clay had nothing more to do with

the financial management of the state bonds than the fact that Mr. Clay's speech was made in the same year in which our honorable treasurer went to New York and made the aforesaid great transaction. Time, however, is a link in narration stronger than logic. It may seem strange, by the way, that our honorable treasurer hardly knows the present value, or lack of value, of his State's bonds. If their value were quoted to him, "Badly managed, sir, badly managed," he would reply; and after a preliminary clearing of his throat you might hear the account of Mr. Clay's speech and its invariable accompaniment.

The conversation is more apt to turn to contemporaneous things, if you ride with him through the town. "These shanties," he will say, pointing to the principal stores on the main thoroughfare, "have been built here since the war, by men who were too lazy to earn their living in the country. They are the ruin of our country, sir,—the ruin of our country. They impose upon the ignorance of negroes and countrymen to make their small merchandise yield a large profit. I have never entered one of their shops. The ruin of our country, sir." If you were to inquire where our old gentleman's steward deals,—for even yet an old servant has almost the entire charge of supplying the store-room under the kitchen,—you would find that he patronizes a grocery that has quite as shabby an appearance as any in the town. The grocer is likewise the keeper of a "shanty," but as his trade antedates the war he is accounted not an idle peddler, but a royal merchant. "That, sir," pointing to a small wooden building of a single story, "was for forty years the law-office of Governor Stanhope,—one of the greatest men of our State, sir, and of his time." Thereupon will follow long reminiscences of political quarrels and of political victories. He will stop at the office and urge you in, and force

you to sit an hour or two. You will find out that it is now occupied by the great Governor Stanhope's son, our old gentleman's son-in-law. It is at this office that he spends most of his time in town. If a man whom he would scarcely know elsewhere meets him here, the old gentleman is sure to draw him into conversation. He will question him kindly about his affairs, and advise him in a patronizing way. Another peculiarity of his shows itself mostly in conversation with the townsmen at his son-in-law's office. He is not a profane man; he believes in his church as strongly as he believes in his political creed. But when he becomes excited in telling of old times and of old men, he will often emphasize a statement by "D—n it, sir!" or, "By G—d, sir!" And he is totally unconscious of this.

If now you go through the borough in company with one of the *novi homines*, you will see the town from a totally different point of view. Your companion is a successful merchant,—the largest, in fact, in the town. He is a man of pleasant address, and of much quicker movements than the old gentleman. His father was an "overseer" for the lordly owner of a large plantation in a neighboring county. The son, therefore, did not fall heir to a large estate, nor was he bred to a profession. Several years after the war he came to the town and began to "merchandise." Now he goes annually to Baltimore or to New York, to lay in his little stock of goods and to see the world. Thus he has acquired a sort of business air, but you can easily discover that it is not native. He puts it on when he encounters a stranger, much as his country cousins would put on their best garments to receive a visitor. But he has a fresher tone of voice, a more energetic step, a readier wit for a bargain, than any other man in the borough. He will point to his small stock of goods, and tell you that although in his little way

he has made a good business, still the commercial possibilities of the town are by no means exhausted. "Our trade is almost entirely with country people, who come here in wagons, and who buy the necessities of life only in such small quantities as will last them a week at a time. And often for that their crops are mortgaged in advance. If we had men of capital to build here, we could grow to be of some commercial importance. Here is water-power enough to spin and weave all the cotton grown in the State, and our facilities for shipping would enable us to become also a great tobacco-manufacturing people. The only trouble is that men of means cannot be induced to come among us. The commercial depression of the State offers no inducements to Northern capitalists, and the men among us that have money will not open their eyes to the chances of such investments; for they prefer to keep their property in nearly the same shape as they had it before the war. We need a more spirited public,—more *push*. Indeed, the very worst lingering effect of the war upon our society is this narrow way of looking upon the State's advancement and this immovable prejudice in favor of old institutions. Men who were formerly wealthy feel so keenly the loss of a great part of their wealth that they fear to use what they now have in an adventurous way. They would rather keep it safe than run the very best chance of increasing it. The enterprises in the South that have the greatest hope of enriching and developing the country have been inaugurated and are conducted by men who have earned their money within the last ten years, and have been educated entirely under the new condition of things."

The street of "shanties" receives also his comment, if you walk about the town with him; but it is somewhat different from the comment of the old gentleman. "They are too numerous, and consequently too small. If a dozen of

them were merged into one, it would be of some importance. As it is, every merchant spends the most of his time in idleness in front of his door, with no sort of eagerness or aptness to enlarge his trade, but satisfied if he manages to keep his own family supplied with the mere necessities of life. This retail business is all that is here. There is no manufacturing. The vast water-power turns nothing but a grist-mill that grinds merely for the people in the country."

If you go out of the town, and come in view of the home of our honorable ex-treasurer, "That is the place of old Mr. Wilson," your companion will say, "a gentleman of the old school. He lives there as nearly as possible in the same style as when he had a score of slaves about his house. He spends his time now in entertaining such of his old friends and their descendants as come to visit him. Towards them his hospitality is unbounded. Nearly every pleasant afternoon you can see him sitting under the trees, with his pipe and his newspaper, most generally asleep in his chair. He has little to do now with the town, its business, or its people. Almost the only places that he frequents are the law-office of his son-in-law and the newspaper office of his son. In the summer he goes with his daughters to the springs of Virginia. A good old citizen, but of little use now."

The whole town has a languid and self-satisfied appearance. There is little animation in man or beast. The very dogs look lazy. It would require twice the energy to put forth the same effort that it would cost in New England. The streets are neglected, and in places almost impassable; the paint is worn from most of the houses; the people are slow in their movements. In the afternoon, an hour before the mail arrives, a crowd begins to gather about the post-office. They sit on chairs that have been half whittled away, on boxes, and on the steps of the porch. If any one

approaches and desires to enter, some fellow that is lazily seated in the door will look up mildly and ask, "Want to come in?" Then, after a minute of preparation, and a good-natured word about "disturbing a fellow" (at which the more energetic laugh just a little), he will slip aside far enough to allow entrance. The conversation in this company begins usually about the dry weather, or about the wet weather, and then some weather prophet will enumerate his signs of rain or of "its clearing up." It was at such a meeting that an old countryman declared that "a wet drought was mighty nigh as bad as a dry drought." After a while the conversation turns on the political situation (for everybody is a politician). Then the chances of the favorite candidate for the legislature are talked over, and his opponent is unmercifully "run down." If a stranger has come to the inn (for *inn* is a better word in this connection than *hotel*), they wonder, every man in turn, what his business can be, and talk an hour about him; for it is not every day that they have such a person to talk of. Visitors, except "drummers" from the Northern cities, are very few.

Every one of these men has what he calls his "business." Frequently two of them are associated in a little grocery, the work of which is not half enough to keep one man employed. While one of the firm is out, "gone after the mail," — that is, engaged for two or three hours in a discussion at the post-office, — the other is seated in the cool part of his store-room, smoking. His quiet is disturbed only now and then by a customer, who is in no hurry to be waited on. So they, too, engage in a discussion, that may last ten minutes or an hour. These men also are fond of talking; but the range of their subjects is very narrow. They could be informed of what is going on in the world, but they do not care for such information. They talk almost entirely about their private

and local affairs. Every one of them knows all about every other one, both in business and at home. Around two subjects, chiefly, their conversation centres, — the church and politics. They are orthodox in their creed, and good citizens (save in the matter of sins of omission) in their practice. They are moral in their lives, and the most of them are active supporters of one of the Protestant churches. If there happens to be a man among them who denies in the least the literal interpretation of the Scriptures after the manner of their churches, he is considered a dangerous man in their society, however upright his conduct may be. When the season of political discussion is on the wane, two of the best informed among them will begin a fierce discussion of some very abstruse theological question; for example, the efficacy of the different modes of baptism. It will be taken up at the post-office, and the whole town will take one side or the other. Rarely does such a controversy end in less than a week. But no original arguments, or even phrases, are brought forth: ideas and words alike bear the stamp of the politician or of the preacher.

No one could guess the nature of the home-life of these men; nor form a correct opinion from them of their wives and daughters. In the homes of these inert and stagnant men you would expect to find inert and stagnant women. But it is not so with such as are of the best descent and have comfortable homes. The manners of the women are such as any society might be proud of; and in many instances their intelligence and information are matter of surprise, when we consider their surroundings. From their very infancy, a very wide distinction is made between the boys and the girls. The boys may be sent to college, if there happens just at the time to be spare money sufficient to defray their expenses; but seldom is any great effort made to give a

boy such advantages, and when the effort is made it almost invariably proceeds from the mother. After their education is "finished," as the phrase for graduation is, it is finished indeed. The boy enters one of the professions, or business, and he follows in the very footsteps of his father in life, — in life and in thought. Sometimes a lad from an old borough, in the first dawning of his thought, discovers for himself the mental stagnation of his surroundings, sees the stupid way that is open for him at home, and rebels against it. The only successful rebellion, however, is an immediate departure. For, if he begins to deliberate, he is apt to be caught by the spell of inertness, and live out his life and die before he decides whether to go away or not. Thus it has happened that the over-conservative spirit of these old towns has driven many of the best men away. The statistics will show that a very large part of the men of this generation who are rising to distinction in the West were born in these old boroughs. Very few Southerners go away from newer towns or larger cities. If a young man leaves his old borough, his friends blame him very harshly for his lack of patriotism; but, if he rises to any sort of prominence in any of the Western States, his old borough newspaper will praise him mightily, and, reminding him of his birthplace, will declare that his being born there is the cause of all his greatness.

But, however the boys may be left to circumstances to develop or to become inert, every effort is made to give to the girls all the current accomplishments of the society in which they move. The intellectual training that they receive is indeed insignificant and in the main worthless. They are never trained to think in good earnest, and they learn nothing thoroughly in literature, in art, or in science. The whole structure of society is opposed to their being made able to support themselves.

They are taught exclusively to look to doing the offices of wifehood. So it happens that more lazy and worthless men have happy homes in these old towns than anywhere else. In many communities there has for these hundred years occurred no case of domestic infelicity that the public has become aware of. A divorce is a thing unknown in the annals of the borough. But the training of the girls is so exclusively of a domestic kind that an unmarried woman or a widow who chances to be thrown upon her own resources is a most pitifully helpless creature. If she belongs to the more respectable class, there is but one occupation that she can have, and that is teaching. Very few have had sufficient training to be very efficient teachers; and thus the general educational advancement is hindered. The most become governesses, and, living in private families, teach the children of a single household. Thus, too, the prejudice against a universal and uniform system of schools is kept alive.

Almost from infancy, the girls are paid by their fathers and brothers that deferential respect that can but make them modest and good-mannered women. The charge of ignorance that is made against them in all matters of learning is just; but it must not be interpreted as meaning many qualities that are usually associated with ignorance. For, as useless as they are abroad, at home, having only their social and domestic duties in charge, they are in their way matchless. Their homes are their entire world. The large earth may stretch away far beyond their ken; learning and art may bring gladdening recreation and healthful food for others; but their pleasure is of another sort. Their houses are to be kept clean and their households orderly. And ready-witted and quick to catch ideas, they become in everything, except in business and in politics, the leaders of their husbands. The magazines and a few new books find

their way to their firesides. They keep a glow, a sort of intellectual life, — a life that never waxes strong, nor that ever leaves humility far enough to become enthusiastic, but a life that never wholly dies. In this society there is no retrograde motion, and forever the women dream that they are on the eve of a progression. They hear of men achieving wonderful things in learning away somewhere in the great world, which seems so far off from their quiet life; and they dream at once of a brother's or of a son's going to form a part in the wonderful achievement. Thus many a brother and son are induced unconsciously to leave their native borough and its legendary life. The women are the power and the hope of this society.

There are no people that think more highly of themselves than the citizens of an ancient Southern town. Their self-praise is unbounded and unceasing. But their vainglory is not so much a personal as a communistic vainglory. Personally, perhaps, they think not more highly of themselves than other people: in the main, every individual will set a very modest estimate upon his own attainments and his own worth. But to them their old borough is the most highly favored place under heaven. They are proud of it even to bigotry. It is the most healthful place in an area of a hundred miles around. The water is better than any other water. You would think that the healthfulness and the water were things of their own manufacture. The history of the borough is a matter of pride. The long annals of men and of deeds are known to every child; for has it all not been told over a thousand times? The ancestry of the oldest families can be traced back by the most inert lounge to the Revolution, and often to colonial times. Thus they have no desire for any change. They wish no better life, no higher attainments. But their conservatism is so strong that it is as hard for them to

go backward as to go forward. They are absolutely stationary. It is this, rather than their idleness and dullness, to which their stagnation is most frequently attributed; that causes them to be so far behind the rest of the world, and often even far behind communities adjacent to them. They have for generations been in an immovable equipoise, while the rest of the world has been rapidly changing.

With a quiet home, where wants indeed are not very numerous nor very large, but where every want is satisfied, — in a society wherein the men are honest if inert, and the women virtuous if helpless, with few rich men, but fewer paupers, — what need of a more complicated society, which along with benefits brings also evils? Why travel, when one occupies the garden spot of the world? Why worry over the world's great questions, so long as thinking only brings doubt? Even the neighboring towns, that have grown up in the present generation to be of some importance, they regard with contempt. The energetic citizens of such places are but money-changers in the temple of a fair land, where traffic has always had something of the meanness of peddling. It is better to remain in idleness, so long as you are allowed by the community to talk and to remain in idleness without its condemnation (and its condemnation is not very active towards a well-born man), than to wear away the life which God has given in a vulgar endeavor to accumulate wealth, or to advance some large interest; better to abide in quiet contentment, at least while you hold a sound political creed and an orthodox religious faith.

Yet, holding such doctrine as this for their own conduct, many of these men are well informed on matters of large enterprise and of national importance. Hear them talk of a gigantic enterprise in commerce, of a great system of internal improvement, of a grand plan for

developing their country, and you would think that they must give their whole energy to carrying out some of their gigantic ideas. But they are the hardest men in the world to move to put forth an effort, even for their own improvement. "If they would do so and so," is a favorite phrase with them. "If they would build mills and advertise, we should become a great manufacturing centre in a few years." "*They*"—whoever their mysterious "*they*" may mean—must build the mills; *we* should become a rich people,—*we*, the community, post-office and all.

Thus it is not dullness, but immobility, that is their death. The people themselves have as limitless possibilities of development as their territory. They are very quick to perceive such ideas as come within the range of their habit of thought. On such subjects as they choose to think, they think well. For whatever their society makes a demand they supply, and supply well. They have able lawyers; and their old court-houses (every old borough is a county-seat) many a time hear bursts of eloquence that might dimly remind one of Patrick Henry. Their political campaigns sometimes afford occasions for oratorical display. And if nowadays such a display would bring nothing but a smile from a colder audience, it not unfrequently among them gains votes, and sometimes tears as well, and always an old-fashioned "Hip, hip, hurrah!" Thus society tyrannically leads individuals, but no individual can lead the society. As they are yet the most susceptible people in the world to eloquence, so too they have a fine discerning of the eloquent and touching in literature,—at least for people of such narrow reading. You will find old gentlemen who know Shakespeare and Milton; but not one in a thousand knows anything of Longfellow and Tennyson. Not unfrequently, much to your surprise, you may learn that one of the guard-

ians of the post-office has read Byron and Burns entire annually for the last ten years; and he is perfectly familiar with every character in Scott. When he writes or makes a speech, he leaves his inert conversational tone entirely, and employs a diction and manner that have an antique Addisonian dignity and profusion.

In the very walk and bearing of the older inhabitants you can discover remnants of obsolete manners. The bow and tone of voice of an old gentleman will remind one of knee-breeches and powdered wigs. An old citizen will speak politely to every man whom he meets on the street, whether he be an acquaintance or not; very frequently, in bowing, he will take off his hat to a gentleman whom he does not know. Much, too, remains of the old hospitality. If you are a guest, no kind of entertainment is considered so complimentary or so pleasant as a continual conversation. A gentleman will often allow his business to be suspended, if it depend on his personal supervision, during your whole visit; and he will keep by your side for days, talking incessantly. For what business can be half so important as a twelve hours' conversation with a friend? Many of the twelve hours are spent in talking of genealogies. If you are of a family of whom your host has heard little for several years, you will have to begin with your great-grandfather, and give a continuous narrative of every individual's career, laying especial emphasis upon all weddings and deaths. "And whom did Lucy marry?" comes from beneath the spectacles and the white cap of the old lady. "Yes, yes, I had forgotten. She was a beautiful woman when I saw her. How many children have they?" In fact, as politics and theology are the subjects of four fifths of the conversation of the men, so marriages and deaths are the subjects of more nearly five fifths of the conversation of the old ladies.

Even the bearing of the older negroes in these towns is peculiar and illustrative of a dignified conservatism. In the newer towns and the larger cities, the negroes have by this time forgotten their old masters and their old homes, or do not care for them. But in an old borough there are always some who have passed their whole lives there. There they were slaves, and there they have lived since their emancipation. Their old masters they always address as "old marser," and his sons as "Mars' James," or "Mars' Thomas," or whatever their Christian name may be. At their old home they feel that they enjoy no slight privilege, and even that they have a sort of right to see that everything about the household goes on well. These old negroes have a sort of contempt for those who have no such old attachment. It is a common phrase among them, in speaking of a negro who did not belong to an aristocratic family: "Dat nigger ain't got no manners, neber had no raisin,' — poor folks' nigger." Sometimes these old negro men preserve the lordly manners of their masters. Their negro dialect does not seem to detract from their gentility, and they are noticeable as men of particularly fine manners.

A Virginia lady in Louisville had employed a genteel old negro man to nurse her son, who was suffering with a broken limb. She noticed at once the dignified bearing of the negro; and one day she asked him, "Uncle Ned, where were you reared?"

"In old Virginny, madam," with a polite bow.

"I am a Virginian myself," she continued.

"From what part of de State, madam?"

"From Fairfax, Uncle Ned. My maiden name was Morson."

"I knowed dat we was related, madam. I b'longed to old Mars' Hugh Morson. I know'd dat we was related."

As easy as life in the newer Southern towns and in the business centres is to see and comprehend, a stranger often finds this old borough life apparently very contradictory. Its open-handed hospitality is proverbial; but to a stranger the society seems absolutely exclusive. The contradiction is made clear by the manner of approach. If a stranger have merely a casual or a business acquaintance with these old citizens, no matter how pleasing may be his address, he will not therefore be taken into their confidence, or enjoy their hospitality. A residence of some time is necessary for an entire stranger to make any sort of an acquaintance. But if he come with a letter of introduction from some of their old friends, or if he happen to be connected, however distantly, with an old family known to them, he will at once be taken into their homes, and he will receive every hospitality. It makes little difference then whether his manner happen to be pleasing or very abrupt; and by this approach he can become in fourteen hours almost as well acquainted as in as many months. For in that time all the long genealogies are discussed, and his position with all its bearings is fully determined; and every succeeding visit for several years would be but a repetition in the main of this one. But every time his health would be asked about very frequently, during his visit, and very closely, as well as the health of all his family and his friends. If he were a young man, the old gentleman would be sure, too, to ask his age, and almost sure to ask his weight.

In these old towns, which now every year are losing their characteristics, there are many customs that are worth serious study. They contain the very last remnants of the old Southern civilization in its pure form. And that civilization, whatever may have been its faults, even its fatal faults, had many virtues that the new South will strive in vain to perpetuate. In England, since

the rise of the people to such power, there has been much said about the decay of good manners; but in the Southern States has been a more rapid and a sadder decay. In the loss of many of the stiff manners of the cavaliers, the world has not lost much; but in one respect the new South would gain in looking more closely to the ways of its courtly ancestry. No civilization ever produced purer or tenderer women; and in the transition from the old to the new the women will be the greatest losers.

The many histories of the South that Southerners have written and are writing will never be of great value further than as expositions of certain political doctrines, and as chronicles of war. But there is need, and the time is already ripe, for a social history of the old civilization. He who writes it will do his country a service beyond all calculation,

if he strike a proper mean. He will not need to idolize the cavalier spirit, and bewail its passing away, so much as to portray what was good in it and worth preserving; so that before this old borough life becomes extinct, it may transmit its prime virtues to the younger life about it. The new South cannot build up its possible civilization merely by looking backward and sighing, nor yet by simply pressing blindly forward in the new paths that are now open. With a reverential respect for the past, which unhappily certain communities are too rapidly losing, and by a vigorous work for the future, which many more communities neglect, it has through poverty a chance for greatness that is almost unparalleled in history. The growth of a civilization is always slow. But with the proper fusion of the old and the new, greatness can here be achieved, and that rapidly.

Walter H. Page.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

XII.

THE FILLMORE ADMINISTRATION, 1850-1853.

THE Collins line of ocean steamers applied to Congress for an addition to the subsidy already granted to it. Mr. Collins, a ship-owner, had previously built and run a line of sailing packets between New York and Liverpool, each vessel named after a distinguished actor. This "dramatic line," as it was called, had been profitable, but Mr. Collins found that it was impossible to run his four magnificent steamers without incurring an average loss of seventeen thousand dollars a trip, and he appealed to Congress for aid. The *Baltic*, which was regarded as the finest steamer, came

up the Potomac to Washington, and a succession of brilliant entertainments was given on board. "Passes" for passages across the Atlantic and back were lavishly distributed among congressmen and correspondents, and the subsidy was finally secured.

Several other considerable appropriations were lobbied through Congress by the united efforts of the especial friends of each one, which was called "log-rolling," in allusion to the united action of residents of newly settled parts of the country in rolling together and burning large logs. One of these claims was brought forward by the officers of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, in Virginia. In 1789 the States of Virginia and Maryland had each advanced one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in

aid of the erection of the necessary public buildings, on condition that the seat of government should be located on the Potomac River. No claim was made for this donation until 1850, when the legislature of Virginia was induced to present an application for reimbursement, to aid in the construction of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. There was no evidence that the money donated was a loan, nor had security of any kind been taken. It was also well known that the Federal government had made very liberal appropriations for the benefit of the city of Alexandria, before its retrocession to Virginia, but the claim was "put through" Congress without much debate.

Another venerable claim was presented, from the grandson of General Thomas Sumter, who asked the reimbursement of thirty-two loan-office certificates, amounting in all to about three thousand dollars, issued by the State of South Carolina in 1778 to his illustrious ancestor. Congress had passed laws again and again, calling upon those who held these state certificates of indebtedness to file them for adjustment, until 1825, when by statute the doors of the treasury were finally barred against them. There was no evidence that these claims had not been adjusted, and it was certain that General Sumter, who was a senator in Congress in 1811, had never asserted that either the United States or the State of South Carolina owed him a dollar.

New York had also a claim, which was industriously lobbied, but which was manifestly unjust. One Jethro Wood had obtained, in 1819, letters patent for the construction of cast-iron plows, and they had been extended, in 1832, for an additional period of fourteen years. His heirs, represented by two good-looking, interesting young ladies and by a sharp attorney, sought, before the expiration of this extension, to have the patent again extended for seven years.

It was shown that cast-iron plows had been patented in Great Britain in 1742 by a Scotchman named Small, and that Thomas Jefferson had made scientific experiments with iron mould boards soon after the Revolution. But the pertinacious solicitations of the young ladies for congressional support were seconded by the importunities of the lobby, stimulated by pledges of money, to be paid from the quarter of a million of dollars which it was estimated a renewal of the patent would secure to Wood's heirs. It was only after a sharp debate, in which the iniquity of the proposed extension of the patent was developed, that the subject was laid on the table.

One pleasant afternoon in March, Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, delivered a long speech in the house upon the politics of that State, in which he defended the state-rights party, and ridiculed the Union movement as unnecessary, no one then being in favor of either disunion or secession. This one of his colleagues, Mr. Wilcox, denied. "Do you mean," said Mr. Brown, "to assert that what I have said is false?" "If you say," bravely responded Mr. Wilcox, "that there was no party in Mississippi at the recent election in favor of secession or disunion, you say what is false!" The last word was echoed by a ringing slap from Brown's open hand on the right cheek of Wilcox, who promptly returned the blow, and then the two men clinched each other, in a fierce struggle. Many of the members, leaving their seats, crowded around the combatants, while Mr. Seymour, of Connecticut, who temporarily occupied the chair, pounded with his mallet, shouting at the top of his voice, "Order! order!" The sergeant-at-arms was loudly called for, but he was absent, and before he could be found the parties had been separated. The speaker resumed the chair, and in a few moments the contestants, still flushed, apologized to the house, — not to each other. A duel was regarded

as inevitable, but mutual friends intervened, and the next day it was formally announced in the house that the difficulty "had been adjusted in a manner highly creditable to both parties, who again occupied the same position of friendship which had existed between them previous to the unpleasant affair of the day before."

The "mileage" of Congressmen had grown to be a great abuse, each senator, representative, and delegate receiving eight dollars for every twenty miles traveled in going to and returning from Washington. When this rate was fixed, there were no railroads, and it was thought that the price of a day's compensation would be a fair remuneration for a day's journey, — twenty miles. Afterwards, steamboats and railroads quickened and cheapened inland travel, but lengthened the routes, and when the country on the Pacific slope came to be represented, a member of Congress from Oregon was entitled to \$3452 mileage; nor was this all. It appeared that at the close of the thirtieth Congress those senators who "held over," and took their seats in the executive session called to ratify the appointments made by President Taylor, received what was called constructive mileage, amounting in the aggregate to nearly forty thousand dollars. Only two senators refused to accept this unearned gratuity, which Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, stigmatized in the house as "a standing degradation."

Mr. Leutze, a talented artist, petitioned Congress to commission him to paint for the Capitol copies of his Washington Crossing the Delaware, and his Washington Rallying his Troops at Monmouth, but without success. Mr. Healey was equally unsuccessful with his proposition to paint two large historical paintings for the stairways of the extensions of the Capitol, one representing the Destruction of the Tea in Boston Harbor, and the other the Battle of Bunker Hill; but subsequently he re-

ceived an order to paint the portraits of the presidents, which now grace the White House. Mr. Martin, a marine artist of recognized ability, also proposed in vain to paint two large pictures, one representing the famous action between the Constitution and the *Guerrière*, and the other the night combat between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*. Indeed, there have been scores of meritorious works of art offered to and declined by committees of Congress, which has expended large sums in the purchase of daubs disgraceful to the Capitol of the nation.

So with sculpture. Powers endeavored, without success, to obtain an order for his colossal statue of America, which was highly commended by competent judges, while Mr. Mills was liberally remunerated for his effigy of General Jackson balancing himself on a brass rocking-horse. Powers accepted the situation philosophically, and wrote to a friend, "I do not complain of anything, for I know how the world goes, as the saying is, and I try to take it calmly and patiently; holding out my net, like a fisherman, to catch salmon, shad, or pilchards, as they may come. If salmon, why then we can eat salmon; if shad, why then the shad are good; but if pilchards, why then we can eat them, and bless God that we have a dinner at all."

The public amusements at Washington during the administration of Mr. Fillmore were unusually varied. Jenny Lind sang in concert to a crowded house, Mr. Webster leading in the enthusiastic applause which followed her singing, and Lola Montez danced in her peculiar style to an audience equally large, but containing no ladies. Charlotte Cushman appeared as Meg Merrilies, Parodi and Dempster sang in concerts, Burton and Brougham convulsed their hearers with laughter, and Forrest appeared in tragedy, to the delight of his admirers. Col. John W. Forney tells a

good story about a visit which he paid with Forrest to Henry Clay, soon after the passage of the compromise measure. The colonel unguardedly complimented a speech made by Senator Soulé, which made Mr. Clay's eyes flash, and he proceeded to criticise him very severely, ending by saying, "He is nothing but an actor, sir, — a mere actor!" Then, suddenly recollecting the presence of the tragedian, he dropped his tone, and turning towards Mr. Forrest said, with a graceful gesture, "I mean, my dear sir, a mere French actor!" The visitors soon afterward took their leave, and as they descended the stairs Forrest turned towards Forney and said, "Mr. Clay has proved, by the skill with which he can change his manner, and the grace with which he can make an apology, that he is a better actor than Soulé."

Henry Clay breathed his last on the morning of June 29, 1852, in the room at the National Hotel which he had occupied since his trip to Havana. Unable to return to Ashland, he had sent for his son Thomas, who remained with him until his death. The funeral services were performed at the Capitol, and the remains were then escorted to their last resting-place near Lexington, Kentucky, by a joint committee of Congress. "A noble heart ceased to beat forever, — a long life of brilliant and self-devoted public service was closed."

The honors secured for Colonel Frémont by his father-in-law, Mr. Benton, for his path-findings across the Rocky Mountains inspired other young officers of the army, and some civilians, with a desire to follow his example. Returning to Washington, each one had wonderful tales of adventure to relate. Even the old travelers, who saw the phoenix expire in her odoriferous nest, whence the chick soon flew forth regenerated, or who found dead lions slain by the quills of some "fretful porcupine," or who knew that the stare of the basilisk was death, — even these, who saw uni-

corns graze and who heard mermaids sing, were voracious when compared with the explorers of railroad routes across the continent. Senator Jefferson Davis did much to encourage them by having their reports published in quarto form, with expensive illustrations, and Cornelius Wendell laid the foundation of his fortune by printing them as "Pub. Docs."

Another printer, the veteran Thomas Ritchie, was less fortunate, and was rescued from bankruptcy only by the passage of a joint resolution granting him additional compensation. He had been the companion and confidant of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and had always stood by the democratic flag; so Congress refused to act the part of Shylock, and exact the pound of flesh called for by the contract under which he had agreed to do the public printing. Although then seventy-five years of age, Mr. Ritchie was as genial and vivacious in his temperament as a young man of thirty, and he possessed great physical endurance. But his opinion did not suit all of his party, and it was agreed, when the resolution for his relief was passed, that he should retire from the editorial control of *The Union*, then the democratic organ.

The National Era, edited by Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, was a source of great annoyance to the pro-slavery men, and on one occasion they excited an attack on his house by a drunken mob. Dr. Bailey was a small, slender man, with a noble head, and a countenance on which the beautiful attributes of his character were written. Taking his life in his hands, he went to his door-way, attended by his wife, and bravely faced the infuriated crowd. He denied that he had any agency in a recent attempt to secure the escape of a party of slaves to the North, and then called the attention of his hearers to the fact that at a public meeting of the citizens of Washington, not very long before that night, resolutions had

been passed denouncing the French government for having fettered the press; yet they were proposing to do in his case what their fellow-citizens had condemned when done by others. His remarks produced an effect, but the leaders of the mob raised the cry, "Burn the Era office!" and a movement was made towards that building, when a well-known Washington lawyer, with Southern sympathies, sprang from Dr. Bailey's door-steps, and made an eloquent appeal in behalf of a free press, concluding with a proposition that the assemblage go to the house of the mayor of Washington and give him three cheers. This was done, and the mob then dispersed peaceably.

The ablest newspaper correspondent at Washington during the Fillmore administration was Mr. Erastus S. Brooks, one of the editors and proprietors of the *New York Express*. He was then in the prime of life, rather under the average height, with a large, well-balanced head, bright black eyes, and a swarthy complexion. What he did not know about what was going on in political circles, before and behind the scenes, was not worth knowing; his industry was proverbial, and he was one of the first metropolitan correspondents to discard the didactic and pompous style which had been copied from the British essayists, and to write with a vigorous, graphic, and forcible pen. Washington correspondents in those days were neither eavesdroppers nor interviewers, but gentlemen, who had a recognized position in society which they never abused.

The Washington correspondents were always glad to see Major M. M. Noah, a veteran New York editor, who was also warmly welcomed by the politicians from his State, and by his Hebrew friends. Although advanced in years, he retained his portliness of form, activity of limb, vivacity of style, and benevolence of feature. It was better than a comedy to hear the major talk,

after he had eaten a good dinner and washed it down with a few glasses of old madeira wine. He remembered Washington, Franklin, and other revolutionary worthies, and it is to be regretted that he never permanently recorded his varied and interesting reminiscences. Notwithstanding his long editorial service, during which he did so much towards advancing the political interests of others, he found himself in the decline of life in straitened circumstances.

Among other occasional correspondents was Aaron A. Sargent, afterwards a senator from California, who was a compositor in the printing-office where the debates of Congress were published. He was on intimate terms with the anti-slavery representatives, and accidentally learned that one of them, Mr. Singerland, of Albany, had got a correspondent named Stevens to write a letter on political matters, which he had signed, and sent home for publication as his own. An allusion in the epistle to the Rev. Mr. Slicer, a ranting pro-slavery Methodist, who was then chaplain of the senate, elicited a bitter reply from that gentleman, which appeared in *The Union* newspaper. Mr. Stevens, who was a man of ability, wrote an answer for Singerland to sign and publish, but it was so "red hot," to use a phrase of that time, that the congressman was afraid to assume the responsibility of it. While he was endeavoring to have it toned down, Mr. Sargent got hold of Stevens's draught, signed Singerland's name to it, and forwarded it to New York for publication. The second morning afterwards, Stevens went into Singerland's room, and found him in great distress over a copy of the *New York Tribune* containing the letter over his signature. He upbraided Stevens, but was at last convinced by his protestations of innocence that he had not sent it, and concluded that it was Sargent. Fearing an assault from Parson Slicer, Singerland went that day to the Capitol by a circu-

itous route, and was relieved from his fight only when Giddings and other radicals complimented him on his manly letter.

President Fillmore's receptions were always well attended, and they were the only large social gatherings then held at Washington, with the exception of occasional entertainments given by Mr. Crampton, who so ably represented Queen Victoria, — a noble specimen of the fine old English gentleman, whose hair was prematurely silvered by time. At these receptions one could see near together gallant officers of the army and "colonels" of the "lobby engineer corps;" diplomats whose breasts blazed with decorations and "chevaliers d'industrie" without reputations; exquisites in full evening attire and frontiersmen in buckskin hunting suits; Quakers with their hats on their heads and ladies with their dresses off their shoulders, — old and young, the good and the great, all contributing to make up a kaleidoscopic whirl of silks and broadcloths, epaulets and diamonds, that circled round the East Room to the music of the marine band.

There were "hops" at the hotels, dinner-parties given by lobbyists at Boulanger's restaurant, and many small social entertainments, to which only those who were politically in sympathy with the host were invited. As the time for holding the nominating conventions approached, many of the delegates visited Washington, where they received marked hospitality from the candidates who were there, and from the friends of all. The supporters of Judge Douglas were especially demonstrative, and their "headquarters" was famed for its abundant supply of whisky and cigars, and as a mint where there was a daily coinage of epigrams, witticisms, and quaint sayings which were circulated everywhere in Washington. Their merciless attacks on "ten-cent Jimmy" Buchanan, and on Cass, whose reputation was beyond the

C, proved fatal to the hopes of those veteran members of the party who deserved more considerate treatment. The friends of these "old fogies" determined in turn that Douglas should be slaughtered also, and great excitement prevailed at Washington for some weeks before the national democratic convention assembled at Baltimore.

The sessions of the convention were long and stormy, and it was on the thirty-fifth ballot that the name of General Franklin Pierce was brought forward, for the first time, by the Virginia delegation. Some other States voted for the New Hampshire brigadier, but it did not seem possible that he could be nominated, and the next day, on the forty-eighth ballot, Virginia gave her vote for Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York. It was received with great applause, but Mr. Dickinson, who was a delegate pledged to the support of Cass, was too honorable a man to accept what he thought belonged to his friend. Receiving permission to address the convention, he eloquently withdrew his own name, and pleaded so earnestly for the nomination of General Cass that he awakened the enthusiasm of the audience, and received a shower of bouquets from the ladies in the galleries, to which he gracefully alluded "as a rosebud in the wreath of his political destiny."

The convention at last, on the forty-ninth ballot, nominated General Pierce, — Purse, his friends called him, — a gentleman of courteous temper, highly agreeable manners, and convivial nature. He had served in the recent war with Mexico; he had never given a vote or written a sentence that the straightest Southern democrat could wish to blot; and he was identified with the slave power, having denounced its enemies as the enemies of the constitution. William R. King, at that time president *pro tem.* of the senate, was nominated for vice-president, receiving every vote except the eleven given by the delega-

tion from Illinois, which were for Jefferson Davis.

Cass and Douglas were at first much provoked by the action of the convention, but Buchanan gracefully accepted the situation. "You judge me rightly," he wrote to a Southern political friend, "in believing that I have borne defeat with philosophy; it has not cost me a single pang. The support I received from the Old Dominion and her noble sisters of the South will be a source of satisfaction to me so long as I shall live. Still, when I see such a man as Hallett, of Boston, elevated to the rank of high-priest in the democratic church, I cannot avoid mortification. I have long observed him and such Yankees as he, who have never had any principle except the five loaves and two fishes. Rantoul and Hallett were a precious pair of democrats. I have a high opinion of Pierce, and he will make an excellent president, if surrounded by the proper influences; but Heaven save us from the influences of Boston democracy! The South are entitled to very great influence with him, and I hope will assert their rights in a proper manner. I shall aid them all in my power." This was Mr. Buchanan's first bid for the nomination which he secured in 1856.

Mr. Webster, meanwhile, felt and asserted that he was entitled to receive the whig nomination. More than thirty years of public service had made him the ablest and the most conspicuous member of his party then on the stage, and neither Fillmore nor Scott could compare with him in the amount and value of public services rendered. He had worked long, assiduously, and faithfully to deserve the honors of his party, and to qualify himself for the highest distinction that party could bestow upon him. He must receive its nomination now or never, as he was then upwards of sixty years of age, and his vigorous constitution had shown signs of decay. He engaged in the campaign, however,

with the hope and the vigor of youth, writing letters to his friends, circulating large pamphlet editions of his speeches, and entertaining at his table those through whose influence he hoped to receive the Southern support necessary to secure his success.

President Fillmore, meanwhile, was quietly but steadily using the patronage of the Federal government to secure the election of delegates to the whig national convention friendly to his nomination. Mr. Webster counted on the support of the president's friends, but he never received from Mr. Fillmore any pledges that it would be given. On the contrary, the leading office-holders asserted, weeks prior to the assembling of the convention, that the contest had already been narrowed down to a question between Fillmore and Scott. Mr. Seward's friends were of the same opinion, and urged the support of Scott as the only way to defeat the nomination of Fillmore.

When the convention was organized, and proceeded to ballot, General Scott had one hundred and thirty-four votes, Mr. Fillmore one hundred and thirty-three, and Mr. Webster twenty-nine, every one of which was cast by a Northern delegate. Not a Southern vote was given to him, despite all the promises made, but Mr. Fillmore received the entire Southern strength. The balloting was continued for several days, without any change, and even the eloquence of Rufus Choate failed to secure the vote of a single Southern delegate for his cherished friend. Mr. Choate then went to Washington, hoping to move Mr. Fillmore; but the president "made no sign," and Mr. Webster saw that the presidency, to which he had so long aspired, was to pass beyond his reach. He was saddened by the disappointment, and especially wounded when he was informed that Mr. Clay had advised the Southern delegates to support Mr. Fillmore.

A nomination was finally made on the fifty-third ballot, when twenty-eight delegates from Pennsylvania changed their votes from Fillmore to General Scott. That evening, a party of enthusiastic whigs at Washington, after serenading President Fillmore, marched to the residence of Mr. Webster. The band performed several patriotic airs, but some time elapsed before Mr. Webster appeared, wearing a long dressing-gown, and looking sad and weary. He said but a few words, making no allusion to General Scott, and when, in conclusion, he said that for one he should sleep well and rise with the lark the next morning, and bade them good-night, the serenaders retired as if they had had a funeral sermon preached to them. Thenceforth Mr. Webster was a disappointed, heart-stricken man, and he retired to Marshfield, profoundly disgusted with the insincerity of politicians.

The nomination of General Scott gave the death-blow to the whig party, which had so long contributed to the peace and the glory of the United States. The name of whigs (derived from the Scotch word *whiggamore*, one who drives horses) was bestowed, in 1648, on an armed party which marched to Edinburgh to oppose Charles I.; and it was subsequently adopted in England by those who asserted the rights of the people in opposition to the prerogatives of royalty. In due time it crossed the Atlantic to the thirteen colonies which were struggling for their independence, and the defenders of popular rights called themselves whigs, while those who loyally adhered to the crown were denominated tories. Later, the name whig had been adopted by those who desired, while pursuing the paths of peace, justice, and national honor, to develop the industrial resources of the republic, to elevate the national reputation, and to command the respect and admiration of the world through the means of enterprise and honesty, private achievement

and public virtue. Had its leaders possessed the courage to grapple with the slavery question and to present some scheme for gradual compensated emancipation, the whig party might have continued to direct our unmatched resources for national greatness, happiness, and glory.

Mr. Buchanan was unusually active in his opposition to the whig ticket. "I should regard Scott's election," he wrote to a friend, "as one of the greatest calamities which could befall the country. I know him well, and do not doubt either his patriotism or his integrity; but he is vain beyond any man I have ever known; and, what is remarkable in a vain man, he is obstinate and self-willed and unyielding. His judgment, except in conducting a campaign in the field, is perverse and unsound; and when, added to all this, we consider that, if elected at all, it will be under the auspices of Seward and his abolition associates, I fear for the fate of this Union."

The whigs were greatly embarrassed by General Scott, who persisted in making campaign speeches, some of which did him great harm. Their mass-meetings proved failures, notably one on the battle-ground of Niagara, but they endeavored to atone for these discouraging events by a profuse distribution of popular literature. Large editions were circulated of a tract by Horace Greeley, entitled *Why am I a Whig?* and of campaign lives of "Old Chapultepec," published in English, in French, and in German. But the people were no longer to be led by the spirit-stirring strains of the drum and fife, and General Scott received only the electoral votes of Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee; Pierce and King receiving two hundred and fifty-four votes against forty-one votes for Scott and Graham.

The intelligence of Daniel Webster's death at Marshfield, a few days before the presidential election, created a de-

cided sensation at Washington, where he was a general favorite. Those who attended the funeral saw his remains lying in the lower half of an iron coffin, beneath the shade of a large tree before the house. The body was dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons, white vest, cravat, pantaloons, and gloves, and shoes with dark cloth gaiters. His hands rested upon his breast, and his features wore a sad smile familiar to those who had known him in his later years. The village pastor conducted the services, after which the upper half of the coffin was put on, and it was taken on a low platform car, drawn by two black horses, to the burial ground on the estate. On either side of the remains walked the pall-bearers selected by the deceased, — six sturdy, weather-bronzed farmer fishermen, who lived in the vicinity, — while General Pierce, the mayor of Boston, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, and other distinguished personages followed as best they could. There were many evidences of grief among the thousands of Mr. Webster's friends present, and yet death was for him a fortunate escape from trouble. He was painfully aware that he had forfeited the political confidence of the people of Massachusetts, and gained nothing by so doing; he had found that he could not receive a nomination, even from the party which

he had so long served, for the presidential office he so much coveted; and his pecuniary embarrassments were very annoying. Neither could he, under the circumstances, have continued to hold an office under Mr. Fillmore, who, after his funeral, appointed Edward Everett as his successor in the department of state.

General Pierce received a severe blow after his election, a railroad accident depriving him of his only child, a promising boy, to whom he was devotedly attached. A week before the inauguration he escorted his sorrow-stricken wife to Baltimore, and then came to Washington, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Fletcher Webster. Mr. Fillmore received him cordially, and invited him to dine at the White House, where there was a reception given in his honor. An estimate of the character of the president elect was circulated that evening, as having been given to an itinerant lecturer who was stopping at a New Hampshire village inn by its landlord. "What sort of a man is General Pierce?" "Waal, up here, where everybody knows Frank Pierce, and where Frank Pierce knows everybody, he's a pretty considerable fellow, I tell you. But come to spread him out over this whole country, I'm afraid that he'll be dreadful thin in some places."

FRIENDS: A DUET.

XI.

"I would define a true friend to be one who will serve his companions next to his God." — M. FARADAY.

CHARLES NORDHALL went back to Salem, and took the business train as usual every morning for Boston, and took it again as usual every night for home,

and occupied himself with the real-estate business. This being a diversion which came to an end with daylight, he dreaded his evenings and nights. He paced his room (his housekeeper heard him) with habitual restlessness; he became sleepless, and therefore despondent; his case began to seem to him a complicated one.

At first, he busied himself in thinking how he should manage to return her veil. The sight of it sent the blood tingling with brave shame to his fingers' ends. It was as if one looked him in the eye, and said, "You are a dishonorable man!"

He could not remember when in all his clean and gentle life he had betrayed a trust before. The slightness of this offense was small comfort to an offender capable of perceiving its subtlety. At times he thought that if he had speculated with her money he should feel less remorse, and perhaps be no more blameworthy. He dreaded her return, when he must give back that insulted piece of gauze, and invent some decent reason to satisfy her suspicious or hurt surprise.

The more he thought of it, however, the more foolish — nay, impossible — it seemed to give it back now, at all. What could he tell her? That he had ceased to value her keepsake? What could he tell her? That he had kissed it in the Bethlehem hotel?

He took the thing and hid it away in a little old ivory box he had, that was his mother's; he put the box into a desk that stood in one of the great rooms of his empty house; he locked the desk, he locked the room, he put the keys away.

Now, the sensitive fellow breathed freer, and began with more calm, if no less pain, to investigate the position in which he found himself.

He loved her. The holy truth was out at last. He loved her. No mood or phase of feeling retracted, or disguised, or modified this terrible and blessed secret. For it was a secret yet, thank God! — his, and his only. He was glad he had found himself out in time. Sometimes he felt like going down on his knees, as he used to when he was a little boy, and thanking God in outright genuine fashion that he had never yet "made love" to her. No;

he had made friendship; that was all. Aside from that matter of the veil, he had no cause to reproach himself yet (so he thought at times) with wilful disloyalty to the confidence which she had reposed in him when she had accepted his constant interest in her life, his incessant contributions to her comfort, his deferent, distant tenderness, his help, his strength, his blind and bountiful idealization.

And yet he loved her. There was no return from this accepted consciousness. It was irrevocable in its way, like birth or death, the marriage tie itself, or any of the elemental facts of life. He could not "*unlove*," if he would. He was almost terrified to perceive, after he had thought of it a little while, that he would not if he could. . . . He had never loved a woman before. All the purity of boyhood and all the loneliness of maturity fed this feeling which was now the master of him. If he had known affection and touched fancy, he had never experienced a passion. At once it seemed to him the necessary condition of existence. He welcomed this cruel rapture. Better to love her, oh, best, a thousand times, though he put the deserts between them, or called on the mountains to cover him from the lighting of her rebuking eyes!

At times he was elated over her in his secret thought. She would not know it. She could not help it. It was as if the fact of his love gave him a power of possession. No other man could love her as he did, understand her as he did. What other, then, could come so near?

And then he would remember that another had come nearer than he — though he had all eternity to approach her in — could ever hope or dream to be.

And after this he would sit and say to himself, "And John Strong trusted me. I have failed him. I am a disloyal friend."

Nordhall was not, at this crisis in his history, a profoundly religious man; but, as distinguished from what, for want of a better term, we vaguely call in our day "unbelievers," he believed. At least he entertained no more serious doubts than the most of us as to whether what we know as death is in reality birth into another life.

Perhaps no man can be as constantly as he had been, for years now, in the immediate atmosphere of a trustful woman's faith without unconsciously inhaling it. Her unswerving assurance that her husband was alive had not been without its influence upon their friend.

The most important effect of the discovery that he had just made within himself was therefore a profound moral shock. It was as if he loved another man's wife.

More than this, had he not deceived himself and her, if not that dead man? Had he not burned false fires upon the altar of a pure and unsuspecting friendship?

Sometimes this seemed to him the worst of it. He had not only ruined a happiness more exquisite than he deserved, and disturbed a relation which might have illuminated his whole life and hers, but he had done so under what was a kind of disguise that in his most excited moments he called a dishonor, and in his calmer ones a misfortune. He alternately blamed and pitied himself. He passionately regarded that tide of feeling which had tossed him adrift and awreck, now as if he had been an intelligent and unguarded pilot, now as if he were a weed upon the foam of the wave.

In fact, before she had returned to Salem, and long before he had made up his mind what course to pursue in future, the stout fellow was worn sick (he had never been really strong since that blow) with his throes of heart and conscience. He suffered all that a sensitive man could suffer in such a position, and

what none but a sensitive man can understand. If you think him a foolish fellow, given to superstitions, obtuse to his own main chance, and morbidly considerate of inconceivable claims, which a healthy good sense, like your own, would dissipate like ghosts at a *séance*, — *este procul profani!* His history is not written for such as you.

Yet this delicate and honorable soul was not without its hearty human essence. Far more keenly than a more imaginative man, who had yet been spun of the same moral texture, Nordhall was awake to the practical sense of his position. He had none of the high fine ardors and illusions of the poetic temperament to sustain him on a ground against which his vigorous and cheerful nature rebelled with all its might. He only wished, with his whole heart, to do what was absolutely right; not right in the make-shift sense which so many of our hard-pressed decisions put into the stem word, but right as right could be, — right in effect, and in motive too; right not in quantity alone, but right in quality. He really wanted to do, not so much what was happiest for himself, as what was best for his two friends, the living and the dead.

Yet if it were possible to eliminate from one's estimate of character such a moral fact as this, we should say that Charles Nordhall was no exceptional nature. He was abundantly and blessedly like other people.

Indeed, he had always thought himself, except, perhaps, in a little fastidiousness of taste about women, like other men, — a conviction which in itself cannot be overestimated as a power of guidance through moral emergencies.

Now, too, he loved a woman, like other men. And now, — God knew! — it might be that like other men —

Oh, no; oh, *no, no!* His soul cried out within him when it came to that. He could have throttled the instinct, as if it had been a flesh-and-blood antago-

nist, met in the dark, which suggested to him that he might ever win that other happiness, more blessed, more bitter, more blind, than friendship; that he might teach her trustful eyes to turn to him, in time, that other look. He had seen it once,—one day when her husband came home unexpectedly in Boston. No man could forget who had ever seen it. Hers was not the “counterfeit” tenderness of what have been called the “pipe-clay” natures. . . . She, too, was a woman like other women; not great, nor wise, nor uncommon, except in this capacity of love. She was made of “rose-red clay.” She was dipped and saturated through and through in that divine and eternally fast color, long before she was moulded into this or that form, or fitness to this or that niche of life. She was a woman whose love would *last* a man. If any created tenderness could outlive one world and serve to supply another, Nordhall believed that tenderness was hers. Making the allowance for the lover’s emphasis, he was not, perhaps, far wrong.

And now she was coming home again, what should he do? Already the November elegy was in the winds of evening. The November frosts broke in the crisp morning, beneath his restless foot. There would be freezing flowers in the garden when she came home,—in three days, in two, in one, to-morrow. What should he do?

He spent that last night in an agitation which he determined should never shake him again. “I’m man enough for that yet, I hope,” he said. He walked the floor almost all night. Between two and three, he went down into his library to have it out. It was warmer there, and he felt stronger, less deserted, than in the empty second story. The coals were still bright in the grate. He sat by them shivering and bowed, like an old man. He suddenly realized that he had not been very well of late.

The strong fellow looked at his hands and muscular arms with a pathetic scorn.

“And she so frail,” he said aloud. He held the hand up to the light. It was growing thin.

There must be an end to that.

Should he go away,—to China, Paris, Patagonia? *Coward!*

Should he stay and tell her what had happened? Put spaces and silences and bars and guards and miseries between them? Leave her to mourn and suffer, and break her gentle heart with pity? Leave her to miss him, now that he had taught her to lean on him? Compel her to battle alone, whom he had comrades so bravely and so long,—yes, and so honorably, thank God! The more he thought of it, the more he came to take the icy comfort of this,—that he had been an honorable comrade. He had not meant to turn aside to this treachery. Because he had been cruel enough to love her, must she, therefore, be denied friend, friendliness, all?

God forbid!

Oh, what then? Should he try his chances, like a man? After all, *there are quick, and there are dead.* It was not John Strong who was the live human creature, with life before him, with its famine on him. . . . Suppose he tried, only tried, like any other man, to win her?

He looked about the room. Delirious visions of her possessed it. His eye roved from one piece to another of the old crimson leather-covered furniture. He could see her standing there against all that color. She sank into the deep-elbowed chair. She waited for him, a beautiful phantasm. It seemed to him that if he crossed the room he could touch it. It seemed to him that if he once did that it would all be settled, and he should go out to-morrow, like any other man, and woo his own.

His own? You who had her three years living and five dead,—John Strong! Come from the grave and answer! Can a live man claim his own?

He sank down again, shivering, by the little blaze; he threw on wood; he crouched, and somehow began to get warmer. He would think it all out. He knew now what he meant to do. He would have it quite clear, soon.

He stirred the blaze, and began to chafe his own hands as if he were restoring a person in a faint.

He perceived then that his first duty was to go up-stairs and get some sleep. He started at once with a firm step.

"If there's any manhood left in me, I'll put it to the proof!" he said aloud. "I will not tell her! And she shall not lose her friend."

XII.

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my end."

TRANSLATION OF DIES IRÆ.

Despite the Bethlehem doughnuts, Madam Strong did not regain her health. It might have been owing to the stone china, but Franconia failed.

While the Indian summer burned the heart out of October, while the haze wrapped the hills in violet, and the leaves fell slowly in scented heaps beneath feeble feet, and the noons kindled gentle fires for invalids creeping out, the State of New Hampshire justified Dr. Bishop's kind opinions, and made it clearer than ever why the best people in Salem employed him.

From the day, from the hour, that advancing November whistled down the mountains (it was the 26th of the month, at three in the afternoon, with the change of the wind from the south), the old lady shivered to the heart, said she was homesick, and must go. They would telegraph the doctor, lest he should think her disobedient.

The next night the breakers cried in their ears, the fog beat into their lungs, the familiar easterly rain blinded their eyes, Kaiser leaped rapturously upon them, and they were at home.

The doctor came to the house in the course of the evening, with that leisurely interest in an old patient which answers all the purpose of anxiety, and costs far less expenditure of sympathy; in a certain class of cases the physician's main capital. He stayed some time, chatting gayly of indifferent matters. Madam Strong felt a little hurt that he did not count her pulse, but would have died sooner than mention the omission. She was not certain if the doctor realized how tired she was. He talked a good deal with Reliance.

"You have thrived on Bethlehem," he said, carelessly. Reliance felt her cheeks blaze. Yet it was evident that Dr. Bishop had forgotten his impertinence of that other evening. She knew that it was childish in her to remember it. He looked over her, through her, with his calm, scientific gaze, but not at her, as he did before. She was thankful for this. It did not occur to her that the first duty of science is to know *when* to observe. So she too forgot about that little brush between herself and the doctor, as was fortunate, even though her mother did not call him often, and especially so if she did. When he came down-stairs, his manner changed; he said, —

"Your mother has taken cold. You need not tell her that I am coming in the morning."

"Do you mean" — began Reliance. She turned pale and faint.

"I mean nothing to-night. Follow my directions. Get up where it is warm, and to bed yourself. I will be here at quarter of nine."

Reliance had all the inexperience of illness which youth and health ought to involve, and her mind awakened slowly to the facts. But long before the doctor came she understood that she shared the house with danger. She had gone to bed herself a little while, between midnight and dawn. But at four Janet called her. She held the sufferer in her

arms, upon the great, square Strong pillows. She felt dazed and stunned; not as yet conscious of acute anxiety or distress. Her most distinct thought was a profound gratitude that they were not at Mrs. Brandy's, in that cold corridor, and had not to put medicine into tumblers half an inch thick, with stone-china preserve plates on top to hold the spoon. She had not imagination enough to conceive of the consequences, if her mother had been forced to call that village doctor.

Dr. Bishop testified his anxiety by his punctuality, and, after all, Reliance found that strange form of relief which we gain by setting one misery as foil to another, in exchanging her indistinct alarm for a distinct terror.

"Your mother has pneumonia. If the typhoidal type sets in, she will not, at her age, recover. I do not, however, expect this."

Reliance listened to the doctor very quietly. She was so calm that he regarded her twice, — once with the professional, once with the personal gaze. They were standing in the front hall, at the foot of the stairs. Reliance had her hand on the banister. The doctor was buttoning his heavy coat, bringing his eyebrows together in his intent way.

The bell rang while they stood talking, and Janet admitted Nordhall. He had just heard. He came at once, as was natural, to offer his services and sympathy. The two men regarded each other as the physician, bowing, passed out. Nordhall's whole face was a warrior, and put up a shield.

Reliance stayed down a few minutes and talked with her friend. She was comforted to see him. She looked lovelier (as few women do) for being tired, and her white wool wrapper heightened her pallor. He blamed himself for thinking of these things at such a time. She told him how kind Dr. Bishop was, and that she hoped everything from such skill and patience. She spoke courage-

ously. She was determined not to yield to her fears. And Dr. Bishop was so much "strength" (she had already caught this phrase from his patients) at such a time.

"Dr. Bishop is a widower," said Nordhall brusquely. He had not meant to say it. He had not meant to let the barbaric, elemental instinct flash out like this. How could he know he should be capable of a feeling so debasing, on an occasion so calculated to bring out the noblest of a man?

Nothing of the kind had ever happened to him before. The worst surprises of our natures overtake us not at our weakest, but at our most thoughtless moments.

When he came in and saw them there, it was as if a mighty hand had taken hold of his heart. It had never occurred to him, in all these years, that any other man could approach her in any way. Now, this fellow who played with life and death, could relieve or create her sufferings, could kill or cure the poor old lady, — stood with her in a world apart. For that instant Nordhall could have hated him and it. He could not conceive that she could be any less of a vision and a despair to another man than she was to himself. So the words leaped.

"And I," she gently said, "am a widow." She gave him a little calm smile. She might have turned him out of the house, he felt; he was almost ashamed to look her in the eye. She lifted her hands with that gesture which always set him beside himself.

"We won't talk of such things. The doctor never *thinks* of them. And I — am pretty tired — and glad, very glad, to see you. But I ought to go. You will come soon again? I thank you — we all thank you for this. It is a comfort to see you."

This was all she had time to say; it was more than enough. Nordhall went away abased, intoxicated, and triumphant.

But Madam Strong grew very ill. And the intense existence which the presence of serious illness creates in the well seized upon every occupant of the calm old house. Even Kaiser had the air of living upon his nerves. Reliance herself was especially confused with a sense of dual life. All this watching and wearying, this loving and longing and praying for the mother of her husband, struck and bared nerves over which the tissues had toughened. When Nordhall called with his ready sympathy, she came out from a world of memories to meet him. She had to adjust her thoughts to him. Yet she went back to her task, her prayer, her watch, nay, to her memory, the stronger for that sympathy.

At the outset of her illness Mrs. Winthrop L. Strong made her will and had a private conversation with her daughter-in-law, in which she discussed many family matters of interest to them both. This was quietly and fearlessly done. Madam Strong did not expect to die, but she knew Dr. Bishop's opinion of pneumonia at sixty-five. None of the Strong's had ever committed the impropriety of leaving the world without a proper disposition of their affairs. It was due to the family that Reliance should be in doubt about nothing. This done, she calmly settled her face, looking now more than ever like frail old porcelain, upon the dignified pillows that death itself would not dare to rumple, and put herself in her doctor's hands.

"And the Lord's," sobbed Reliance, one day, kissing her.

"Oh, yes, and the Lord's, of course," said the old lady, with pious carelessness. The Lord was so evidently a secondary consideration in the case, that it seemed unnecessary to mention him to Dr. Bishop's patients.

There was something fine, after all, poor old soul, in this stately yet abandoned dependence. Madam Strong had always held pronounced views touching

the humility of ignorance, especially in the laity, whether ecclesiastical or scientific. Down at the bottom of her placid soul was one spark of fire. She thought it rather grand to know where and whom to trust. All her life she had obeyed reverence and revered obedience. This is a habit of mind which makes it easier to have pneumonia at sixty-five. One sends for the clergyman. One summons the family physician. With the rest one has nothing to do.

"Dr. Bishop speaks hopefully, mother, dear," Reliance would say. And then would come the earnest, unvarying whisper, —

"The doctor *knows*."

"He has taken me through very severe diseases," she said one day, most peacefully. "*I've never died yet*. We trust the bridge that carries us over. I do not expect to die, my dear, in Dr. Bishop's hands."

There grew to be something inexpressibly touching, in the very front of death, in this unquestioning hope; and that little weakness about the doctor, which Reliance used to smile at, now went to her heart. Nay, now the weakness had become strength.

Such, Dr. Bishop said, were the patients a physician could save if he could any. Their chance was doubled. If she fretted or rebelled, she would have no chance. And such were the patients it — to lose — took the life out of a man —

The doctor's fine eyes filled. He held the old lady's hand in both his own, as if she had been his child. She had been his patient a good many years.

"I'm sorry to suffer so much, doctor," said Madam Strong apologetically. "Don't mind! I'm sure that last medicine will give relief. I shall be — better" —

She repeated this phrase at intervals, when too weak for connected sentences. "I shall be — better — *The doctor knows*." It was impossible, however, for

her to talk much. Reliance, as she sat alone with her, especially when it was her turn to watch at night, bent over her sometimes with confused longings to say words for which she never found a safe or fitting time. If her mother died, in spite of Dr. Bishop (and the Lord), she would go to heaven. John was in heaven. It was to be expected, it would be natural (if heaven were a natural place at all), that he would meet his mother immediately. . . . Was there anything in the law or the gospel, in good sense or good Christianity, to prevent her from sending a message to John?

Reliance thought she would do so, by and by.

But by and by her mother rallied, and seemed so much improved that they sent for the doctor in glad haste to witness the important change. This was on the fifteenth day of her illness.

Dr. Bishop came in, filling the room with his alert but quiet presence. His old patient was propped upon the pillows; behind her, the faithful young arms whose every curve and touch were daughterly. Reliance, as the physician entered, glanced keenly up, and looked away.

"You see, doctor," — Madam Strong turned her triumphant smile upon him, — "you see how much better! I told you I could not die in your hands."

To emphasize her words she placed her shadowy hand on his, as if it had been a weight which he must carry; and softly adding, "I shall get well, now. You need not be anxious about me any longer, doctor! I *knew you knew*" — fell asleep, and woke no more where human trust in human weakness can be wounded or disturbed. She died believing in her doctor. Is it impossible that she may (in a state where capacity for faith is the first condition of existence) the more easily, therefore, believe in her Lord?

It was the daughter who had to turn comforter that night. The physician

was quite broken down. Reliance got him down-stairs, and had a fire lighted, and made him sit by it. She assured him they were satisfied with everything. She begged him to consider how faithful he had been, and kind. She reminded him how fond of him her mother was, would be, "will always be," she faltered. She leaned over him assuringly. His sensitiveness to that last scene deeply moved her.

"If there's anything in it," cried the man of science, rebelliously pacing the long, splendid, sorrowful rooms, — "in all this they profess about what comes after (God knows! it's no more senseless than some other things we believe), — if there's any truth in it, I say, how do you think she'll feel to wake up dead and find I had n't saved her, after all that trust? . . . I never had *just* such a case. True. It was her time to die. She had lived her life. She was ripe. But to be trusted like that, and for her to die *telling you so!* It's fortunate a man does n't have such scenes to go through every day. It would tear him to pieces. You must excuse me. I have been up for four successive nights. I am less strong than usual, and I did not expect so sudden a turn to this case. I pray you to pardon me for forgetting myself, and you, like this."

At this moment Reliance felt, rather than saw, that Nordhall was beside them. He had entered unannounced. There was nothing for him to say. There was nothing for any of them to say. The physician lingered only to take Reliance miserably by the hand, and passed out. He scarcely noticed the other man, whose impressions of himself no more entered his imagination at such a moment than the fluctuations of a case of influenza, or the food that he had ordered for his last baby. His was an experience beside which the vagaries of Platonic friendship would have seemed in deed and truth of less importance than the nature of arrowroot or the strength of

mustard plaster. He might have said that his life was too real for phantasms. Yet with that reservation which his nature and his profession left for interests not directly bearing upon scientific truth, he appreciated Mrs. Strong. When he had no anxious cases in hand he even admired her. But that dead old patient up-stairs touched pulses in his soul finer than any woman's soft young finger-tip could count. He went alone to his temperament. He turned in that solemn hour to his unshared experience. Nordhall and Reliance, who were not scientific, turned to each other.

They turned to each other, like children, with the scathing honesty of grief. One look of hers was all he needed; that other man vanished from his world, too, as if he had been a breath upon a frosty window wiped out by a warm hand. He, *he*, could befriend her. She needed *him*. He comforted her. He leaned above her, and silently thanked God for so much as this. He was glad she could give up and cry now, poor girl, all she would, and that she did not seem to mind it that he was there.

When she lifted her face, wet, warm, and sweet, to try and speak to him, she said, "If it is all true, what we believe, she has *seen* him!"

He really did not understand her at the moment, and he said so. She glanced up towards the room. Already it seemed days that death had been in the house.

It was not without a touch of fear that Reliance answered:—

"Why, mother has seen John!" It comforted her to have some one to say it to.

XIII.

"Happiness is a kind of energy. . . . Now to a solitary person life is burthensome; for it is not easy to energize constantly by one's self."

ARISTOTLE.

We are always surprised at the last, even by expected death, as we are sur-

prised by the lightning-flash for which we have been holding our breath.

The brief illness which had reunited John Strong's mother to her son left his wife, more than might have been, stunned and alone. She was not conscious till it was all over how she had been bound to her past by the daily presence and insistence of ties which gave cohesion to memory and adhesion to duty. Now it seemed almost as if she had been widowed again. There was nothing left of her husband in the world,—nothing but this old home of his (hers now), through which thought traveled like the haunted, and feeling like a prisoner.

Reliance had a healthy way of bearing trouble, and it was with no morbid luxuriousness of grief that her instinct sought solitude. She was surprised when Nordhall came in, one day, and asked her whom she should have to spend the winter with her.

"Why, Janet and Jacobs, and Kaiser, of course."

"No one else?"

"I do not want anybody else. They take excellent care of me."

"I had thought," suggested he, hesitatingly, "that it would be pleasanter if some lady friend"—

"Well?" for he paused. "No; it would not be pleasanter. I said so."

"Better, then," he added firmly. "I think, if I were you, I would send for somebody. I do not like to have you here alone."

"You speak urgently," she said, after some thought. She knitted her brows.

"I at least speak honestly."

"Thank you. I know you do. There is no one but Myrtle. Myrtle might come. I suppose her brother's wife could spare her. I have a cousin Jane somewhere. But I don't like my cousin Jane. I've been separated from what relatives I have, marrying so young; I have n't many. There is no one very near. I was such a little girl when my

father and mother died! But I loved my auntie who took care of me. It was the year we were married that *she* died." Her thoughts had strayed; her eyes had the liquid look that precedes or prevents tears. "There is no one I should quite like to call upon to come and live with me. One does not realize these things till one is truly quite alone. But why should I have some one this winter, more than all winters?"

"It may be that you will want some one every winter," he answered slowly.

"Do you mean that you think it is n't *suitable* for me to live here alone?" asked Reliance, with a flash of feeling, — "a widow of my years, with her servants. You grow incredibly conventional, Mr. Nordhall!"

"I did not say it was unsuitable."

"It might be, for all I should ever have thought of it!" said she nervously.

Now really, at the bottom of Nordhall's mind or heart lay a thought or feeling which he shrank from expressing. He could not have denied that he might consider it preferable for her to be less alone since he frequented the house as much as he did, and would. He could not say this to her. But he could think for her. He could not bear that she should not be sensitive to any little conventionality which was truly deserving of respect, nor, on the other hand, could he bear to have her forced to dwell upon such matters. Perhaps he had never before practically realized the indefiniteness of their position as regarded each other. As he went home that afternoon and thought it over, it seemed to him to be without adjustment to the rest of the world; it missed likenesses and visible precedents, and puzzled him. He perceived with clear sadness why it had not puzzled her. His self-acknowledged feeling was a scorching illuminator to him. His love gave him new senses, with which he grasped unentered conditions. She had no such senses, because she had no such

love. The simplicity of her feeling was beautiful, but terrible, to him.

If her simplicity after this conversation was less direct than he supposed, she gave no sign.

She wandered about the house alone that evening, oppressed to suffocation with the solitude of her life. A Platonian friend cannot stay too late, nor be on hand at the exact crisis of one's need. He cannot even come too often.

She sought her mother's room, where the last unfinished baby-sock lay on the light-stand, where the old lady had left it the day she tried in vain to knit, after her illness was begun. The work-basket in half-mourning stood upon the bureau. Those volumes of Scott they carried to Bethlehem were in the yet unpacked trunks. The Heart of Mid-Lothian lay by itself upon the lower shelf of the bookcase, awaiting the annual December reading. It would be December, now, in a very little while. Reliance felt her heart yearn over every weakness or oddity, each household habit or whim, belonging to the gentle life whose close seemed to have left her, somehow, as unprotected as a child. She cried that evening like a child. She looked backwards with dull longing. She looked forwards with dull fear. What world was this she was about to enter? John was not of it, nor John's kin. She seemed to have made a false beginning to a foreign life. She sat down before she went to bed, and wrote inviting Myrtle Snowe to spend the winter.

Janet came in about nine o'clock, and said: "Mrs. Strong, dear?"

There was nobody but Janet to say Good-night to. Oh yes, and Kaiser.

Nordhall sat in the library with the red leather furniture. The housekeeper came in for orders, and went away. He had no dog, and his cigar could not say Good-night. He threw it aside with a faint disgust. He never quite liked to smoke when he was thinking of her.

He blamed himself for having disturbed her with his suggestion that afternoon, as he would have blamed himself if he had not. He was conscious of a new, an urgent, responsibility for her, omnipresent as Deity, and almost as solemn to the lover's thought. It was because his *was* the lover's thought. The nature of his feeling could no more help altering the nature of his relation to her than December or June could help altering the golden lilies in her garden.

And yet, so far as her consciousness or interests were concerned, this indefinite change was now an advantage. Nordhall knew that he had grown graver, calmer. He did not lose poise in her presence. The self-control which his self-knowledge now required of him extended itself to the minutest act. In the quaint old sacred phrase, he was "exercised thereby." He was like the athlete who is a better racer for being able to stand on his head.

"I should like to know if she *is* lonely," thought Nordhall, looking around the library. But he had been there two evenings this week. He must resolutely refrain from an over-mitigation of her solitude. Such was one of the penalties of their anomalous position. He was not her brother. He was not her lover. Society had no code for an absorbed friend.

The winter set in quietly. The flowers froze in the garden, the breakers cried from the shore, the colors chilled upon the sky. But within the house the hearts of great fires opened like yellow blossoms, and restless thoughts, as if they had been summer birds, took shelter by them. Myrtle came, and Reliance welcomed her; and the two ladies pursued, each in her own fashion, the broken-winged ideal of a home. Myrtle was ailing a little; this was partly the effect of too much society, and partly too much sister-in-law; she was glad to be quiet, to have her own way, practice

when she felt like it without disturbing babies, and read a good novel of an evening. She fitted with as little jar as was possible to the habits of Mrs. Strong's family. Reliance herself returned with more or less spasmodic success to the philanthropic labors which her mother's illness and death had interrupted. The continuity of her work was interfered with somewhat by business cares consequent upon the settlement of the estate, in which Nordhall's assistance was freely offered and necessarily accepted. This threw them a good deal together, more than Nordhall had intended should be the case. Sometimes she would look up and say, "Am I a burden to you?"

Then, taking but a moment to subdue the mad motion of his heart, he would tell her gently, No; she knew better. And then she would look at him gratefully, and think *how* gentle he was this winter, how controlled and calm, how free from that old impulsive way of his, — liable to break out one never knew when, into gusts of feeling one never understood. Reliance was aware of a change of climate in him. He was more equable. He commanded strength. He had repose. She thought this a tribute to her affliction, and thanked him in her heart. It seemed as if no need of hers arose which this kind friend did not know how to meet. All her bruised youth, shorn of its joy and ruined of its natural atmosphere, leaned upon him.

There is no plot to this story. It is the tale of a not unusual life, and usual life is not plotted against by its Director. Planned we find it, in an always careful, often mysterious, and sometimes intricate sense of the word. Yet there are not apt to be elements of surprise in the histories of women like Reliance Strong more abrupt than those which lie compressed within their own natures, and in the natures which they chemically attract or repel.

There is no plot, I say, to this history,

but it was perhaps a part of its plan that before that uneventful winter was over, Mr. Griggs should be found one night in the streets of Salem as drunk as a "reformed man" could well be.

This took place on an arctic February day, and it was not till the decline of one of the bitterest evenings of the season that Mrs. Strong was made acquainted with the fact. It was Janet's "evening out," and by means of the united protection of Jacobs and that pretty blue veil which crossed behind, she had managed to get over the marshes and home to see her mother and the eleven little Griggses who fed and shared the sisterly sentiment in Janet's heart. Poor little Janet! It is not perhaps so small a bereavement to lose an "evening out" that we need scorn her for the consciousness of weak disappointment that lurked within her sense of grave affliction. For it is true that there were wondrous minstrels in Salem that night, of whom Jacobs, having seen the world, had complimentary opinions, which doubtless would insure any performers a house: and one calls to see one's mother on the way purely as a piece of supererogatory virtue which it was incredible that Providence should punish. It seemed hard to Janet for a moment that her father could not have chosen any other night in the year to get drunk on. But she turned her back on Satan (with whom she bade Jacobs keep his appointment), and loyally returned to her mistress with one of her father's "reformed" friends and the serious news.

Mr. Griggs had been drugged. He had been guilty of the grave imprudence of taking a cup of tea from another man's hand. The day was cold; the tea was hot; Mr. Griggs shivered, trusted, and was betrayed. He was now making wildly from groggery to groggery along the streets of Salem, as insane as any man in Bedlam, and as innocent as any out of it. This was the testimony

of the honest fellow whom Janet brought with her (he had the affecting name of Babbs), and it was testimony which Mrs. Strong felt no inclination to doubt. Such deeds come too frequently within the knowledge of those who interest themselves in this especial phase of humanitarian effort, to excite surprise. One learns to observe them with something of the acceptance given to the stab of the bayonet or the groan of the dying by the spectator at a battle.

"We've sent a committee to watch him," said Mr. Babbs. "We've been on his tracks ever since he left the house. It was one of that lot up at Cranby's did it. He did it on a bet, and that's the holy truth and right of the case, ma'am, and there's none of us can't manage him, not his wife nor none; and if he *ain't* got home he'll drink himself dead before to-morrow noon. There's that danger when they've sworn off so long, and break sudden. And one of the men said, says he, 'I wish the Lady knew it; *she'd* manage him,' says he; 'I wish the Lady knew.'"

The Lady had never been called upon in an emergency like this before; though she was acquainted with women who had, and to whom the inside of drinking-hells was as familiar and as sacred ground as the locked rooms where they went to say their prayers in their own homes, with their children's voices in their ears. She hesitated an instant, then scorned herself for her hesitation; went up and told Myrtle that some of her poor people were in trouble, ordered the carriage, took Mr. Babbs and Janet and Kaiser into it, and got quietly away as soon as she could. She a little expected Nord-hall that evening, and she neither chose to argue the case against him, nor to be seen in company among those men. Her instinct shrank from that. She would go with such protectors as were natural to the extremity, do her duty as God aided her, and get home again as safe and as soon as he permitted.

She managed as wisely as she could. Janet had filled the carriage with half the wraps in the house, and they made such haste as the case admitted of. But it soon became necessary to leave the carriage.

"I would n't resk kerridge-folks about these parts," said Mr. Babbs. "There might be — followin'. I'd ask your driver to wait here."

Thus it fell out that they walked the length of the dreadful street in the wind. Reliance was scarcely conscious of a chill, and the whole thing did not take fifteen minutes. She kept her hand on Kaiser's head, but was not frightened. She was intensely excited by the sickening scenes through which she passed, by the responsibility of her errand, and by the deadly cold itself. Mr. Babbs walked a little in advance of them; the two women followed him in perfect silence; he glancing in at sights from which he shielded them, passing from saloon-door to saloon-door, with that trained scent for his man which the recovered drunkard possesses, and which may be either a specimen of profound detective's work or of superb Christian enthusiasm. In this good fellow's case it was a little of both.

"There!" he said at last, below his breath. And the Lady, like a private at Balaklava, followed him in. Kaiser moved a pace or two, and preceded her.

Poor Griggs stood in the middle of the place, a maniac and melancholy sight. There were other men, but Reliance for-

got the men. She stepped in like a spirit; she was as pale, and seemed to shine. It was all done in a minute. It seemed to her afterwards a very simple thing to do; not at all heroic, nor dangerous, nor dreadful. She only put her ungloved hand upon his arm, and said in her distinct, "pure womanly" voice, —

"Your daughter and I are here. We will take you home. Shall we come now? I think I would, if I were you," she added clearly (for the crazed creature hesitated), in the dead silence which had fallen upon the men and upon all the place.

He obeyed her. She thought he would. It was all over; they got him to the carriage, and so home to his wife and babies. There he fell into delirium tremens.

Only the Lady could control him at first; so, as was natural, having sent word home to Myrtle, and a messenger for Dr. Bishop, who was out of town, she stayed.

At five in the morning, with the thermometer below zero, without food, without sleep, she got out into the deathly cold again, and so home and to bed.

She did not leave it for many weeks. Dr. Bishop did not diagnose the case with his usual decision; though Myrtle, with that readiness of scientific conviction characteristic of the laity, pronounced it neuralgia of the heart. There seemed to be a mysterious surrender of life's forces, — a surrender to sheer excitement, cold, and care.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

EUGÈNE SCRIBE.

CARLYLE speaks of Diderot as "successful in criticism, successful in philosophy, — nay, highest of sublunary glories, successful in the theatre." Accepting this last dictum, we may venture

the assertion that no writer ever enjoyed so much of the highest of sublunary glories as Eugène Scribe; for no maker of plays, either before or since, was ever so uniformly successful, and over so wide

an area. *Æschylus* and *Aristophanes* did not always get the prize they strove for; and even when they did triumph their fame was limited to their own city, or at most to Greece and its chain of colonies. Scribe's luck rarely failed him, and his best pieces were carried not only all over France, but around the world. His fertility was as unailing as his good fortune. The output of his fiction-factory is enormous. In the year 1823 alone he brought out nearly a score of plays. In the half century of his incessant production he wrote more than four hundred dramatic pieces, of one kind or another, beside a dozen or more novels. In bulk his work is barely equaled by *Lope de Vega's* or by *Hardy's*, by *De Foe's* or by *Voltaire's*, or, in our own day, by the elder *Dumas's*. His complete works are now in course of publication; sixty closely printed volumes, of some four hundred pages each, have already appeared, and the end is not yet. He began life with a trifling patrimony; by his pen he made sometimes as much as one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year; for the one long novel he wrote, for serial publication in a newspaper, he received sixty thousand francs; and when he died he left a fortune of quite two millions of francs. To these material gains there was added the honor of a seat among the illustrious forty of the French Academy.

Born in 1791, Scribe began to write for the stage before he was twenty. Like many another dramatist, he was intended for the law, before his success on the stage justified his giving up the bar. Like many another dramatist, moreover, his earlier dramatic attempts proved failures. If we may credit *M. Ernest Legouvé*, his fellow-craftsman and sometime literary partner, Scribe saw fourteen of his plays miss fire before he made his first hit. Then, turning from the servile imitation of *Picard* and *Duval*, he began to look at the life

around him, and determined to place on the stage the petty foibles of the day. His first attempt at what an American dramatist has called "contemporaneous human interest" was *Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale*, a vaudeville in one act, brought out in 1816. It attracted instant attention; the citizen soldiers it made fun of chose to take offense; there was much bluster, and some talk of a challenge to mortal combat. The piece, in the mean time, set everybody laughing, and Scribe saw that, after prospecting vainly, he had found at last the lead he could work to advantage. The vaudeville, when Scribe took it up, was in a middle stage of its evolution. Originally, it had been a sort of satirical ballad or a string of epigrams, telling pointedly an anecdote of the hour or girding sharply at an unpopular official or favorite. This is the vaudeville whereof *Boileau* speaks when he says, —

"Le Français, né malin, forma le vaudeville."

About the beginning of the last century, this versified anecdote came to be cast into dialogue and sung in public, appropriate action aiding. For the theatre in the fair first, and afterward for the Italian comedians, *Lesage* and *Piron* wrote vaudevilles of this type, rudimentary plays, the words of which were all in rhyme, ready for the vocalists. By the end of the century the vaudeville had got a little more dramatic consistence, remaining, however, either the parody of a play or opera popular at another theatre, or a brief and brisk setting on the stage of an anecdote. Such it was when Scribe began to write, and to him was due its final transformation. First he freshened it, as we have seen, by attacking the follies and the fashions of the day; then, as soon as he felt himself secure, he broadened its scope. The versified anecdote, dramatic only by courtesy, gave place to a complete play, which, slight as it might be, had a beginning, a middle, and an end. Traces of the old form survived in the

frequent sets of verses written to well-known airs, and almost meant to be said rather than sung. In these *couplets*, as the snatches of song were called, were put the special points of the dialogue, the best jests, the *jeux d'esprit*. But in Scribe's hands reliance was had on the situation rather than on the dialogue. For the first time a vaudeville was seen with an imbroglio as involved and as full of comic uncertainty as might have sufficed hitherto for a play of far greater pretensions.

In 1820, four years after Scribe's first success, M. Poirson, his collaborator in that play, opened the Gymnase theatre, and at once bound Scribe by contract not to write for any rival house for the space of ten years. This is the decade of Scribe's most copious production. Aided by a host of collaborators, he brought out at the Gymnase a hundred and fifty pieces, nearly all of them vaudevilles. Sure of his public, Scribe gave the vaudeville still greater extension: from one act he enlarged it often to two, and at times to three acts; from a merely jocular and hasty representation of scenes from every-day life, he raised it now into comedy, and again into drama. As he trusted more and more to his plot, to the situations which his marvelous constructive skill enabled him to present to the best advantage, the couplets, although still retained, became of less and less importance; they could even be omitted without great loss. In at least one case this was done. Scribe had written a vaudeville in one act for the Gymnase, intending the chief part for Léontine Fay, who, however, fell sick before the piece was put in rehearsal. The author cut out the couplets, and cut up the play into three acts, changing but one line of his original prose in so doing. Then he took Valérie, a comedy in three acts, to the Théâtre-Français, where it was accepted at once, and where Mademoiselle Mars acted the blind heroine with her usual

graceful perfection. This anecdote shows how the vaudeville had grown in Scribe's hands. A vaudeville which a skillful touch or two will turn into a comedy fit for the Comédie-Française is very far from the vaudeville which is only a hastily dramatized anecdote. Of this *comédie-vaudeville*, then, Scribe was really the inventor, as well as its most industrious maker.

The new *comédies-vaudevilles* varied in range from pretty and semi-sentimental comedy, like Valérie, to light farce, like L'Intérieur d'un Bureau. As fast as they appeared in Paris they were adapted to the London market by Planché, Dance, Poole, or Charles Mathews the younger. As typical as any is Zoé, ou l'Amant Prêté, which Planché turned into the Loan of a Lover. Those who recall that well-worn little comedy can form a not unfair idea of the hundred other plays of its kind which Scribe wrote for the Gymnase. Those who will take the trouble to compare the English play with the French will see that the adaptation is a better bit of work than the original. Planché, having a story ready to his hand, could spend time and give thought to the consistency and coherence of the characters who were to take part in it. To Scribe the situations were of first importance, and no more strength was imparted to the characters than was needed to get them through the ingenious intrigue. There is a sharp contrast between the innate and carefully cultivated tact with which Scribe handled the succeeding situations of these lively little dramas and the careless way he set on their legs the people whom he was to guide through the labyrinth.

I do not pretend to have read all of Scribe's four hundred and more dramatic pieces, or even the half of them, but I have read or seen acted all those which the consensus of criticism has indicated as the most typical and the best; and in all these plays I do not recall one

single character thoroughly thought out and wrought out, breathing the breath of life and moving of its own will. By an effort of memory I can call up a crowd of pretty faces with a strong family likeness, or a lot of young gentlemen who have got themselves into an unpleasant scrape. But that is all. The people who pass through these plays are merely profiles; they are like the plane of the geometricians, — without thickness and impalpable. Scribe had some knowledge of human nature, but it was only skin deep. He had insight enough, but it went just below the surface, and no further: now, nothing is more temporary than superficial human nature. Scribe never got behind the man of the time to find man as he is at all times. His characters are silhouettes into which the scissors have cut also the date. The fifteen years of the Restoration were the years when Scribe wrote the most of his *comédies-vaudevilles*, and it does not need the title-page to tell us that they were acted before 1830. Scribe had looked around him, and seen the mighty industrial progress of France freed at last from the bondage of the old Bourbon rule, from the uneasiness and ferment of the Revolution, and from the military strain of the empire. Sick of martial glory, all France was trying to make money; and yet in picturesque juxtaposition to the new brood of bankers and merchants and manufacturers stood the survivors of the empire and the Revolution. So these *comédies-vaudevilles* are full of old soldiers, sergeants and colonels and generals, all singing bits of verse in which *guerriers* rhymes with *lauriers*; and in contrast with these are the money-makers, and the usual young men and pretty dolls of women, more or less witty and wicked. By dint of off-hand sketching of these as they floated by on the current of middle-class society, Scribe had made for himself a full set of the personages which might be needed in any *comédie-*

vaudeville; and having once got a stock of these figures he used them again and again, much as the deviser of one of the old Italian *commedia dell' arte* used the pedant and Brighetta, the captain and the doctor, and the rest of the instantly recognizable masks.

A comparison, not without interest, might be instituted between the *comédie-vaudeville* of Scribe and the *commedia dell' arte* as it became naturalized in France by the harlequin Dominique and his fellows, the friends of Molière. In each case it was especially the amusement of the people of Paris, of the shop-keeping class above all; and, as I have said already, in each case characters and dialogue were of less importance than plot and situation. The fecundity of Scribe in providing new subjects far surpassed that of his Italian predecessors. Goethe told Eckermann that Gozzi said that there were only thirty-six tragic situations, and added that Schiller had thought there were more, but could never succeed in finding even so many. Granting that the comic situations outnumber the tragic, there must be an end to them, at length; but Scribe seemed inexhaustible. When one turns out from ten to twenty new plays every year for ten years, there must be some repetition, some use of stale matter, some attempt at a *rechauffée*. But France is not a country with ten religions and only one sauce, and a French play-maker, if he be as skillful as Scribe, can serve you over again any old drama with a new dressing, so deftly disguised that you would scarce know it. Scribe took suggestions everywhere: from Marryat he borrowed Japhet in Search of a Father; from Mrs. Inchbald, A Simple Story; from Hertz, the lovely King René's Daughter; and from Cooper's Lionel Lincoln he got the germ of La Bohémienne, ou l'Amérique en 1775, a highly comic drama of our Revolution, which might have been adapted to advantage during the centen-

nial excitement. Scribe was fond also of doing over again in his more modern manner some of the masterpieces of the past; and so we have *Les Nouveaux Jeux de l'Amour et l'Hasard* and *Le Nouveau Pourceaugnac*,—even Molière did not scare him! Then, too, he did his own plays over again. M. Legouvé tells us that he quite forgot his own work, sometimes, and would sit and listen to it, criticising it freely, without recalling it as his own; and I have seen somewhere an anecdote of his saying, as the curtain fell on a piece of his which was an obvious failure, "No matter; I will do it again next year!" He did over not only his own failures, but those of other dramatists, when they bungled a good idea.

Beside all his borrowing from himself and from others, borrowing in which there was no deceit or dishonesty,—a more straightforward and upright man than Scribe never lived,—he had the assistance of the crowd of collaborators who encompassed him about. Scarce a tithe of his earlier plays were written by Scribe alone. First and last, he must have had half a hundred collaborators, most of them unknown now out of France, and well-nigh forgotten even there. Not a few were men of mark on the French stage at that time. Three or four may be known to the world at large: Saintine, for instance, the author of *Picciola*; and Bayard, the author of the *Gamin de Paris*; and Saint-Georges, the author of the libretto of *Martha* and of many another opera; and M. Legouvé, the author of *Medée*. So many were his partners that he was accused of keeping a play-factory, under the style of Scribe & Co., just as Dumas had been charged with keeping a novel-factory. But Scribe's treatment of his collaborators was in marked contrast with Dumas's. Scribe always did more than his share of the work, and was ready to give them more than their share of the credit. He never

tried to grasp all the gold or the glory for himself. His collaborators remained his friends; and it was to them collectively that he dedicated the complete edition of his plays. One brought him a suggestion, another a plot in detail, a third a few couplets; whatever the share in the work, they were always named in the bill of the play and on the title-page, and they always drew a proportion in the profits. The most of the labor was always Scribe's, and sometimes the contribution of the partner was so slight that he could not point it out. M. Dupin once brought Scribe an ill-made two-act vaudeville, from which, however, Scribe got a suggestion that he immediately worked over into a one-act play of his own, *Michel et Christine*. To the first performance he invited Dupin, who never knew he was seeing his own piece until it had succeeded and the chief actor had announced as its authors MM. Scribe and Dupin. Again, M. Cornu came up from the country with a bag full of melodramas, one of which he begged Scribe to glance at. When he next called, months afterward, Scribe asked him if he had time to listen to a play. M. Cornu was pleased with the compliment, pleased with the vaudeville Scribe read, and astonished as well as pleased when told that he was its author. "I found an idea in your melodrama," said Scribe; "to me an idea is enough." So the Chanoinesse declares itself on its title-page to be by MM. Scribe and Cornu. M. Dupin had not written a line of one play, nor M. Cornu of the other, nor had they even recognized their ideas in Scribe's work; yet he acknowledged his obligation to them and shared his profits with them. But Scribe's delicacy went even farther than this. In 1822 M. de Saint-Georges brought him a piece turning on a game of lansquenet. "You have lost your labor," said Scribe; "your play is impossible. If you want to make dramatic use of a game of cards, you must choose

a game familiar to play-goers now, — *écarté*, for example." And then he went on showing how such a play might be written, what its plot might be, and what might be done and said. When he paused, Saint-Georges suggested that he had just sketched a play, only needing to be written out. "So I have!" said Scribe, smiling; and in November, 1822, there was acted at the *Gymnase* a vaudeville called *L'Ecarté*, by MM. Scribe and Saint-Georges. Now M. Saint-Georges had contributed nothing whatever to the piece, but as his play had been the cause of the talk out of which *L'Ecarté* sprang, Scribe chose to consider him as a collaborator. Surely delicacy can go no further than this!

Perhaps the making of a vaudeville like *Michel et Christine*, or the *Chanoinesse*, or *L'Ecarté*, was such an easy thing to Scribe that he held it lightly, — although it must not be forgotten that he shared the substantial profits of the play as well as the more immaterial honor. When, however, he took a higher flight, and rose from the *comédie-vaudeville*, never longer than three acts, to the full-length five-act comedy of manners, meant for the *Théâtre Français*, he renounced all outside aid, and relied on himself alone. The only fault his collaborators had ever found with him was his insisting on doing more than his share of the work; when he began to write for the *Comédie-Française* he cast them aside altogether, and did all the work. Dumas, whose assistants were as many, but not as loyally treated, as Scribe's, once defended himself over Scribe's shoulders, and declared that collaboration is a hindrance, and not a help. When Scribe was received at the French Academy one of his dissatisfied colleagues is said to have murmured, "It is not a chair we should give him, but a bench to seat all his collaborators." And there were not wanting those who insinuated that his literary partners supplied all the ideas and

deserved all the credit; on these he turned the tables by doing alone and unaided his most important and in many respects his best work.

Fifty years ago the *Théâtre-Français*, owing to the strict division of styles among the theatres of Paris, and the reservation to it of the masterpieces of classic tragedy and comedy, was an institution more august and of higher dignity than it is even now. Scribe, broken to every ruse and wile of theatrical effect by the experience gained in a hundred plays, and speaking on the stage as one having authority, turned from the *Gymnase* (though without wholly giving up the *comédie-vaudeville*), and brought out at the *Théâtre-Français* a series of comedies of higher pretensions. *Valérie* was produced by the *Comédie-Française* in 1822, half by accident, as we have seen. Five years later, in the midst of his incessant production at the *Gymnase*, he brought out at the *Théâtre-Français* his first five-act comedy, the *Mariage d'Argent*. It failed. "Here, at last," said Villemain, when receiving Scribe into the French Academy, "is a complete comedy, without couplets, without collaborators, sustaining itself by its dramatic complexity, by the unity of its characters, by the truth of the dialogue, and by the vivacity of its moral." But at first the old play-goers, who were wont to meet in the house of Molière, keen to protect its traditions, would not hear of Scribe's comedy; it was the work of a *vaudevilliste* only too obviously, they said, and they sent him back to his couplets and his collaborators. But though the piece failed in Paris, it succeeded amply in the provinces.

Soon the *Théâtre-Français* was bearing the brunt of the Romanticist onslaught; and soon a more material revolution overthrew the Bourbon throne. Scribe was the only French dramatist of prominence who took no part in the struggle between the Romanticists and the Classicists, who went quietly on in

his own way, and who held his public as firmly after the success of *Antony* and *Hernani* as before the publication of the preface to *Cromwell*. But the revolution of July affected him more closely. The *Gymnase* had been called the "Théâtre de Madame," and on the withdrawal of the princely protection its future seemed less favorable. Besides, the turn of the political wheel had brought into view subjects for which the stage of the *Gymnase* was too small. So Scribe went to the *Théâtre-Français* again, and *Bertrand et Raton*, ou *l'Art de Conspirer*, was acted there in November, 1833, nearly six years after the check of the *Mariage d'Argent*. In the next fifteen years seven other five-act comedies, written by Scribe alone, were acted by the *Comédie-Française*: *L'Ambitieux* (1834); *La Camaraderie, ou la Courte Echelle* (1837); *La Calomnie*, and *Le Verre d'Eau, ou les Effets et les Causes* (1840); *Une Chaîne* (1841); *Le Fils de Cromwell, ou une Restauration* (1842); and *Le Puff, ou Mensonge et Vérité* (1848). These comedies, notwithstanding their well-jointed skeletons, are already aging terribly; they show the wrinkles of time; even the young lovers are now gray-haired, and the language is hopelessly rococo. The fancy for sub-titles has died out, and some of Scribe's seem very ridiculous now. His fancy for reflecting fully the changing hues of the hour has given his plays a color now faded and out of fashion forever. What is contemporary is three parts temporary. Language, for one thing, is always shifting. A far-seeing literary artist borrows only as many phrases from the jargon of the day as he may need to give life to his dialogue, and never enough to weight that dialogue down with dead words after they have dropped out of use. Scribe's subordination of everything to the demands of an immediate stage-success makes most of his dialogue now lifeless and wooden. And unfortunately, though Scribe had a

very pretty wit of his own, and was capable of writing dialogue of no little sparkle, he was never above making use of the ready-made jests, the common-places of joking. Théophile Gautier, to whom picturesqueness was the whole duty of man, somewhere says that, after a witticism had been worn threadbare by hard usage, it was still sure of a freshening up in some one of Scribe's plays. Here again we see Scribe's knowledge of the play-goer: if Scribe made the new jest he was so well capable of making, perhaps the public might not see it, but if he used the old joke, the public could but laugh. On the same principle, the clown in the circus gives us the most obvious and antique wit; and the people needs must laugh at it, just as Diggory had been laughing at the story of the grouse in the gun-room these twenty years. Taught by his experience as a playwright, Scribe distrusted his own higher powers, assuredly capable of further development, and chose instead to rely on his well-trying, and indeed truly wondrous, constructive skill.

To consider in detail the comedies acted at the *Théâtre-Français* would take too long. *Valérie* is no doubt much improved by the cutting out of its couplets; it is a simple and touching little story, lacking only in depth and pathos, in the one touch of nature; it is made, not born, and there is no blood in it. The *Mariage d'Argent* seems to me the least satisfactory in structure of Scribe's long plays, and I do not wonder it failed. The subject might suffice for a *comédie-vaudeville* in three acts, and the strain of stretching it into a five-act comedy is, unfortunately, only too evident. But in *Bertrand et Raton* is a great improvement; for the first time Scribe strikes the true note of high comedy. All the characters are cast in worn moulds, and have no sharpness of edge, save *Bertrand*, the incarnation of the ultimate diplomacy. Here is real observation and the real comic touch. In

Bertrand the world chose to see a portrait of Talleyrand, then ambassador to England; and when the play was acted in London Mr. Farren wore a wig which made him the image of Talleyrand. To the horror of the English authorities, the French ambassador came to the play; but with characteristic shrewdness he refused to see the likeness, and led in applause of the actor. Bertrand is Scribe's one memorable character. It leavens the whole play, the plot of which, however, is interesting and possible, and not without irony.

What would the great writer who invented Queen Anne have thought of the *Verre d'Eau*, in which the Duchess of Marlborough and the lady-love of Lieutenant Masham are rivals of the queen for the affection of that inoffensive young man? Scribe takes as many liberties with Queen Anne—who is dead, as we all know, and has no Churchill now to fight her battles—as Hugo took with Queen Mary; but he is never melodramatic, like Hugo. The emotion is rarely tense, and even the shock of surprise evokes no more startling ejaculation than "Oh Heaven!"—a lady-like expletive which recurs half a dozen times in the play. The *Verre d'Eau*, indeed, is a very lady-like comedy, wherein high affairs of state are shown to hang on the trifles of feminine feeling. While Scribe has no enthusiasm, no poetry, no passion, so also has he no affection and no false and forced emotion. In *Une Chaîne*, for instance, which remains the most modern of Scribe's comedies, and which tells a familiar tale, there are no ardent scenes between the lover and the mistress, and no dwelling on the raptures of illicit passion. On the contrary, the play, as the title shows, turns on the lover's struggles to break the toils that bind him to his enchantress. Scribe was a *bourgeois*, a Philistine, if you will, and he worshiped respectability, with its thousand gigs. In *Oscar*, ou le Mari qui Trompe sa Femme, a

three-act comedy done at the Théâtre-Français in 1842, there is abundant sacrifice to decorum, though the subject is disgusting. Outwardly all is proper; inwardly it is of indescribable indelicacy; but so skillfully has Scribe told his story that it is only by taking thought that one sees into it; we are hurried so swiftly over the quaking bog that we scarcely suspect its existence. In *Une Chaîne* the subject is commonplace enough now, though it was less so in Scribe's day. What is remarkable about it is not only the matter-of-fact treatment of a passionate situation,—this was possibly Scribe's protest against the Romanticist code, which set passion above duty,—but the curious way in which his instinct as a playwright had anticipated the formulas of a quarter of a century later. *Une Chaîne*, written in 1841 by Scribe, is in construction very much what it would have been had it been written by M. Victorien Sardou in 1881; it has the external aspects of a comedy, but lurking behind, and half out of sight, is a possibility of impending tragedy,—a possibility which stiffens the interest of the comedy and strengthens it. We try a play by a triple test,—for plot, for character, or dialogue. Scribe, who was a born playwright, well knew what so many would-be dramatists do not know, that plot alone, if it be striking enough, will suffice to draw the public. But he either ignored or was ignorant of the fact that character only, that only a true fragment of human nature, can confer immortality: Panurge and Sancho Panza and Bardolph and Mascarille are as alive to-day as when they came into being. Plot and situation and intrigue, however clever, become stale in time; we weary of them, and they are forgotten. Unless a story is kept alive by the immortality of character it soon gets old-fashioned, and drops out of sight till another generation takes it up and dresses it anew to suit the changing fancy. If it then fall into the hands of a true poet,

a real *maker*, and he put into it the human nature it has hitherto lacked, it has a chance of long life; though the first arranger is remembered only as having suggested the story, and the great credit is given to the creator of the character. Thus Shakespeare and Molière have worked over the plots of the Latin comic dramatists and so stamped these with their marks that no one has since dared to question their ownership, or to replevin what after all belonged to the public domain.

Scribe has left his impress on the stage, but it is as the inventor of the *comédie-vaudeville*, as the improver of grand opera, as a play-maker of consummate skill, — not as the maker of character. He was full of appreciation of a comic situation, and wrung from it the last drop of amusement; it never reacted to the creation of a truly comic character. No one of Scribe's people lives after him. They were in outline only, faint at best, and soon faded; time has had no difficulty in rubbing them out. "Outline" is perhaps scarcely the right word; one may say rather that they are pastels, not sketches in black and white. Indeed, there is little black anywhere in Scribe; he took a rose-colored view of life; and, as M. Octave Feuillet pointed out in the eulogy he delivered as Scribe's successor in the French Academy, nowhere in all Scribe's plays will you find a villain of the deepest dye. Few of his characters are even vicious; they are ridiculous, only. We can laugh at them without any feeling that we ought, perhaps, to weep. His is a benevolent muse; and all's for the best in the best of worlds.

The most easily recalled of Scribe's characters is one which shows some of the complexity of real life, — Bertrand, the cold and subtle diplomatist, who turns the zeal and the generosity of others to his own account, and makes the rest of his fellow-men serve as his cat's-paws and scapegoats. Here is a figure

not all of a piece: he has some life of his own; he could stand on his own legs even if the directing wire of the manager of the show were withdrawn. After Bertrand one can bring up with least effort Michonnet, the old prompter in Adrienne Lecouvreur. Here also is a man with the blood of life coursing through his veins. And of all Scribe's countless women no one has such a glow of human nature, fragile and feminine, as Adrienne herself.

It is hard to have to grudge Scribe the credit of these last two characters, but it is a fact that in writing Adrienne Lecouvreur Scribe had again taken unto himself a partner, this time M. Ernest Legouvé. Scribe was asked by the *Comédie-Française* to write a comedy for Rachel. He doubted, and wisely, whether the task was not beyond him, and whether Rachel, who was great in tragedy, would in comedy either be easy herself or be accepted by the public. He casually consulted M. Legouvé, who said the task was easier than it seemed. "It will be enough to put into a new frame and another period Rachel's ordinary qualities. The public will believe it a transformation, while it will be only a change of costume." "Will you look up a subject for us to treat together?" said Scribe at once. M. Legouvé sought, and at last he happened on the anecdote of Adrienne Lecouvreur acting *Phèdre* and throwing into the teeth of the Duchess de Bouillon, who sat in the stage box, these scorching lines of her part: —

"Je ne suis point de ces femmes hardies
Qui, goûtant dans le crime une tranquille paix,
Ont su se faire un front qui ne rougit jamais!"

M. Legouvé hastened to carry his find to Scribe, who fell on his neck in delight, crying, "A hundred performances at six thousand francs!" M. Legouvé kindly tells us that this was not a mercenary outbreak; it was the natural expression of the enthusiasm of a trained playwright who knew that in the box-office receipts are figures that never lie,

or flatter, or disparage, but tell with brutal frankness what the public thinks of his work. M. Legouvé also tells how Rachel refused the piece, and how artfully he persuaded her to play it. Its success tightened the link between Scribe and M. Legouvé, and they wrote three other plays together, of which the best known is *Bataille de Dames*, turned into sturdy English by Mr. Charles Reade as the *Ladies' Battle*.

If I had to select one play of Scribe's showing him at his best, I should choose this *Bataille de Dames*. I can recommend it as agreeable reading and quite harmless. It takes no great study to see that the plot of the play is a wonderful work of art. The neatness with which the successive links of the simple yet ever-changing action are jointed together is beyond all praise. The comedy of intrigue can go no further; this is its last word. And there is not only ingenuity of incident, there is some play of character; not much, to be sure, but a little. Nature in Scribe's plays has as poor a chance as it had at the hands of the French gardeners who bent the yew and the box into shapes of strange animals. But *Bataille de Dames* is far better in this respect than the *Camaraderie* of fifteen years before. Ingenious with a Chinese-puzzle ingenuity, all the pieces fit into each other and fill the box exactly, and so completely that there is scant room for the least human nature. In the *Camaraderie* there is no air at all, and you cannot breathe, but in *Bataille de Dames* the people show some little will of their own, thanks, possibly, to M. Legouvé. In the plays Scribe wrote with M. Legouvé there is more life and less insufficiency of style than in his other pieces. Scribe had little of the literary feeling, and cared as little for the art of writing as M. Zola. It is a rare thing for a Frenchman to attain prominence as an author, and yet write as ill as Scribe; and it is only as a dramatist that he could have done it;

on the stage purely literary merit is a secondary consideration. Scribe had far more real ability than M. Legouvé, but he lacked the tincture of literature of the latter; so their conjunction was fertile. Together they made a better play than Legouvé alone, who with no great poetic endowment tried to be a poet, or than Scribe alone, who was satisfied to be theatrically effective. So the *Bataille de Dames* is the best of Scribe's comic imbroglions, and *Adrienne Lecouvreur* is the best of his more dramatic attempts.

In his lighter comedies, as in his position in the theatrical world, Scribe recalls Lope de Vega. Each was in his day the chief purveyor of plays; both relied on the ingenuity of plot to sustain the interest; neither left behind him a single memorable character. With due allowance for the differences of time and place, some of Lope de Vega's comedies are very like Scribe's. Take the *Perro del Hortelano*: is it not in suggestion and handling much what it would have been had Scribe written it? A little more sprawling, may be, not as economical in its effects, but still much the same. The *Gardener's Dog* is Spanish for the *Dog in the Manger*. In this case it is a woman, lightly and easily sketched: she loves and she is jealous; and yet she cannot make up her mind to marry the man she loves, because of his lowly birth. Even the nincompoop of a lover is not unlike some of Scribe's uncertain heroes. The art of play-making is constantly improving, and Scribe could have given points to Lope in the game of the stage. The Spanish dramatist, on the other hand, had a Spanish dignity and grandiloquence, and some stirrings of poetry. Scribe's Pegasus had no wings, and so his attempts to rise to the romantic and historical drama did not succeed. He had a telescope rifle unflinching in shooting folly as it flies, but the handling of a siege gun was beyond his power.

In 1819, Scribe had written the *Frères*

Invisibles, a sufficiently absurd melodrama of the Pixérécourt school. In 1832, in the midst of the Romantic ferment, he tried his hand at *Dix Ans de la Vie d'une Femme*, — something in the style of Dinaux and Ducange's *Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur*. But the dagger and the bowl were too heavy for him to lift. If any one wants to see a delightful specimen of the competent criticism one dramatist can visit on another, as candid and as cutting as may be, notwithstanding its good nature, he should glance over Scribe's drama, and then read Dumas's analysis of it in his *Souvenirs Dramatiques*. Perhaps the rattling rallery of Dumas convinced Scribe of his error. It was twenty years later, and only after *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, a comedy-drama, had succeeded, that he ventured on the *Czarine*, an historical drama, acted by Rachel in 1855. Scribe could do a dainty pastel or a delicate miniature, but he lacked the robust strength which historical painting calls for. Strange to say, the play is wanting even in the picturesqueness of stage effect when compared with Scribe's own libretto for the *Star of the North*, or with the beginning of a play sketched by Balzac, both of which have for their heroine the mistress and wife and successor of Peter the Great. A complicated and petty intrigue dwarfs the figure of one who fills so large a place in history and in the imagination as Catherine. Scribe's feebleness in character-drawing is shown in the way his historic figures slip out of mind, in spite of every effort to lay hold on them, and in spite of their pretense to be portraits of Richard Cromwell and Marshal Saxe, of Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough, of Francis the First and Charles the Fifth.

Scribe's device was a pen crossed over pan-pipes, with the motto, *Inde Fortuna et Libertas*, — a proud saying, for all its humility. He owed what he was to his pen, and he acknowledged the debt.

The pan-pipes, I take it, are meant to symbolize, more modestly than a lyre, his operatic labors; still they seem somewhat out of place, as no man was ever less given to the warbling of native wood-notes wild. Scribe's share in the development of grand opera and in the maintenance of *opéra-comique*, important as it is, must be dismissed briefly. Nowhere is skillful scaffolding more needed than in an opera-book, and nowhere did Scribe's unequalled genius for the stage show to better advantage than at the Opéra. It was he who constructed the *Jewess* for Halévy, and *Robert the Devil*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophet*, and the *Africaine* for Meyerbeer. It was he, in great measure, who made possible Herr Wagner's art work of the future, by bringing together in unexampled perfection and profusion the contributions of the scene-painter, the ballet-master, the property-man, and the stage-manager, and putting them all at the service of the composer for the embellishing of his work. As the First Player says, in the Rehearsal of his grace the Duke of Buckingham, "And then, for scenes, clothes, and dancing, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us; and these are the things, you know, that are essential to a play." They are essential to that passing show we call an opera, and no one handled them more effectively than Scribe.

His operas, ballets, and opéras-comiques fill twenty-six volumes in the new edition of his works; and among them are the librettos of the *Bronze Horse*, *Crown Diamonds*, the *Sicilian Vespers*, the *Star of the North*, *Fra Diavolo*, the *Dame Blanche*, the *Domino Noir*, the *Favorita*, *Masaniello*, and *I Martiri*, which last he had taken from Corneille's *Polyeucte*, just as he had taken another opera book from Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Many of his *comédies-vaudevilles* he made over as operas; the *Comte Ory* was set by Rossini, and the *Sonnambule* was arranged as a ballet. An Italian

librettist afterward took this ballet and used it as the book for Bellini's *Sonambula*, just as other foreign librettists have used his plots for the *Ballo in Maschera*, the *Elisire d'Amor*, and more recently for *Fatinitza*.

Consider, for a moment, Scribe's extraordinary dramatic range: he began with the vaudeville, which he improved into the *comédie-vaudeville*; he rose to the five-act comedy of manners; he invented the comedy drama; he failed in romantic and historical drama, but he succeeded in handling tragic themes in grand opera; he devised the ballet opera; and he gave great variety to the *opéra-comique*. He was ever on the lookout for new dramatic forms; one of the most curious of those he attempted is to be seen in the three-act play of *Avant, Pendant, et Après*. The first act, *Before the French Revolution*, is a comedy; the second act, *During the Revolution*, is a drama; and the third act, *After the Revolution*, is a vaudeville. The same impulse to seek new forms led him also to discover a new country, in which he laid the scenes of all his plays. Scribe called this new land England, or France, or Russia, or whatever else he wanted to make it pass for; but the critics called it *Scribia*. This is a country where the people are all cut and dried, where the jokes are generally old jokes, where everything always comes out right in the end, where waiting-women twist queens around their fingers, where great effects are always the result of little causes, and where, in short, M. Scribe could have everything his own way. This uniformity of local color made Scribe's plays more easily understood in foreign countries, and facilitated the task of the adapter. Beaumarchais and Augier lose fifty per cent. in transport to another land and tongue. Scribe's tare and tret is trifling. Manners are local, but a plot might be used as well in England as in France, and in Germany or Italy as in England; and so the universal borrowing from France

began. Before Scribe, the nations had borrowed from each other all round; no one race had a monopoly of the dramatic supply. The Restoration comedy of England was derived from France; but Germany and France were both copying from England toward the end of the last century, and England and France were imitating Germany in the early part of this. Since Scribe's plays began their tour of the world, and since his reorganization of the French Dramatic Authors Society made writing for the stage the most profitable form of literary labor, France has ruled the dramatic market. It is instructive to note that the French playwright who, after Scribe, has had the most foreign popularity is M. Victorien Sardou, who came to the front in 1861, the year of Scribe's death, and who, like Scribe, places his main reliance on his situations. M. Sardou is the direct disciple of Scribe. We have been told that when M. Sardou was learning the trade of play-making he modeled himself on Scribe, seeking to spy out his secret. He would take a play of Scribe's, read one act, and then write the following acts himself; comparing his work with Scribe's, and so learning the tricks of the trade from its greatest master. Proof of this study can be seen by a glance at the list of M. Sardou's works: the *Pattes de Mouche* is his *Bataille de Dames*, *Rabagas* is his *Bertrand et Raton*, and in *Nos Intimes* and *Fernande* we have the formula of *Une Chaine*. To M. Sardou, as to Scribe, a play is a complex structure, whose varied incidents fit into each other as exactly as the parts of a machine-made rifle, lacking any one of which the gun will miss fire. M. Sardou is not as rigid in his construction as Scribe was, and he has a broader humor and is more open to the influences of the day, — perhaps too much so. Toward the end of his life Scribe complained that his pieces did not meet the old success, and wondered why it was, sure that he made plays as

well as ever. The fact was that taste had changed, and the public did not ask for well-made plays; or rather it demanded something more than a well-made play, something more than mere workmanship. Fortunately for his own peace of mind, Scribe passed away before the full effect of the change in public taste was apparent.

To sum up, Scribe's qualities are an inexhaustible industry, an unflinching invention, an easy wit, a lively feeling for situation, marvelous cleverness, and supreme technical skill. He paid little attention to human nature: he showed no knowledge that life is more than mere work and play; that there can be grand self-sacrifice, noble sorrow, or any large and liberal sweep of emotion. He

had neither depth nor breadth. A good man himself, and a generous, in his plays he took a petty, not to say an ignoble, view of life. Even in his comedies there is no great comic force; it is easy to understand how Philarrète Chasles came to call him a *Marivaux épiciër*. And it is no wonder that Heine, whose eyes were wide open to the iniquities, the sufferings, and the struggles of mankind, should regard Scribe as the arch-Philistine, the guardian of the gates of Gath, and should have risked a dying jest against Scribe. As breath was fast failing him, Heine was asked if he could whistle (in French, *siffler*, meaning also "to hiss"); to which he replied, with an effort, "No, not even a play of M. Scribe's."

J. Brander Matthews.

LAWN PLANTING FOR WINTER EFFECT.

Clearly preconceived effects are contrived for spring and summer, both on parks and lawns. Outline and form, singly and in mass, have a fair degree of attention paid them during these seasons, but combinations of color attract less attention during even the "perfect days of June." Later on, as summer hues fade, still less thought is given to securing renewed beauty of foliage and flower by employing such plants as are specially fine in August and September. Such plants may indeed be set out, but this is seldom done with a conscious intention of prolonging the season of beautiful foliage, or of producing distinct compositions. In autumn, finally, two specially charming objects may be and sometimes are sought in the use of plants. One looks to the retention of a rich, healthy, green foliage as late as possible by means of certain oaks, beeches, elms, and golden and green conifers, while the other employs the wonderful crim-

son and gold tints of maples, liquid ambers, sumac, etc., to construct the lovely pictures naturally peculiar to the season. I am sorry to say, however, that we find the last essay made in the most tentative manner. Most people who attempt the experiment are satisfied with a scarlet maple or two, or a liquid amber. It seems hardly to have entered their brains that in thus combining on the lawn unrivaled autumnal color they have at hand possible mass effects of the finest character. They look with pleasure in fall at glades of oak, pepperidge, and maple entwined with blood-red Virginia creepers, and never think of analyzing the composition of the charming effect, much less seek to develop the same thing, as it were, on their lawns. It is this apathy in regard to a thousand natural charms that ask for recognition at our very doors that impels me to consider briefly one department of this subject, namely, the production of domestic

winter landscape. I choose it because, after the varied attractions of June, lawn-planting for winter effect seems to me worthy of more distinct treatment than that of either of the other seasons. A portion of the lawn which can be seen as a picture through the frame made by the outline of a certain window should be so planted that it will always be sure to present a delightful scene during the varied changes of winter, when one is necessarily kept within doors more than in summer. Nor need there be any detriment wrought to the general character of the lawn by this limited operation, if only a broad systematic treatment be maintained everywhere on other parts of the place, as well as on that devoted to winter picturesqueness.

Let us, then, look out upon our lawn, and see where and how we can best produce the desired result. I assume that most of us possess lawns of limited dimensions; in the case of the larger lawns, their treatment may be considered by regular experts. The small land-holder, however, with his one or two hundred feet of land must generally bestow such treatment as he can give himself, with the help of inferior labor. Moreover, a thousand are interested in small holdings where one possesses or cares for the grand estate. Most houses have several windows, any one of which may be selected for the frame of our winter picture. Other things being equal, the window should be chosen that looks out on the bleakest part of the lawn, or in some direction where objects would otherwise be visible which it is desirable to screen. In either case, it will be found that evergreens, of which all artificial winter landscapes should be more or less composed, serve to modify and render cosy bleak places, as well as to hide entirely unsightly details. Frequently this point lies in the northwest part of the grounds. Complete unity, however, must exist between the treatment of this and other sections of the

lawn; otherwise, everything will have a loose, straggling, semi-detached look, as if the plants had happened together by chance, and were not at all sure that they were worthily treated or comfortably situated.

The general outline of the masses of foliage will naturally be made coincident with the boundary lines of the property, except as glimpses without are desired; so that when we use the larger evergreens they will very properly occupy the background of the picture. In other words, their rich, solid mass will make a bold and suitable foil, both summer and winter, for the more delicate tints and outlines of evergreen and deciduous plants. For this, indeed, is one of the peculiar features of our imaginary lawn: that it uses deciduous plants, plants devoid of foliage, as freely as evergreens in the winter picture.

Nothing in the woods can surpass the sweeping grace of fold on fold of snow swathing the dark, drooping branches of the Norway spruces that make up the mass of the background. Pine and hemlock alternate now and then with Norway spruces, and vary the charm of this background with the bright green or bluish tints of the former and the peculiar light bluish-gray of the latter. The pines, especially those of the Austrian species, stand firm, rugged, and strong, and the long blue needles of the white pine lend just sufficient variety of tone to satisfy the eye. For grace nothing can surpass the hemlock, which readily retains in its folds queenly wreaths of snow or diadems of icicles.

Rich mass, firm outline, and evergreen tints of the greatest variety characterize the view thus far considered from the window. But we have only begun to analyze the many possible and varied effects. Broad spaces of grass slope up to the house in front, and, although not green, serve to establish a sufficient distance to permit the arrangement of a middle-ground as well as a foreground

and background. This middle-ground is always to me the most charming part of any section of the lawn. Elsewhere, mass or extreme detail obscures one's best conception of any beautiful plant. In the middle-ground, the really choice plant offers itself to the eye with the most inviting effect. Its weak points are thus somewhat hidden, and its charms are enhanced twofold by the distance that here just suffices, not only to lend enchantment to the view, but to give an adequate impression of the plant considered as a whole. The plants that stand nearest the evergreen background are evergreen also, both because they are allied by nature, and because they appear most bold and characteristic seen at a little distance from the house. One exception to this arrangement may be effectively made by interspersing among the evergreens white birches, the value of which can hardly be overestimated in any lawn-planting, and in winter, ornamentally considered, they are almost indispensable. Notice the striking effect of the delicate, creamy-white stems placed here and there directly against the dark background of evergreens, and surrounded, perhaps, by fields of snow and ice. See how the contrast brightens the whole scene, and how curiously the white trunks and graceful drooping branches bear snow wreaths or icicles, each in its own characteristic way. A solid background of evergreens presents much variety of rich color, blue, green, and silver, but the whole effect is, as it were, punctuated by these white birches. Nature uses the birches most delightfully in many a woodland winter scene, and our lawn is, we find, greatly improved by the free use of this artistic resource. But our attention is specially claimed by the specimens occupying the middle-ground. Here, too, we find a fair admixture of evergreen-trees advisable. The evergreens disposed near the foreground are of medium, and in some cases of dwarf size, but always of interesting

character, well fitted to make single features on the lawn. •

First and foremost is the Nordmann's silver fir, broad and massive, with shining silvery leaves, — in every way, a hardy, slow-growing evergreen, of noble outline and special symmetry. Though grand and impressive, it needs intelligent pruning, and, to be transplanted readily, the fibrous condition of roots that must be retained by frequent removal in the nursery and systematic root-pruning. The same remark applies to all silver firs, which are in many senses the finest evergreens for producing winter pictures. There is the silver fir (*Picea amabilis*), lovely both by name and nature, and the still finer *Picea nobilis*, of unsurpassed blue tints. Hudson's Bay silver fir, of the same genus, is one of the darkest, hardest, and most dwarfed species, specially fitted for the outskirts of groups, or for dotting here and there in isolated positions. Parsons' silver fir (*Picea concolor*) has wonderful leaves, always curling upward, long, and of a delicate bluish-green color. The so-called dwarf silver fir (*Picea compacta*), an intermediate form between Hudson's Bay silver fir and Nordmann's fir, is especially noteworthy for hardness, symmetry, and compact elegance. It should be one of the most popular of evergreens.

Then, among the larger forms, we note the Grecian silver fir, very fine and lighter colored. The weeping silver fir is the type, perhaps, of the statuesque in the family. Intelligently pruned, it develops into a solid weeping column of dark green. But here, as with all silver firs, if we are to get a compact growth below, the leading or top shoot must be pinched off from time to time, during May or June. If possible, or, rather, if not incongruous with the remaining part of the composition, it is well to place each of these species, firs, spruces, and the like, by themselves. Spruces we used to make up the mass of the background;

but then there are spruces not only adapted for this purpose, but suitable for general planting in the middle-ground, and even for the most distinguished positions as objects of special interest in the foreground. Any one looking at the dense round or hemispherical shape of the Gregory spruce, and at the taller though slow-growing columnar form of the weeping spruce, would scarcely believe that this and the common Norway spruce are so closely akin. The conical spruce, on the other hand, is such a slow-growing, perfectly symmetrical, dense specimen of the Norway kind that one exclaims immediately at the perfect spruce here presented. There is in this case nothing of the grotesque grace of the down-sweeping branches of some specimens of Norway spruce, for the conical spruce is symmetrical elegance personified,—just the evergreen to please the popular eye. We cannot, therefore, dispense with it, and find it well placed near the foreground on one side. The blue tint of the Colorado spruce (*Abies pungens*) shows capacity for varying color that is most invaluable for winter effect. Alcock's spruce, from Japan, has also lovely variegations of yellow, silver, and green, and the tiger-tail spruce (*Abies polita*), from the same country, is rigid, yellow, and characteristic, and hardy and fine in many ways.

The Oriental spruce is perhaps the most desirable of all the spruces for both winter and summer landscape. Its shining dense masses are remarkably hardy and striking. It belongs rather in the background, as somewhat larger in habit than the others. Nor should we neglect the beautiful American white spruce, hardy, dense, and richly colored. It grows more slowly than the common Norway spruce, but eventually attains sufficient size to associate it more or less with that evergreen. The most noteworthy spruces, however, for winter-landscape effects are the weeping hemlock spruce and the weeping Norway

spruce. The former is a charming evergreen, graceful and picturesque, with soft curving lines. Its light color and delicate tendrils give it an almost feminine appearance. The rugged, strong outline of the weeping Norway spruce, on the other hand, offers the greatest contrast to the habit of this hemlock, and delights the eye, especially in winter. The long branches of this slow-growing evergreen droop and hug the stem in most persistent fashion, now and then curling up eccentric shoots, which afford convenient lodgment for the snow. Both these striking evergreens should occupy the middle-ground of the picture in specially effective positions.

Among the pines we find, perhaps, our most lovely and refined winter colors, but to establish pines upon the lawn is not always easy. Unless transplanted frequently in the nursery, pines develop naked roots, hard to remove with safety. The spruces and arbor vites act better, but silver firs and pines are, to say the least, troublesome in this respect. The most lovely pine, to me, in winter is the Bhotan pine (*Pinus excelsa*), or, what seems to be a hardier form of the same, the so-called *P. ayacuhte*. It presents such picturesque open masses and the leaves are so long and delicately green that the eye dwells on its varied outlines with exceeding pleasure. Then there is the Swiss stone pine (*P. cembra*), bluish-green, and extremely striking in winter as well as extremely hardy. Among the dwarf pines such forms are noteworthy as the dark Mughus and Mughus compacta, the finely tinted light blue dwarf white pine, and the more yellow and rounder dwarf Scotch. Mughus uncinata is also striking, and, although dwarf, quite erect in habit. The large-growing pines massed in the background among the Norway spruces are peculiarly varied in color and form, and often very beautiful, laden with snow and ice. Dark, massive Austrian pines should have their forms displayed somewhat

more prominently than the rest, while the delicate-hued and more sparsely-branched white pines should be grouped directly with the Norway spruces, for the sake of real artistic breadth combined with interesting variety. Hemlocks also mass well in the background, their lighter colors and more graceful forms relieving the sombre character of the adjoining spruces. In the outskirts of groups and rather in the foreground, we should find choice plants, such as the rare and exquisite golden Japanese or Sun Ray pine (*Pinus Massoniana variegata*), with its rich and permanent yellow, so striking in fall and winter. Nor should we forget to plant in such positions the lovely Japanese retinosporas, of delicate, fern-like appearance and unexcelled hardness of habit. Such plants form the intermediate shadings or half tones of the picture, presenting as they do in winter the most delightful tints of brown, green, and gold. It should be remembered that the winter coloring of evergreens is very different from that of summer. In many cases, like that of the arbor vitae, these winter tints are dull and uninviting, for which reason, in spite of the custom to the contrary, I do not much fancy their employment for winter effects. But the retinosporas are, if anything, more lovely in winter than in summer, especially in their mingling of brown and gold. The really golden retinosporas have a pure yellow color in winter, very delightful from the fresh contrast it affords to the neutral tints of the surrounding scenery. Of like character is the bronze gold of *Biota elegantissima aurea*, a Chinese golden arbor vitae. There is a kinship in the appearance of retinosporas and arbor vitae, in which the former have greatly the advantage in varied beauty; but we will do well to employ the golden bronze of the elegantissima arbor vitae whenever we can give it a little favoring protection from cold, which is fortunately not needed for the retinosporas. There are

exquisite bluish-tinted junipers, also, erect and torch-like in shape, the graceful lines and forms of which can be ill spared from any part of the lawn planted for winter. The regular evergreen shrubs cannot, of course, be neglected. Rhododendron foliage is broad, massive, and shining, one of the most effective features in winter on any lawn. The mahonias, though very different in many ways, have the same general effect, and should be employed, though always with the knowledge that they will frequently winter kill, that is, become deciduous, for they rarely die from cold. Masses of these mahonias shine and glisten in winter, and are altogether so fine that we must have them, notwithstanding their weakness. The tree box is also rich, solid, and very attractive during the cold months. It is an old plant, but merits, especially planted singly, the very highest consideration. *Crataegus pyracantha fructuantes*, the evergreen thorn, whether used for hedges or as a single plant, is always peculiarly beautiful in winter. Its low, dense masses of red bronze leaves, small and regularly formed, present a diversity of contour of the most pleasing character. Sometimes, a large mature plant lives through many winters with its shining, bright green color unreddened by the faintest touch of frost. Such a plant may be seen on the grounds of Mr. Henry Fearing, Newport, R. I., and in winter this plant, a dozen feet high and square, is a sight worth traveling many miles to see.

I have far from exhausted the list of evergreens suitable for our picture, but have mentioned enough to give rich and abundant color and form to a landscape otherwise dead and lifeless. We must take care not to forget, in this analysis of the constituents of charming winter effects on the lawn, to consider the many beautiful forms and even colors of naked stems and bare branches of deciduous trees. It has been already noted how finely white-stemmed birches contrast

with the background of evergreens, not only in color, but in delicate variety of form. In like manner we have effects produced by other deciduous plants standing singly or in groups by themselves, or, under certain circumstances, in the immediate neighborhood and outskirts of evergreens. What can be richer in color, for instance, than the numerous crimson shoots of the red-stemmed dogwood (*Cornus sanguinea*)? Then we may have intermixed with it, or at least planted in close neighborhood, the golden willow, contrasting yellow stems with crimson ones. The red-twigged linden has fine reddish tints in winter on every portion of its current year's growth of wood, and the golden-barked linden is useful in color as contrast to the golden willow and red-stemmed dogwood.

The trunk of the striped maple (*Acer Pennsylvanicum*) is also very beautiful in winter for its pink and green. This is not hardy everywhere in the United States, although attractive in all places where it will live. It is unnecessary to press the point on observant lovers of trees that the *forms* of deciduous plants are very attractive in their winter guise. They look cold and poorly clad, it is true, but the broad, solid tints of evergreens readily relieve this bleak effect. And how grand and exquisite they are according to the nature of the tree, whether it be oak or birch, elm or beech! Two of the finest oaks for our purpose are the over-cup and pyramidal, although of the numerous varieties none fail to be effective in their winter habit. But the over-cup oak is especially striking on account of its rugged, grotesque twigs and branches, and the pyramidal for its bold, regular form and rapid growth. Elms, too, with their intersecting Gothic lines, must not be forgotten in planting for winter; neither the cork-barked variety nor wide-reaching *ulmus fulva pendula*.

The Japan ginkgo also throws out

great arms or branches against a clear blue winter sky in the most eccentric manner. No less eccentric, but far more charming, are the noble masses of curled and drooping branches and twigs of the weeping beech. No tree is more picturesque in winter, and no evergreen more grand and striking. The tossing shapes and forms it assumes are myriad, and the play of color on the icicles it at times supports is a wonder to behold. Its silhouette cut against the sky is positively unequaled for grace. The weeping sophora is also fine in winter, regularly curving downward, more dwarfed and less odd than the weeping beech. Both of these last-named trees merit the choicest and most conspicuous positions on the lawn, and perhaps the middle distance, a little to one side, suits their proper exhibition best. The strange far-reaching branches of the weeping larch, especially when laden with snow, are picturesque in the extreme.

We must be careful always to keep open considerable stretches of turf, endeavoring rather to flank than to cross with plants the direct line of vision through to the background. It should be our object always to compose a pleasing landscape for winter by means of intelligently combined color and form, but never to forget the homely needs of particular plants in the way of shelter and congenial soil. Fifty feet square, or less, will enable one to have a lovely winter picture, provided the composer can give due consideration to each plant's physiology and possible artistic capacity, while fifty acres in the hands of even a genius, who is untutored, can hardly help producing abortive or overgrown effects at any season of the year. All which means, in short, that an artistic eye, sustained by a thorough knowledge and sympathetic management of plants, can make an inexpensive paradise of the smallest home lot even in mid-winter.

Samuel Parsons, Jr.

DEMETER'S SEARCH.

FROM Enna, from Enna, once fair with the lily and daffodil's bloom,
 From Enna I drove through the sea-ways, rolling on tempest and gloom;
 Crying, "Who saw her? Who saw the hot wheels glancing fire in their round?
 Who saw the black steeds of the night leaping on without hoof-print or sound?"
 Calling, "Cora Persephone, hear me! Send cry unto cry!
 Lost as thou art, I will find thee, in earth, or the waters, or sky!"

Swift by the ice-springs of Tanais, seeking my daughter, I came;
 Swift on the mountains of Ethiope, swart with perpetual flame:
 I trod out the oasis grass, the stream shrank away on its bed;
 The maddening shepherd looked up and cursed the fierce sun overhead.
 I stooped from the pillars of Calpe to search through the gulfs of the west;
 I troubled the peace of the heroes who dwell in the islands of rest.
 I kindled a torch and descended,—I peered in the face of the dead:
 Aghast and unnumbered they rose, afar in the darkness they fled,
 Blown with the storm of my coming, scattered like autumn-wan leaves;
 Shrill was their voice as the thin voice of insects that spring from the sheaves.
 Brightening and glooming, I passed them; I brake through the portals of Dis:
 Aha! I shed light on those turrets built up from the moaning abyss!

There the night hath no stars, but dim beacons that flare in the wind;
 Black is the spray of the fountain; many a river runs blind,
 Pouring with hoarse lamentation through measureless chasms below;
 Bitter the sorrowful fruitage in mouldering orchards arow;
 Ill is the growth of the garden,—rank nettle and nightshade and yew;
 Bristles the turf like stubble, thick-beaded with poisonous dew.

The portal is guarded by dragons, bred of the Stygian fen;
 Thronged are the lintels and rafters with all evil visions of men;
 Rich is the throne-chamber, vaulted and paven with thefts from the mine,
 Pictured with mystic Saturnian story, forbidden, divine!
 There, sole as a star, I beheld her, queen of the night and the dead,
 Clothed in a veil of wan fire, with the asphodel flower on her head.
 In her hands were the tributes of spirits new come from the ends of the
 world,
 Garlands of bay-leaf and roses, and tresses the Loves themselves curled.
 Me, weeping before her, she knew not, nor sprang with glad tears to my arms,
 Dull, unremembering, guarded with crafty Plutonian charms.

Cora Persephone, hearken! Till thou return with the year,
 No fountain shall flow out of Enna, no flower in the meadows appear.
 I have chidden thy sisters to silence; their lips shall be voiceless as thine;
 They shall not be fed from the harvest, they shall not be gladdened with
 wine;
 But slumber instead, heavy-lidded, on strait beds of rushes reclined:
 None but thy voice shall awake them, none but thy hand shall unbind.

I have punished the earth that engulfed thee with heat and with torrents of rain,
 With the worm at the core of the apple, and blight in the ear of the grain;
 Lo, I have withholden the morsel from many a famishing mouth,
 And stricken the singing-bird on its flight over sea to the south.
 I came to a feast of the sylvens: I smote them with coldness and fear;
 I broke their sweet reeds and their timbrels, and touched their green garlands
 with sear.

I have blown out the flame on the altar; I will that all song shall be mute,—
 Mute as thou art, O my daughter, unreached by the sound of the lute!

Edith Thomas.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH A BRITISH CRITIC.

READERS of *The Atlantic* who are not interested in verbal criticism have probably no notion how large the number is of those who are so, nor of the zest with which they give themselves to discussions of this subject. It is not a department of literature which I hold in very high respect, as I have said before. No one can accuse me of magnifying my office in this regard. But I have in the correspondence which it provokes an unfailling test of the degree of interest which is widely felt in this subject. Every writer who has been some years before the public, if he has had the good fortune to win the attention of his readers, receives letters more or less encouraging or discouraging from people who know his name, although he does not know theirs. Now, upon no subject do I receive so many letters as upon language. To say that those which have come to me about my few articles on Americanisms are as twenty to one of those which have come about my many articles on England would be quite within bounds. And the former come not only from all parts of the country, but from all quarters of the earth,—from South America, from India, and from Australia. Most of them are of merely personal interest; a few contain valuable information or suggestions; and a yet smaller number are controversial or cen-

sorious. Of the latter sort I shall present one to my readers almost as it was written; changing it in no respect, but omitting a few unimportant passages. I do so because the letter is characteristic of a certain sort of critic and of criticism, and because the writer is evidently a man of education and intelligence, who writes with good feeling and in good faith,—two points upon which I am sorry to say that I have found that verbal critics are not always to be trusted. Another reason of my special attention to this letter is that it is from a British critic,—an Englishman born and bred in Ireland. How much in earnest he is my readers may gather from the fact that he sends me sixteen closely written pages of comment upon one or two of my articles on Americanisms. Here follows the substance of his letter, always in his own words:—

WATERFORD, *March 30, 1880.*

DEAR SIR,—I see *The Atlantic* Monthly regularly, and am always careful to read your articles. They are interesting; but truth compels me to say that after reading one of them I feel pretty much like a cat whose hair has been stroked violently from the tail to the head. I need scarcely say that I refer mainly to the articles on philology. For myself, I may say that I have al-

ways been a purist in matters of speech and writing, am of middle age, and have been in nearly all the English counties, in half of those in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and am familiar with most of the countries of Western Europe. All my acquaintances are of the middle or upper middle class.

Some months ago you wrote a series of articles on a dictionary of Americanisms, — Bartlett's, I think, — in which were some passages I could not agree with. I do not remember that you gave any definition of what an Americanism consists of; and all dialecticians know that no argument can be sound which is not based on a definition. My definition of an Americanism would be this: A word or phrase peculiar to America, or which is used in America in a peculiar sense. If this definition is correct (the subjunctive "*be* correct" sounds pedantic), which you may perhaps dispute, it follows that it is no disproof of a peculiar meaning of a word being American to show that it was once used in that sense in England. The English language is the language now spoken in England. Being a living language, it is constantly changing; and if the Americans choose to retain expressions which the English have dropped, that is their affair. In England the language is managed, so to speak, by a cultivated and educated class, numbering, perhaps, one million out of thirty-five. This class is aware of its responsibility, and though it sometimes speaks slang, rarely allows it to get into literature, even of the most fleeting character. In America, on the other hand, every citizen thinks himself, like Sigismund, *supra grammaticam*, and uses words to express his thoughts, without any thought of derivation or proper meaning. I have never been in America; but I have felt that if a kind Providence were to lead me thither I should be in a constant state of irritation from hearing words misused around me.

Now to descend from the general to the particular. In your remarks on *fix*, in the sense of settle or arrange, you quoted some Englishman as using it in that sense. Did it not strike you that this might be American slang imported into England? That was what struck me, on reading the passage; and I think that to prove that *fix* is habitually used in England in that sense you should go to an earlier date, say 1840 to 1850.

I do not think that anything provoked me more than what you wrote on the question of *railway* vs. *railroad*. Because some few closet philosophers and thoughtless persons use the word *railroad* in England, and some few newly arrived emigrants and others use the word *railway* in America, therefore you say (if I remember rightly) that these words are not distinctive. I am aware that you say, at the end of the passage, that a majority use the word as stated. But this is altogether too weak. The fact is that not one person in one hundred thousand ever speaks of a railroad in these kingdoms. . . .

Now for a few words about jugs and pitchers. I have often heard that what we call "jugs" are called "pitchers" in America. In *The Atlantic Monthly* for March, page 329, I find the word "cream-jug." The tone of the article is thoroughly American; and the only fact which might cause me to question the nationality of the writer is that she does not follow the American custom (I refrain from an adjective) of putting a lady's Christian name after "Mrs.," instead of her husband's. That *jug* is not used in the Bible is quite true. But it seems to me that this may be due to the fact that neither the children of Israel nor the English in the time of King James had jugs as we now understand the word. I do not write as stating a fact, but rather as suggesting an hypothesis. (The *n* is really necessary, unless you pronounce the *h* violently.)

I think it most likely that our modern jugs were first introduced some time in the last century, after a distinct lodgment had been made on the American coast, and that the two sides used different words to express the new idea, just as in the case of railways all the technicals¹ are differently named. I should be greatly surprised if you could find in the whole range of English literature the word *pitcher* applied to any vessel less than eight inches high. An American lady once told a relative of mine, as a reason for having caught cold while crossing the Atlantic, that she "had a jug of hot water in the berth, and that it had spilled;" to which he replied, "No wonder," thinking a jug of hot water a strange bedfellow. In such a case we should say "jar."

Elsewhere (page 381), you remark on a clergyman pronouncing *e* in *mercy* like that in *error*; I suppose the same as in *pen* or *melt*. I have never heard anything else in England, Ireland, or Scotland. I have known Americans to be laughed at for saying *Amurrika*. I should not think of pronouncing the *e* in *earth* different from the *e* in *plenty*; and if I did I should get laughed at. In the *Guardian Angel*, by Dr. Holmes, chapter xxiii., you will find this passage, which will show you Dr. Holmes's opinion: "'Don't you think she is *vurry* good lookin'?" said a Boston girl to a New York girl."

Against your description of some peculiarities of English pronunciation I have not a word to say. They are wonderful. I have heard *milk* and *silk* pronounced *myulk* and *syulk*. My experience is that the Irish of English descent pronounce and speak much better English than the average English of the same class. But the accent of the Irish is often detestable; and they have a custom of dropping their voices at the end of their sentences.

¹ The word here is uncertain from obscurity in the manuscript.

I should now like to mention a few words in which I think the Americans are decidedly wrong.

Build. This word is used in a wholly different sense in America from that in England. The tendency of the English language is rather to restrict meanings; that of the American language to extend them. *Build* in England is rarely, if ever, used outside its natural meaning of masonry, except for wheeled vehicles and vessels. The putting together of a fixed steam-engine is not very dissimilar from the construction of a locomotive; but no one would speak of the maker of steam-engines as a builder. The dictionary gives as the derivative meaning of *to build*, to raise a dwelling place or house; and, with the above-mentioned exceptions, I do not remember ever having seen it applied to any work but masonry. Thus we speak of building a viaduct, constructing an embankment, or excavating a tunnel. I believe that *build* would apply to all three in America. I remember that when the Atlantic telegraph cable was first laid Mr. Seward, then secretary of state, sent a message: "I congratulate the builders of the Atlantic telegraph cable." I remember well the feeling of horror that came on me at reading such a misapplication. We should as soon think of building a book, or a shirt, as a cable.

To ride is a verb which is an excellent illustration of the narrowing tendency of the English and the widening tendency of the American language. A century ago *to ride*, in England, meant any kind of land traveling, except on foot. But for the last thirty or forty years, or perhaps longer, there has been a feeling among educated English people that *ride* should be confined to traveling on the back of an animal, and that traveling in a vehicle should be called driving. This rule is now rigidly adhered to amongst the cultivated classes, and seems sensible, corresponding to the German *reiten* and *fahren*. On the other

hand, not only do the Americans use *ride* for railway and coach traveling, but I have read in an American paper of a person "riding" in a ferry-boat! Macaulay uses the word in its old sense; but I doubt if he would do so if writing now.

The verb *to can* occurs to me as another illustration of American widening. *Can* meant originally a vessel made from cane, but has for a century or more meant a vessel made of metal, usually tin. But Americans speak of "canning" fruit, whether the vessel used be tin or earthenware. If the practice were followed here, we should probably speak of potting or preserving fruit.

Now I have liberated my soul, and shall sleep the better for it. Yours faithfully.

* * *

In kindly consideration for my correspondent, for whom I have all the respect, and towards whom I have all the good feeling, one can have for a stranger, I do not give even his initials; for I am about to show that, intelligent as he is, and purist as he describes himself, he has, in his criticism, merely given me the opportunity to present his letter to my readers as a characteristic example of the errors and the ignorance of even the better class of British critics of what he so—(like him, I tenderly refrain from using an adverb) calls "the American language."

From beginning to end his communication shows merely his own unfitness to say anything on the subject he has undertaken to treat,—an unfitness not at all peculiar to him among educated Britons, and not at all discreditable to him, if he had not undertaken to teach others what he did not know himself. Nor even in such large undertaking upon such insufficient means is he either peculiar or peculiarly British; for I could point out at least one "American citizen" on his side of the world who busies himself, in his own person and

under various disguises, in stigmatizing his fellow-citizens as barbarians in speech, and who like him blunders in the performance of his self-sought task. It is not, however, for the mere purpose of showing the error of my respected and intelligent correspondent, whose motives are manifestly good, that I make his communication public, but because I believe that in doing so I make a contribution of some value and interest to the discussion of a subject which engages the attention of so many of the better class of readers.

First as to himself: he is a purist in matters of speech. Now it seems more than doubtful that purism in language is an altogether admirable quality in a verbal critic. For it would be difficult to give a definition of purism which would not imply an excessive conservatism; and in regard to what this correspondent discreetly remarks is a living language, that quality implies a tendency to an unwholesome, an absurd, and, in the end, even an impossible restraint. Living languages must change; and although it is desirable that their changes should not be fanciful and extravagant in kind, nor greater in number than necessity demands, the mere fact that a word is new, or that a new shade of meaning is attached to an old word, is not a reasonable occasion of fault-finding. What is to be sought in this respect is that novelty should not be inconsistent with reason, nor in violation of good taste,—that change and progress should be on normal lines. It needs hardly be said that change having been made and authorized by general, including good, usage, it must be accepted, whether it is good in itself or not. But if a threatened, but not yet effected, change, or an impending novelty, is not good, it may be reasonably resisted. The humble but honorable task of verbal criticism is to guard language against absurd, pretentious, and vulgar innovation, and to aid towards a simple, clear,

and manly speech.¹ There is this difference, then, between my British censor and me: he is a purist; I am not.

As to what Americanism in language is, he has plainly not seen the definition which I have given of it. But that is of little importance; for I accept his without qualification. An Americanism is a word or phrase which is peculiar to America, or which is used in America in a peculiar sense. But from this definition it follows that words or phrases and senses which are not peculiar to America are not Americanisms, however much they may be open to objection on the score of formation or of taste. All Americanisms are, to a certain degree at least, bad English; but all bad English is not Americanism.

Next we are told that the English language is "the language now spoken in England." Is it, indeed, that, and nothing else? In what language did Spenser write, and Shakespeare, and Bunyan? English, I believe, and of a very good sort. Spenser wrote in an idiom somewhat older than that of his own day; but did he any the less write what even then was English? Did the predecessors of Cicero and Horace and Virgil write any other language than Latin? Those writers used what the taste of the world has pronounced to be the best Latin; but their predecessors and their successors, down to the time when the language of Rome was corrupted and disintegrated by barbarian influences, wrote and spoke Latin. What was once good English can never be other than good English, although it may be old-fashioned and obsolete. Therefore, if "Americans" retain expressions which the English people of to-day have dropped (which, in any im-

portant degree, I do not admit), they may be rightly accused of speaking old-fashioned English, but not of speaking "American;" nor are such words and phrases Americanisms, in the proper sense of that term.

There is no disputing that the standard of the best English of the day must be found in the speech and the writing of the best speakers and writers in England. But that my correspondent's one million of cultivated Englishmen are so conscious of their responsibility in this respect that they exclude, even from their printed language, words and phrases, or senses of words and phrases, which they themselves would admit to be incorrect is not true, but far from being true. On the contrary, the current literature of England is full of words, of senses, and of constructions which, according to British standard, are incorrect. Of this there is overwhelming proof, easily obtainable by any one who finds the picking of such flaws to his taste, and who has the time to give to such labor. In this respect it is true only that in the journalism and the periodical literature of the United States more incompetent writers are permitted to come before the public than in the journalism and periodical literature of Great Britain. It is not true, as every competent observer knows, that in America every citizen thinks himself superior to the rules of "grammar" and the canons of good taste in language. On the contrary, there is even a greater anxiety upon this subject here than there is in England. We defer more to "authority," and are more anxious to speak "good grammar" and "dictionary English." Uneducated and half-educated people come more to the front

¹ I observe with pleasure that Mr. John Bright, one of the best living masters of the English tongue, lately protested against the use of the word *inaugurate*, in the sense to introduce, to begin, and also that the Saturday Review congratulated him thereupon. Ten years ago I protested against this ridiculous perversion of that word, in Words and

their Uses, which the Saturday Review thought proper to say might be read and digested with advantage in England, as well as in the United States. I am glad, and not at all surprised, to have even this slight support from a man of Mr. Bright's robust directness of thought and speech.

here than they do in England, Ireland, and Scotland; but the English of our best writers will compare favorably, in correctness, if not in an easy mastery of idiom, with that of the best British writers; and if the best writers are taken as a standard of comparison on the one side, they should also be so taken on the other.

Our critic has never been in "America." I thought so when I began to read his letter. And yet he undertakes to say what we do and why we do it, and generally to criticise and lecture us upon the linguistic results of our social, political, and material condition. He is Irish by birth, although English by blood; and he must pardon me for saying that in this respect he reminds me of his countryman who, being asked if he could play the violin, replied, "I prezhoom I can; but I niver throid." When he has tried America he will better appreciate the nature of the task which he has undertaken.

Descending with our censor from generals to particulars, let us consider what he says in regard to certain words. He is not satisfied with a condemnation of the verb *fix*, in the sense of arrange, prepare, put in order; he resents any showing that the use of it in that sense is not of "American" origin; and he would set aside the evidence to that effect given in *The Atlantic* of November, 1878, by the supposition that the examples "might be American slang imported into England"! The importation must have begun early and continued long. For the examples were from Farquhar, 1700, Lord Shaftesbury, 1703, Sterne, 1759, "I says, says I," 1812, Lord Pembroke, 1872, and the English Matron, 1873. *Fix* in the sense in question is not good English; but it is not peculiar to America, and therefore, according to this critic's own definition, it is not an Americanism, nor is it of American origin. American slang imported into England by Farquhar and

Shaftesbury and Sterne! We have here a beautiful example of Philistine philology, — if such trivial discussions must be dignified with the name of philology. There is more of the same sort to come, and it will be instructive to us, if not to our censor.

Nothing "provoked" him more (does he mean irritated, fretted, annoyed? Or does he mean, as many of the select and conscious million write and thousands of them say, "aggravated"?) than the assertion — and, am I to say, the proof? — that the use of *railway* for *railroad* was not peculiar to America; and he would set aside the latter by the plea that "some few closet philosophers and thoughtless persons use the word *railroad* in England, and some few newly arrived emigrants and others use the word *railway* in America." Ingenious, but this time, I fear, not quite candid (because much-provoked) friend, let us see who were the few closet philosophers and thoughtless persons. They were Thomas Roscoe repeatedly, in the *History of the Birmingham Railway, 1837*; Cardinal Newman repeatedly, in two books; Thackeray repeatedly; Addison repeatedly, in his great legal work on *Torts, 1837*; and *The London Week* repeatedly. These are the writers whom our Philistine censor "sits upon;" probably rating Cardinal Newman among the careless writers, and Thackeray among the closet philosophers! Let us not balk him, but furnish further occasion for his scorn.

From a score and more of like examples at my hand I select the following, for I cannot weary my readers or myself with more: —

"The fields on each side of it are now mostly dug up for building, or cut through into gaunt corners and nooks of blind ground by the wild crossings and concurrencies of three *railroads*." (John Ruskin, *Fiction Fair and Foul*.)

"Do put your nose outside your own doors a bit, now that *railroads* are plen-

ty and cheap." (Essays and Papers, by H. Longueville Jones, London, 1870, page 3.)

— "the cities you have built, the *railroads* you have made, the manufactures you have produced," etc. (John Bright, quoted by Matthew Arnold in *The Future of Liberalism*.)

— "but to travel by *railroad*, at least in England and Scotland, is now a part of the common lot of mankind." (*Saturday Review*, January 3, 1880, page 7.)

It was no fault of this British critic that he did not know that *railroad* had been thus used by English writers from the time when railways were first laid to the present; but when in his ignorance he undertakes to lecture us poor Yankees on the subject, in what position has he placed himself? And as to the examples given of the use of *railway* here being furnished by "a few newly arrived emigrants," he is involved in the same combination of ignorance and presumption. They were from the *New York Tribune*, most "American" of newspapers, from the letters of a gentleman who is of the very oldest New England stock, and who had never been in England, and from a paper by General Reed, United States minister to Greece! And here follows another example from a very important and characteristic paper, the *Chicago Platform of the Republican Party* in 1880:—

"V. We affirm the belief, avowed in 1876, that the duties levied for the purpose of revenue should so discriminate as to favor American labor, that no further grant of the public domain should be made to any *railway* or other corporation."

It is not worth our while to produce any more instances furnished by "newly arrived emigrants." Did this censor ever hear of the *Erie Railway*, which is not laid between John O'Groat's and Land's End? If he were here in New York I could show him horse-cars having on their sides the announcement that

they "cross all railways." The simple truth is that *railway*, the better word, is more common in British usage, and *railroad* in that of the United States; but that the latter is not an Americanism, it having been used in England before there were any railways in this country, and continued to be used by such writers as Cardinal Newman and Thackeray, such speakers as John Bright, and such journals as the *Saturday Review*.

As to whether it is the "American custom" to put a married lady's Christian name, instead of her husband's, after "Mrs.," of course my correspondent knows better than I do. I can only say that never, from my boyhood to the present day, have I received an invitation so worded, or seen a visiting-card on which such an arrangement of names appeared; but, on the contrary, "Mrs. Thomas Brown," "Mrs. Richard Jones," or "Mrs. Henry Robinson." I have, however, known some ladies of an "advanced" type to do the other thing "in type" in both countries.

The question as to *jug* and *pitcher*, as applied to vessels put upon the table, is a very trifling one; but it is not without some interest in itself, and also because this is a little distinguishing trait between the present speech of the two countries. But here our censor exhibits even greater ignorance of the subject than heretofore. His suggestion that the reason why *jug* does not appear in the Bible, although *pitcher* does, is that there were no jugs in England in King James's time would not have been made if he had known that John Florio, in his *World of Wonders*, A. D. 1599, gives as the definition of *cantharo* "a tankard or *jug* that houldeth much;" that Cotgrave, in his French and English dictionary, 1611, defines *canthare* as "a great *jug* or tankard;" and that Minshew, in his Spanish dictionary, 1599, also says that *cantaro* is "a tankard or *jug* that holdeth much." And he probably forgot that one Christopher Sly, a

tinker, but a somewhat renowned subject of King James, complained that his hostess "brought stone *jugs*, and no sealed quarts."

Now it is to be remarked that all these examples (and even our censor will admit that they are somewhat authoritative for their time) imply that a jug was a large, coarse vessel, which, as the passage in *The Taming of the Shrew* shows, was made of the coarse earthenware called "stone." Such it was, beyond a doubt; and its coarseness and unfitness for table service is also shown by the origin of the word, which, as Kersey says, A. D. 1721, is "probably of the nickname of Jug for Joan;" Joan being the name applied of old to girls of the lowest order,—"wenches," as they used to be called. This etymology is undoubted by the best subsequent writers on language, and has the sanction of Walter Skeat, the last and ablest of them. The use of the word in English literature until at least the beginning of this century conforms to this meaning of it; and Dr. Johnson gives as its definition, "large drinking-vessel, with a globous or swelling belly." To come down to the present day, Stormonth, of Cambridge (England), whose dictionary I have mentioned before, says that a jug is "a vessel with a handle, for drink, generally swelling out in the middle, and having a narrow mouth." This is what a jug is in America; and this, it will be seen, is not what is put upon breakfast tables to hold cream either in England or America. Briefly, according to the evidence of English literature and English lexicography, a jug is a large, big-bellied vessel, with a narrow mouth, made of coarse earthenware. Jugs rarely hold less than two quarts, and they sometimes hold two or three gallons.

Pitchers, on the contrary, have been made of all sizes and of all possible materials, even the finest and the most costly. We read of silver pitchers, of

golden pitchers, and of crystal pitchers. And as to our censor's notion, that in the whole range of English literature the word could not be found applied to any vessel less than eight inches high, it is simply the fruit of ignorance. It is strange that he should have forgotten the old English proverb, "*Little pitchers have great ears.*" And had he but turned to Richardson's dictionary he would have found there Junius quoted as defining pitcher *ficile poculum*, that is, a little earthenware drinking-vessel,—*poculum* corresponding to cup, goblet, beaker; and there also he would have found, quoted from Cowper's *Task*, the following passage, which is decisive on this point, and also on that of the milk-pitcher having been a part of tea-table service:—

"There the *pitcher* stands,
A fragment; and the spoutless teapot there."
(Book IV.)

And to come down to the present day, even since the writing of my correspondent's letter, in an illustrated book for children, by Eleanor W. Talbot, published in London last year, there is this rhyme:—

"Here is a *pitcher* standing on the sill,
Filled with lovely violets like those on the hill."

The picture shows a wide-mouthed vessel with a peak, nose, or demi-spout, manifestly made of china; and its size is shown (whence the value of the illustration) by the violets which it contains. It cannot be more than five inches high. But apart from all this, English people in England have a right to call their cream-pitchers pails, buckets, tubs, or vats, if they choose to do so, and then pails, buckets, tubs, or vats they are in English; only other folk of English blood and speech have also a right to an opinion as to the propriety of the name and the goodness of the usage.

Our censor's notion that *jar* would be the proper English word for the vessel in which a lady would have hot water applied to her feet in bed is perhaps the

drollest of all his blunders. A jar, according to all English usage, is a vessel with a very wide mouth, and is generally used for honey, jam, and preserved fruit. It rarely has or admits any stopper, but is closed by paper or parchment tied over the top, as every English housewife knows. Elizabeth Acton, in her *Modern Cookery*, page 400 (cited by Latham), says that preserves cannot be well kept unless "they are quite secured from the air by skins stretched *over the jars*." The invalid lady might almost as well have had a *bowl* of hot water put into her bed. A jug could be corked.

If this critic has never heard *mercy* pronounced with any other sound in the first syllable than that of *pen* and *melt* (which is very doubtful indeed), his experience is a strange one. I heard it pronounced all over England, among the best speakers, as *murcy*, the vowel sound being the same as that of *her* and *term*; and that is the pronunciation given by Phelps, of Cambridge, in *Stormonth's Dictionary*, 1871. But because *mercy* is thus pronounced, we do not therefore say *Amurrika* for America, or *vurry* for *very*. Those pronunciations would be regarded as very queer and coarse here as well as in England. I confess with shame that not all of the forty or fifty millions of people who are called "Americans" speak in the best way; and with humility I hint that, according to my observation, not all even of the elect one million do so in England. It is quite possible that there are some people between the Atlantic Ocean and the Pacific who speak of building steam-engines, or telegraphs, or tunnels; but all those who would be regarded as speaking with average correctness would speak of making steam-engines, of making telegraphs, of laying a telegraph cable, and, in the simplest English, of tunneling a hill.

The use of *ride* as applied to travel in ferry-boats and the like is rare, and the effect is strange. It is the result of

perplexity consequent upon the introduction of steam. Some people who are purists in the use of language are unwilling to say that they sail or row in a vessel propelled by steam; and they get out of their trouble by saying that they ride. Let such a sad result of purism be a warning to our censor.

But this discussion is becoming "longsome" and wearisome to me, if not to my readers; and I shall close it with a brief examination of my correspondent's discovery of "the narrowing tendency of the English language and the widening of the American language." This theory is a mere notion, which is the fruit of that fidgetty desire, so common among our British cousins, to find some radical divergence of speech and manners between the people of the two countries. There is no such tendency as to language in either country; the informing motives of speech are the same in both. Of the absence of a narrowing tendency in English speech the word *shop* might (if it were needful) be cited as one example in point. *Shop* is applied in England both to the place where things are made and to that where they are stored and exposed for sale. In America, on the contrary, the meaning of this word is narrowed. It is applied by most persons only to a place where things are made, its true etymological meaning; while the place where they are stored for sale is called a store. Many other such instances might be mentioned.

A word, *can*, which our censor greatly relies upon to illustrate and to support his theory, really furnishes a very clear and strong illustration of the way in which the British critic, even when intelligent and generally well informed, is almost sure to blunder in dealing with things "American." *Can* is in this country, as in England, the name of a vessel made of metal, and generally of tin. It has no other meaning. But *canning* has come to be the name of a *process*, be-

cause it is performed only with cans. Preserving fruit is a process (in England as well as here) in which the antiseptic qualities of sugar are relied upon to keep the fruit, which has been thoroughly cooked, from decay. "Pound for pound" is the good housewife's rule. But this makes a cloying confection, and also impairs the flavor of the fruit. In canning the fruit, if cooked at all, is only parboiled, and is very slightly sugared, and it is kept sound by being hermetically sealed; the air being expelled by heat, and excluded by an ingenious contrivance of the top of the can. As this was done at first with tin cans only, and is so done now in a million cases to one, the process is called canning, to distinguish it from the old-fashioned preserving. But although glass jars are now sometimes, but rarely, used for the purpose, no sane educated "American" would therefore think of calling a glass jar a can.

Our censor is by no means singular among his intelligent and educated countrymen in this exhibition of ignorance and misapprehension, combined with over-eagerness in the quest of something "American." Indeed, it is because he is such a beautiful specimen of his kind that I have preserved him (or canned him, if he will allow me the expression), in a glass jar, so that he may be seen and admired of men, who may find the study of him instructive. I have remarked, for example, in half a dozen British publications within a year or two a half-jocular, wholly scornful mention of the word *casket* as the "American word for coffin." Now it is no such thing. A coffin is one thing; a casket quite another. The peculiar shape of a coffin is well known; and because it is unpleasant to many people the casket was made, which has no peculiar form; its shape, top and bottom, being that of a parallelogram, like one of the columns of this magazine. Its lid is not screwed down, but has hinges and a lock, like any other

casket. And there are other less essential differences between the two things. Undertakers, in preparing for a funeral, ask if a coffin *or* a casket is preferred.

In the Saturday Review, not long since, was the assertion, also made in that half-jocular, wholly scornful way which, to use a phrase of our grandfathers, is so engaging, that in the United States "blinds means only Venetians, and boots Wellingtons." This would indeed be shocking if it were true; but it is not. Of things called blinds there are at least five kinds in use here. They are the old slat-blind, drawn up by cord and tassel; the rolling India blind; inner blinds (*jalousies*); blinds in the panels of inner shutters; and outer blinds (Venetian). The first of these sorts is now uncommon, but I have known houses in which all might be found; and it is common to find three of them in one house. All are called simply "blinds." But because of the glare of our sun most of our houses have Venetian blinds, which are rare in cloudy, foggy England. As to boots, men and women here wear button boots and laced boots so generally that I think I have not seen a pair of Wellington boots, even in a shoe-shop, for fifteen years. Any outside covering for the foot which rises to the ankle is called here a boot, as all my readers know.

I wrote once that such was the crazy confusion of some "Britishers" on this point that I did not despair of seeing "'am and heggs" called an Americanism. How nearly right I was the following letter will show:—

NEW HAVEN, CONN., May 18, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—Ever since reading your article in the May Atlantic, I have been wishing to tell you my story.

Shortly after the war a party of New Haven ladies, with some others, were in Virginia, where we met an Englishman who had come here as a sort of missionary, and who had been doing

mission work in Herkimer County, New York. At table, one day, the talk turned upon Americanisms. The Englishman was severe. One of the ladies spoke of the English habit of dropping the *h*, when John Bull told us that the English had no such peculiarity; that "it was an Americanism"! In a few moments the talk turned to his work, when he remarked, turning to a Miss Hyde, "Why, Miss 'Yde, the people hin 'Erkimer County har perfect 'eathen!" What could we say? C. M. P.

What, indeed? After that there is nothing to be said. But the result of all this carping brings to mind the famous recipe for roasting a hare: "First catch your hare." When you intend to roast Americanisms, first catch your Americanism; otherwise the roasting may turn out to be not exactly what you looked for.

As to my correspondent's feeling as if his fur had been rubbed the wrong way, is it my fault that it *grows* the wrong way?

Richard Grant White.

THE HEAD OF MEDUSA, AND OTHER NOVELS.

THE novel has become, like the daily newspaper, a record of the most recent facts in human history. Whatever may be the latest mode in theology, philosophy, or art, one will be very sure to find it reproduced in fiction. The novel, indeed, like the newspaper, almost anticipates facts, and eagerly gives us solutions of social and spiritual problems before the new philosophy or new religion has entirely satisfied itself with formula or creed. So susceptible is the novelist to the very breath of the time. What is whispered in the *salon* is proclaimed on the house-top, and human society is artistically rearranged, often with singular power and beauty, before men and women have quite readjusted themselves to the new conditions of life. Would you know the latest results of modern philosophy as applied to the conduct of life, look for them not in lecture, essay, sermon, or treatise, but in the novel. The novelist makes haste to set down what people are talking about, before the people who talk have reached the end of their conversation.

Here, for example, is a novel by a young woman, — for the personality of George Fleming is not a carefully guard-

ed secret: and the reader who interests himself in *The Head of Medusa*¹ is struck with the facility shown in appropriating the latest substitute for Christianity. Upon the fly-leaf are mottoes from Bagehot and Morley, and their tenor prepares one for the serious view which the author means to take of her work. A prelude follows, and this is not unlike the overture of an opera. It contains the theme of the story, and presents the chief characters in the position and relation which they hold at the end of the book; for in point of time the prelude is the latest chapter. The reader, upon reviewing this prelude after he has read the novel, perceives more clearly, of course, the exact significance of all the words, gestures, and attitudes which are contained in it; yet his first reading, before he knows the story of which it is the sequel, cannot fail to impress upon him a tone which is the prevalent one in the book. When he hears Barbara say under her breath, "There is always Guido, and to give thanks is good, and to forgive," he does not un-

¹ *The Head of Medusa*. By GEORGE FLEMING author of *Kismet* and *Mirage*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

derstand the facts which lie behind, but he knows he is to be introduced to suffering, to wrong, to charity and forgiveness. It is at his own peril, therefore, that the reader takes up the story itself.

The use of this prelude is certainly artistic, and whether it was written first or last by the writer its place in the book serves to give the pitch of the story. It is one of sacrifice, and so profoundly is this felt by the writer that from the very first the reader knows he is invited to witness an unescapable fate. The title is well chosen, for not merely in the principal incident, but in the whole course of the novel, one is aware of the presence of some fateful, mysterious power that will petrify all the warmth of a human heart. A young American girl from the South, with a very ill-defined parentage and history, is discovered emerging from a solitary and unsympathetic life into a gayer circle of Roman society. The two or three American and English men and women whom she meets are reasonable and agreeable people, and one of the young Americans would, under ordinary novel-treatment, become on the last page of the story her admiring husband. The pleasantness of this unacquired fortune is used as a foil for the fate which waits upon her. At her first advent in society she meets an Italian count, who is secretly betrayed to the reader as an ignoble character, but poses before Barbara as a pathetic crushed hero. He moves in the little circle which entertains her with a melancholy alternating with moroseness, and it is not made wholly clear how he succeeds in obtaining a final ascendancy over her; but the reader suspects his power to be in part magnetic, in part a hypocritical appeal to her high sense of duty,—a sense which would express itself most loftily in complete sacrifice. To such sacrifice, at any rate, Barbara comes, and so inwoven is the idea with that of love as to make even

her moments of delusive passion for her lover tremulous with tearfulness. It is a little difficult for one to have Barbara's eyes when he looks upon this moody, stalking Italian pretender to real nobility, and this makes the defect of the story; for it is not enough that we should take Barbara's high-mindedness as explanatory of all her mistake; we must be permitted a little delusion with regard to her husband, and that the author does not grant us. His meanness is exhibited clearly to the reader from the outset, and thus our feeling of pity toward Barbara is tinged with a little impatience at her blindness; nor can we entirely understand the exact nature of the sacrifice which she is conscious of making. The ideality of Barbara's act of submission to this brute has about it something unreal, and this unreality vitiates our sympathy. Nevertheless, when we have once accepted Barbara's view of the case, and said she must be right because she could not possibly choose wrong, what do we have as the outcome of her fatal marriage? A life of painful and patient resignation to her destiny. The moral is unexceptionable. The girl finds that she has made a horrible mistake, — two mistakes, in truth; for, besides marrying a man utterly false to the ideal which he had created in her mind, she has lost the sunny life which she might have led with the man to whom she really belonged by right, and who from indolence only, as we guess, failed to claim her at the proper juncture. Having made the mistake, she has no way of rectifying it; she can only atone for it by pursuing a heroic course of duty toward others, and of silent acceptance of her repulsive companion. The count is clearly past redemption in her eyes, and no intimation is given that her life with him can be anything more than endurance.

We have no disposition to quarrel with the final moral of this story. If the author brings the girl into so mel-

ancholy a strait, she owes it to her not to weaken her consciousness of uprightness. Our complaint rather is that the story appears in its whole course to be a strained application of a philosophy of life which removes from the world all the joy of living. Barbara did not reach the happiness which her nature craved. Lexeter had his half-disclosed misery. Count Lalli lived on wormwood for the chief of his diet. Even Hardinge's pleasure was, apparently, only accidentally known to himself. The one satisfaction which remains to Barbara is in the indestructibility of her ideal of Hardinge, the man whom she discovered too late to be her love. "Failure in life," the author sententiously observes, "is to have no ideal." Barbara's ideal in Count Lalli had been murdered; that in Hardinge remained absolute; but hope, which is the administrator of salvation in human life, seems wholly absent from this novel, and the absence of hope is the characteristic of the reactionary philosophy of the day.

In the midst of the somewhat sublimated and mournful vision of life which this book affords, one is amused, as by a sudden apparition of womanly petulance and freakish spite, at the occasional obtrusion from the novel of a certain character, Mr. Clifford Dix, who has nothing whatever to do with the story, does not help forward the plot in the least, nor throw light upon any of the movements, but is simply an image for George Fleming to stick pins into. The little digs which she gives him, though impertinent, afford some solace to the reader, as he finds himself growing numb under the Gorgon's spell. Mr. Dix says very clever and quotable things, but his critical air and his assumption of cosmopolitanism are game for the author. The frequent wit and satire in the book are keen, the aspects of nature are rendered with skill and often with beauty, but the world which the author creates out of her material is a sad old world. We

suspect that Egypt and Rome have been too much with her, and that the metamorphosis in her case, by which she would have glimpses that would make her less forlorn, would not be through the Pagan creed, but through the Christian hope.

The hand that traced the outline of Mr. Clifford Dix might be expected to write down Washington Square¹ with some satirical generalities. Certainly, if one presents to himself the high problems of life for solution, he may be pardoned a little impatience over the elaborate nonentities who occupy the pages of Washington Square. A polite young adventurer aims at the purse and hand of a commonplace young woman, and when he learns that he can have the latter only by relinquishing the former he gets out of the scrape with as much fine sentiment as the difficulty of the situation leaves to him. Meanwhile, this commonplace Catherine, whose love had grown solid through a long contest with her immovable father, finds herself left with the useless remnants of her attachment, and moves on with no outward show of discomposure, but with a silent entombment of her obstinate passion and a dreary extension of her flat existence. Mr. James appears to have set himself the task of portraying the mental features of a dull woman capable of a species of dumb devotion to a man who easily assumes the place of an ideal being in the somewhat arid waste of her life. That she is capable of steadfastness, and, after she is jilted, of self-respect, are the results which he extracts from his observation, and he has succeeded in making these evident. He has sketched also a silly aunt, who busies herself as stage manager of all the romantic scenes; and he has given us the character of a father who, from first to last, looks upon his daughter with scarce-

¹ *Washington Square*. By HENRY JAMES, JR. Illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

ly a spark of paternal feeling. That the book is witty and sometimes ingenious is almost its sole excuse for being, but the wit is expended by the author in his own reflections, and rarely emanates from the characters and situations. Does he not indeed feel a certain contempt for his heroine? At least, he fails to give the reader any stronger interest in her behavior than one of curiosity. We should have been glad to be allowed to pity her, even if we could not greatly admire her, but in the passages which treat of her suffering at the hands of her father and lover, the author introduces so effectively his own wit and ingenuity that he withdraws our sympathy from her, and enlists our admiration only for his own cunning. He makes us curious to know how he will arrange her next pose, and he lets the villain escape from our indignation by diverting our attention, when we might have been joining in the hue and cry after him.

There was a strong picture in one of the London exhibitions, a few years since, representing a gladiatorial combat, not by a direct scene in the arena but by its reflection in the faces of the spectators. In their countenances one could read the crisis of the combat, and the indirect testimony to the savagery of the scene was subtle and powerful. The conception was essentially modern, and it has been employed more than once in literature. It will be recognized in Browning's *Karshish*, and finds a recent very full expression in General Wallace's *Ben-Hur*.¹ We suspect that many readers, besides the inertia to be overcome in taking up a historical romance, will be conscious of a repulsion from a story which may dramatize at all the human career of the Saviour. We can assure such that they will be agreeably disappointed when they find how very inconsiderable is the presence of the

personal Jesus as an actor in the story, yet how completely the historical force of the Christ dominates the whole conception of the book. He is seen chiefly in his effect upon the characters of the novel. These are typical men of the time, whose action is to themselves apparently independent, for the most part, of the personal influence of the Saviour, while the deeper movement which underlies their lives and gives rise to the hidden springs of action is referable to his presence on the earth. In other words, the author has sought to disclose the life of the Roman and Jewish world at the beginning of the Christian era by the light which Christianity has thrown back upon it; to use as a novelist the interpretative power which is obtained from a study of historic forces, in action then but not intelligible to the actors. This is, to be sure, the final problem of all historical romance, and the difficulty with the class is in the danger lest the knowledge of a later day should be read into the conscious lives of the actors. How immensely is this danger increased when our historic imagination is called upon to exercise its power upon a period which lies beyond the cycle of modern thought! It is but fair to say that General Wallace has been aware of his danger and has endeavored to avoid it, yet it remains that the various characters in their attitude to the Christ are dangerously conversant with modern speculations; their talk, under the disguise of archaic forms, is the issue of thought which owes its birth to Christianity.

Ben-Hur himself is the son and representative of a noble Jewish family, who, by a sudden catastrophe, sees his home destroyed by the proconsul and himself consigned to the galleys. There he attracts the attention of a Roman, whose life he saves, and who rewards him with adoption. He becomes, therefore, a Romanized Jew, who never deserts the faith of his fathers, but adds to

¹ *Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ*. By LEW WALLACE. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

his life the training of a military Roman, and is endowed with fabulous wealth. His ambition is to destroy the Roman supremacy over Judæa, and his purposes culminate with the manifestation and progress of the mysterious King of the Jews. The climax of the book discloses him waiting breathlessly upon the last movements of Jesus of Nazareth, and brought at the foot of the cross to a dim discovery of the meaning of that greater than earthly kingdoms which was then revealed. By a felicitous touch he is identified with the young man in the Gospels who leaves his cloak behind him and escapes from the guard upon the night of the betrayal, and also with the unknown man who lifts the sponge dipped in vinegar.

The greater part of the book, however, is entirely independent of the sacred narrative. We are introduced, indeed, at the beginning to the three Magi in a singularly picturesque and romantic scene, but the action of the book lies largely in the period which follows, before the manifestation of John the Baptist. We are given a picture of the Roman and Greek world in the fortune of Ben-Hur, and glimpses are granted also of Egypt in the persons of one of the Magi and of a voluptuous, sorceress-like woman. The passions of vindictiveness and treachery and insolence, so significant of the ante-Christian period, are displayed in some powerful scenes, and by many ingenious devices the author does his best to remove the reader from his modern life. It is to be regretted that the book, with all its irregular power, should fall so frequently into sloughs which intimate an untrained hand in the writer. He has apparently great powers of appropriation, and he has amassed a store of ancient and Oriental material, which he uses, as in the scene in the circus, with minute and confident care; but he becomes entangled in the threads of his story, and confuses the reader by the very elaborateness of

his descriptions. Once or twice he takes the reader into his confidence unnecessarily, and explains to him his reason for employing certain machinery. The most serious blemish is in the imminent danger which the book is always in of dropping into the habits of the dime novel. The concluding pages, for example, are a sad concession to the supposed demands of the modern novel-reader. Ben-Hur is shown to have a happy domestic life in a villa near Rome! This, coming after a picture of the crucifixion which falters through the author's reverent timidity, is a dreadful fall, but it is one which we are apprehending all the way through the book. In spite of its merits,—and these are by no means inconsiderable,—the book must be pronounced a failure, artistically. It avoids the big-wig style of historical novels, as a rule, but lacks the sincere dignity and sustained sweep which a novel with the ambitious purpose of this must have in order to take rank as a great historical picture. We cannot so much commend it to the hardened novel-reader as we can advise all who are curious of a most difficult problem—perhaps, on the whole, the most difficult problem in imaginative literature—to read attentively this ambitious and very interesting attempt at a solution.

A milder and more innocent form of the historical novel will be found in the pretty story of *Mother Molly*.¹ The impersonation by the writer of a young girl telling a story which relates chiefly to herself, sisters, and brothers easily suggests a naïve and prattling style, and as the incidents of the story are somewhat trivial we are not quite sure that the author intended the book for an audience of mature readers. If we had a graded literature, after the manner of school-books, this might find a place somewhere between undoubted books

¹ *Mother Molly*. By FRANCES MARY PEARD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

for young people and those which their parents will read; but we have our suspicion that none but very discreetly educated maidens would extract a sincere pleasure from it. The scene is laid on the southwest coast of England, during the scare which attended the expected descent of the French on the coast in 1779, and the incidents gather about the fortunes of a motherless family of girls and boys, whose father is a captain of the navy on duty, and who are left to the special care of Mother Molly, the oldest daughter. A French *émigré*, who is really a spy, manages to ingratiate himself with all of the family save Mother Molly, and only his sudden capsize in a boat prevents him from making them the foolish betrayers of their country. The scenes, which move with little friction, are gently interesting, and one can scarcely desire to use very hard words regarding so unpretentious a story. Its sweetness, however, becomes somewhat insipid, and we are warned how much the charm of such a book depends upon there being a genuine story to be told. It strikes us that the author, in her attempt at reproducing the manner of the close of the last century, has really gone farther back, and given a flavor of the Queen Anne period.

It happens that another writer, with larger equipment than Miss Peard, has gone somewhat in the same direction for his subject, and has come back with an uncommonly clever story, which claims our attention by no means as a mere re-script of a historic period, but as a bright and entertaining picture of the life of a few people who happen to disport themselves before a historic background. The Trumpet Major,¹ Mr. Hardy's latest novel, may be unreservedly recommended to all who get their pleasure, in novels, from close portraiture of hu-

morous characters and the vicissitudes of village love. The minuteness with which this writer portrays faces and persons is well worth attention, for the vividness of his characters is largely due to a great number of fine touches. The Trumpet Major himself is scarcely the hero of the story, yet it would almost seem as if Mr. Hardy, amusing himself with the story, was undecided in his own mind as to the final disposition of his characters. The fickleness and half witch-like nature of the heroine, Anne, determines the event. This character is one of the most unmoral young women whom one could meet with in fiction. Mr. Hardy appears to have an affection for young women without consciences, and he has achieved a success here in depicting a girl swayed this way and that, a creature of caprice, and apparently true only to a lover as fickle as herself. One looks at Anne and Bob with amusement and amazement. They contrive between them to render the painfully conscientious John an object rather of ridicule than of pity. It really seems as if in the world of Mr. Hardy's fiction truth was a plaything to be tossed about in sport. Poor John, who immolates himself so constantly on the altar of duty, gets his sacrifice for his pains, and the two giddy young people, who play fast and loose with each other, carry off all the prizes. If John represents Mr. Hardy's faithful attempt at portraying dull truth, it is plain that his real pleasure is in Anne and Bob; and in the absence of the customary laws of retribution and reward the reader is kept on the *qui vive* to the close of the book as to how the final toss of the penny will decide the matrimonial question, which impends humorously for chapter after chapter.

The historical background is managed cleverly, and the characters all seem to be skipping about in the very period to which they are assigned. There is a Bob Acres of a Festus Derriman, and

¹ *The Trumpet Major*. By THOMAS HARDY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880. [Leisure Hour Series, No. 118.]

a grotesque, somewhat overdone miser in his uncle Benjy. The collection of soldiers, sailors, villagers, is excellently arranged to give color and life to the scenes, but the interest never flags or ceases to centre about the figures of Anne and Bob. One leaves them, finally, with a humorous sense of wonder as to their after-life together, and a doubt whether they will amuse each other half as much as they have amused us. The scenes are given with a singular precision and fitness of words, and the picture of the true-born Englishman who has never strayed from his natal village is especially successful. Who could have better described the drill scene before the village church? It was scarcely necessary for Mr. Hardy to assure us in a foot-note that the drilling of men between services on Sunday was historically true. We should cheerfully take his word for it that the conversation between the drill-sergeant and the recruits was taken down verbatim at the time. It is not often that one is really sorry to come to the end of a novel, but one lays aside this delightful story with regret that he may be no longer entertained by the little comedy which has been enacted for him in it. He even feels a relief that virtue in the person of John is let off so lightly.

The title of Mr. French's novel¹ must not mislead one into supposing that he has taken up an autobiography. It is merely the author's emphatic way of saying that in the story which he has to tell he means to vindicate the power of the personal will, and to demonstrate the vanity of circumstance. He sets about this task, however, in a manner which renders one somewhat skeptical of the demonstration, for the Ego which rides triumphant at the close of the book has been in alliance with fate and fortune to an extraordinary degree. All the discomfitures which await the hero, even

his death, — for he dies outright in the middle of the story, and enjoys an inexplicable, or at any rate unexplained, resurrection, — are met not by the exercise of will so much as by the decrees of destiny. Mr. French has so confused and confounded the personality of his hero that the last lesson extracted by the reader is of any victory over circumstance. He seems to undergo a transformation of identity rather than of character. For the rest, there is such a general cloudiness about the scenes that even the appearance of historic names and geographic details fails to impart any special reality to the story.

My Marriage,² like the last, professes to be an American book; at least, it is copyrighted here; but the story is wholly English in its locality and characters, and we have seen nothing in it which would indicate that an American author had veiled her experience by transferring her tale to foreign soil. The book is written in the first person, present tense. The first person is no novelty, and rhetoricians have agreed that liveliness and a graphic air are secured by the use of the present tense. We wish they would read this book, and tell us if they still think so. From the first sentence, where, after quoting "Home, home, sweet home!" the author begins "I sing it mournfully," to the last sentence, where, in the final reconciliation with her husband, "My arms creep up to lay themselves about his neck, and I whisper softly, 'Not as much, but more!'" the entire narrative is in a long drawn out now, and the use of this conceit somehow intensifies the singular opaqueness of the book. The story is quickly told: a girl who has married a rich and admirable young man after a short acquaintance, not because she loves him, but because she believes the arrangement will be of general service to her burdened family, she being one of

¹ *Ego*. By HARRY W. FRENCH. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

² *My Marriage*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

a number of daughters in a vicarage, spends her time for several months in acquiring the love which should have been precedent to the marriage, the only obstacle to the acquisition being her own obstinacy and her passionate affection for one of her sisters. Her husband, a model of patience and stupidity, loves her in the grave manner which is becoming in such cases, and after a series of misunderstandings and petty accidents subdues her somewhat obtuse heart. What renders the reader impatient of this couple is that they are both so unnecessarily blind and incapable. The only reason, apparently, why the reconciliation does not come earlier is that it would stop the story. They both seem to be serving their time out in a penitentiary. We are glad, however, that they finally reach the satisfaction in store for them, and that there are no lapses from virtue for either on the way, though the author seeks to give a faint spice to the wretched continuity of misunderstanding by sketching the shadow of infidelity on each side, — a shadow which is cast not by a real object, but by suspicion. It is hard to believe that in real life this state of things would not have yielded earlier, either to common sense or to the subtle power of an unselfish love.

*Nestlenook*¹ may be called a novel of the boneless school; at least, after reading it one carries away only vague impressions of scenes and characters, and finds himself unable to define the story. Its plot, if it has any, is so overgrown with comment, conjecture, dreams, and reverie that it is difficult to trace the line through the pages. The book is called on the title-page a Tale, but that is precisely what it is not, for no one could tell it. We notice it because it serves as an exaggerated example of a vice of our story-tellers, to make the haze of sentiment take the place of firm

and intelligible outline. A traveler returning to New York from foreign parts is on his way up the Hudson in a dim search for an old home; he does not seem to know exactly where he is going, nor why he is going. He falls in with a gentleman of the neighborhood, whom he has never met before, and, not unlike the Germans of the Anti-Jacobin, who swear an eternal friendship upon a sudden thought, by the merest hap-hazard joins him in talk, goes to his house, and spends the rest of his storied life there. They are both visionaries, and out of the mist come other shadowy characters; a vague, carefully veiled lawsuit engages the leisure of various persons; some young people flit noiselessly across the stage, a lost sister is accidentally but opportunely discovered, and the romance of the teller of the story is disclosed in a discursive, meditative fashion. The author seems utterly fatigued with his labor at every step, and not once does the reader receive a sharp, clearly defined impression. Romance is a very different matter from haziness, and it is quite possible to have a story which shall be real without being realistic. It would do Mr. Kip good as a practical exercise in authorship to write an abstract of his tale on, say, two pages of letter sheet. The old arguments which preceded play or poem had their use for author as well as reader.

The author of *Princes' Favors*² has made a venture in the new and promising field of American political novels. His story is not ill-conceived. The fortune of a young man, brave in the war, upright in life, who is sent to Congress under the impulse of a sincere patriotism in his district, and has thenceforward the success and failure of a man who sacrifices interests — his own and others — to duty, is full of fine opportunities. The earnest young member is used by the

Nestlenook. By LEONARD KIP. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

² *Princes' Favors.* A Story of Love, War, and Politics. By WILSON J. VANCE. New York: The American News Company. 1880.

older politicians to effect certain party conquests, and has the bait of a cabinet office held out to him; but when he has done his part faithfully, he suffers the disappointment of many who have put their trust in princes, and the story of his gradual sinking into the mire is painfully impressed on the reader. The author has apparently known the facts of such a probable career intimately, but lacks the story-telling skill; and though his book everywhere indicates an honest and indignant mind, it is ineffective through the unfamiliarity which it shows with the form of the novel. We commend it rather to the student of political natural history than to the novel-reader in search of entertainment or a new sensation.

Yet the reader of *Princes' Favors* will have a better opinion of it after he has read *Endymion*.¹ We have been wondering what sort of impression this book would create upon a reader who was not aware of the author's history and position, had never read any other of Disraeli's novels, and read this fresh from the perusal of the great works of modern fiction. Undoubtedly as long as literature carries with it the history of literature, people will continue to read about *Endymion* and its author, but the judgment, upon literary standards, of the book itself will in the future be the judgment of passing by on the other side. An unconscious travesty of high life runs throughout the book, and the travesty follows not from the author's unfamiliarity with the details of this life, but from his importing into the whole conception his own essentially cheap-John estimate of life itself. There is something marvelous in the worship of Success which underlies *Endymion*. The hero of the book, at least the young man who gives the name to it, is an almost colorless effigy of humanity, who

is moved on through the pages by the alternate efforts of his sister and the woman whom he admires, and afterward marries, to the position of prime minister, a position utterly remote from the logical consequences of his intellect or will. He is the creature of accident, friendliness, and destiny, and as he is shoved along a step higher at each turn of the story, the reader comes to watch for his appearance a little higher up with curiosity, but without the least apprehension. The career of his twin, Myra, who finally becomes queen of a neighboring country, is more distinctly the expression of her own will and determination, but the landing of these two characters at the summit of supposed human ambition is achieved with so mechanical a dexterity that the author's supreme satisfaction in the result appears positively childish. The figures are so unmistakably puppets, and the properties are so broadly theatrical, that when one considers the place which the author has held in English political life it is impossible to resist the feeling that *Endymion* is a man's plaything, and by a converse proposition that the author, as head of the British cabinet, has the attitude of a showman.

The unreality of the book is not the unreality of romance, but of the stage. The country, the characters, the historic events, and especially the morals and the sentiments, are all fictitious. There is a false bottom to everything. It seems the easiest thing in the world to find the living counterparts of the several characters in the book, and one with only ordinary knowledge of modern England will readily name the persons who may be said to have sat to the author for their portraits. But in what does the truthfulness of the likeness consist? An author who has transplanted images from his observation into the imaginary field of his novel or romance pleases himself with the notion that his characters have their own life in the

¹ *Endymion*. By the Right Honorable the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K. G. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

book, entirely independent of any life which their prototypes may have led in the actual world, and he is apt to resent the imputation of theft, or to deny that he has put his friends into his book. In *Endymion* one perceives that the likenesses are distorted tracings of actual persons: they bear to the originals the relation not of paintings, but of wax-work; there is a simulation of reality, and not an individual existence as imaginary creations studied from models in real life. It must be added that the artist of this wax-work show has given some vicious little twists to features out of an apparent malice, and has treated his images somewhat as a pettish child sticks pins into her hapless doll. The figure of St. Barbe, for example, is a simulacrum of Thackeray, and the satire is amusing, but not very refined nor comprehensive.

It is, however, in the display of sentiment and morality that one is reminded most forcibly of the waxy character of the book. The marriages, for example, are of the most bloodless and polished sort. It is not that there is an absence of passion, but marriage is apprehended strictly from a diplomatic point of view, and becomes a valuable part of the machinery of the book. When the exigencies of the story require it, a marriage is contracted, as the saying is. Young men and maidens, old men, widows and widowers, all are alike before this manufacturer of marital relations, and the expression of love and choice always has the air of being concocted in the foreign office. The moral sentences which accompany the characters as footmen in livery are of the most stylish and irreproachable sort; from their dress and general bearing one would never

know them from the genuine utterances of the human soul, and their assumption of dignity and authority may well abash the common mind. The author moves about among all these characters and sentiments and scenes with a showman's complacency, and does not despise a little air of mystery and magic. He has a way of presenting situations with effect, and then leaving them to make their way with the reader, while he skips off to another set of characters. It can hardly be said that his sudden shifting of pieces is a dramatic surprise. One looks upon these evolutions as a regular part of the game, and surveys the unexpected movement of characters as he does the action of a knight on the chess-board; the rules require that he shall jump as he does.

It is as a game that the right honorable author views political and social life in England, and the almost total absence of principles and one may say passions, or at least irregular passions, from the book produces a singular effect, and renders the novel a piece of unconscious humor. There are high and mighty acts, there are tears and embraces, but the principles behind the acts and the emotions and passions behind the tears and embraces are wanting. The author does not need them, and the reader comes to learn to do without them. There is an order of elves, we believe, which is characterized by the absence of any back. The face and general presence are satisfactory and familiar, but if one could only get behind them he would discover that they were hollow on that side. The unsophisticated reader of *Endymion*, in his effort to get behind the scenes and characters, is confronted by the same phenomenon.

THE NEW EDITION OF GILCHRIST'S BLAKE.

THE omission of the words *Pictor Ignotus* from the title-page of the new edition of Gilchrist's Life and Works of William Blake,¹ and the positive advance made in beauty of presentation, may be taken both as an intimation that the obscurity in which Blake's name was hidden twenty years ago has since been dissipated, and as a clear justification of the liberality which has attended the rehabilitation of a man of genius. Blake's celebrity to-day is largely due to the affectionate labors of Mr. Gilchrist and of Messrs. Rossetti, and since the publication of the first edition to the commentaries by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Smetham, Mr. W. B. Scott, and others, the reprinting of Blake's poems in various editions, the issue of fac-similes of his prophetic books, the exhibition of Blake's works in London in 1876, and the modest one recently held in Boston, with the notes and discussions which all these have occasioned in journals and magazines; this accumulation of study has widened the circle of Blake's influence, and has been a witness to his unmistakable power. Nothing is more certain than that it would not have been in the power of a coterie of writers and artists to bring back to life a dead reputation, and the result which has followed the original publication of Gilchrist's Life may be referred, after due honor has been paid to the enthusiastic biographer, to the unquenchable fire of Blake's genius and to the hospitality of this generation. Truly, we may congratulate ourselves upon an increased susceptibility to genius in unwonted forms, when we observe this new and admirable edition succeeding a book which was long since absorbed by the

public; or, if this be too self-complacent, we may at least believe that the interest in art has been liberalized, and rendered less timid and conventional. It would be only a partial judgment, we think, which should connect Blake's fame with a waning school in English literature and art that has made much of this visionary. The elements of power in that school which have given it a temporary sway are represented in Blake, but the coincidence is not so wide as to persuade us that with the decadence of an essentially hopeless art and literature there will disappear also a merely fashionable admiration for this great Englishman.

In external features, as we have hinted, this new edition surpasses the former. The cover is bolder and more significant; then the proportions of the page are better, and the illustrations are printed with greater care, india paper being used for the impressions of the steel-plates and the wood-cuts. The number of these has been increased. Mr. Herbert Gilchrist, a son of the author, has furnished two interesting designs of Blake's cottage at Felpham, and his working-room in Fountain Court. One of the recently discovered illustrations of Shakespeare by Blake has been reproduced, an additional page from the Jerusalem, and the Phillips' portrait, reduced in size. Several of the wood-cut illustrations from Blake's works used in a recent article in Scribner's Monthly have been incorporated, and a reproduction of the Book of Job by the photointaglio process has taken the place of the unfortunate photo-lithographs of the first edition. The larger specimens of the Book of Job, inserted near the be-

¹ *Life of William Blake, with Selections from his Poems and other Writings.* By ALEXANDER GILCHRIST. A new and enlarged Edition, illus-

trated from Blake's own Works; with Additional Letters and a Memoir of the Author. In two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

ginning of the first volume have also, fortunately, been dropped, and the printing of the leaves from the prophetic books uniformly in a reddish tint gives a much more satisfactory result; it may be added that the printing and tint here are both great improvements upon those in the first edition. It seems a pity to have dropped the folding plate illustrative of the Canterbury Pilgrims engraving, and we wish that the Visionary Heads could have been redrawn. Mr. Linton's copy of the original is unfaithful. A new illustration, by Shields, of Mrs. Blake, from Blake's drawing, is a good addition, and the placing of Mrs. Tatham's name under the old head of Mrs. Blake removes the misunderstanding formerly created. In the exigency of printing, some of the delicate pendants to chapters have disappeared, but one or two new ones have been added. We are hardly prepared to accept Mr. Rossetti's judgment with regard to the photo-intaglio reproduction of Job. The series is of great importance, — of the greatest, we may say, — and no student of Blake, if limited to one of his great works, would fail to choose the Job; but to say of photo-intaglios that they "are of course line for line, and minutest touch for touch, the counterparts of their originals," is to mislead the ordinary student. There is a reduction in size, itself a misfortune, and the very mechanism of the process of reproduction has a subtle disenchantment. Let one, for example, compare the two impressions of number twelve of the series, or of number fourteen, and observe in the first case how the photo-intaglio has deepened the black behind the stars, giving a hard brilliancy which is deceptive, and in the second how the wonderful silvery tone has entirely been lost, and in all cases how the vitality of the engraving seems to have been dissipated. It may be said, indeed, that the greatest defect of these reproductions is in the absence of true color; but this means that the originals

are alive, and these reproductions are dead. Still we may certainly be thankful that the process has carried the designs a step beyond that which they had reached in the photo-lithograph.

When we come to the text of the book we find equal evidence of care and of a purpose to increase the value of the work. The biography remains substantially as it was first given, but a number of silent corrections of style have been made and superfluous passages dropped, and the information regarding Blake, which has been accumulating, has been used to render statements fuller or more accurate. Thus the engravings for *Elements of Morality*, attributed to Blake, are now shown to be the work of Chodowiecki, reengraved by Blake; the discovery of a noble set of drawings for *Young's Night Thoughts*, never engraved, is noted, and the designs commented on, and slight stories or testimonies confirmatory of what had originally been said regarding Blake are introduced effectively, as the passage, for example, on page 197 of the first volume. The studies which have been made of Blake by Swinburne and others, since the publication of the first edition, are used judiciously in the illumination of Blake's writing, especially in the case of the *Jerusalem*, and one is constantly reminded, in comparing the two issues, of the conscientiousness and thoroughness which have been applied to the revision. The letters to Captain Butts, which before were placed by themselves in the second volume, having come to hand too late to be inserted in their proper place, are now distributed in the narrative, and the collection of Blake's own letters is enriched by the recent discovery and use here of a number of letters which he wrote to Hayley. These have been incorporated in the biography, and form a very interesting and substantial addition to our material for estimating Blake. The relation subsisting between him and Hayley was a

singular one; no two men could have been wider apart intellectually, but there was a common ground of generosity of character, and, it may be added, of unworldliness. With Blake the unworldliness was largely other-worldliness, but of this Hayley had scarcely a particle; after Blake's idealization of his complacent and kind friend had been exhausted, there remained an irritation on Blake's part at the utter flatness of his friend, but a sense also of grateful respect. It was during the time when Hayley's mild moon was waning in Blake's horizon that these letters were written, and they show the writer trying hard to keep at Hayley's level, yet every once in a while bounding up to airy heights where he would be quickly lost to his friend's sight. There are times when a visionary is ambitious of asserting his plain sense, and never more than when he is in relation with a plain man, whom he respects for his character rather than for his spiritual attainments. The whole story of Blake's interest in the review for which Hayley was too great to write is inimitable in its revelation of this phase of a visionary's mind.

The second volume, as before, is occupied with Blake's writings, with the annotated catalogue, the series of Job, and the incomplete one of Songs of Innocence and Experience. To these are added, in this edition, Descriptive Notes of the Designs to Young's Night Thoughts, by F. J. Shields; an Essay on Blake, by James Smetham, reprinted from the London Quarterly Review, interesting as the judgment of a refined artist writing for a distinctively religious audience, and a memoir of Mr. Gilchrist, by his widow. Blake's writings have been drawn from a little more fully. Love and Deceit is, we think, new, and so are some of the couplets and fragments; but the most important addition

is *The Ghost of Abel*, first printed by Mr. Swinburne, a powerful conception, of great originality, which needs but the slight ordering and repression of sane art to lift it into imperishable renown. It would be hard to point out a more significant illustration of the fatal blur upon Blake's genius, which so often makes us rise on wings in his verse and fall suddenly to earth, and so often mars his designs with the touch which is unconscious travesty.

The annotated catalogue has also been revised with great care, and many additions have been made, as well as corrections of previous entries. The names of owners have rarely been given, as compared with the previous edition, perhaps because of the frequent changes which render such reference misleading. Mr. Shields's list is of the same general character as Mr. Rossetti's, and both have an interest for the reader, as such lists seldom have, for they really enlarge his knowledge of Blake's style. The brief biography of Mr. Gilchrist, finally, is very acceptable. The readers of the first edition of *Blake's Life* were told that the author died before the actual completion of the work, and that Mrs. Gilchrist's hand was in the final touch. She has indeed scrupulously withheld all credit from herself in this undertaking, but we may justly refer to her loyalty and steady interest this new and beautiful edition. It is a monument to her husband as well as to Blake, and the glimpses which she gives in this little biographic sketch of the unselfish, enthusiastic, and high-minded writer and student, make it possible for one to see how a life so earnest and generous should have had a lasting power in his family. Mrs. Gilchrist has made us all her debtors, and yet, by the emphasis which she has laid on her husband's work, she has almost made us forget our obligation to her.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN a volume entitled *Latter-Day Lyrics*, published a while ago by Chatto and Windus, London, the reader, if he is interested in such matters, may find some excellent examples of a school of poetry which exists, but, fortunately, cannot be said to flourish, just now in England, — the Anglo-Gallic school. The disciples of this composite school are young Britons who have so thoroughly saturated themselves with the spirit of mediæval French poetry that they have ceased to be Englishmen, a fact which perhaps no one would regret if they had only succeeded in becoming Frenchmen. But they have not accomplished this desirable metamorphosis; they are neither the one thing nor the other, — poets without a country. To be sure, they call a ballad a *ballade*, but the deception is as transparent as Snug the joiner's. The modern English rhymester, hiding behind a mask of rough old François Villon, has no more need than Snug had to assure the ladies that he is not a very dangerous lion. Indeed, the absence of all leonine qualities in the English *boudoir-poet* is only too plain. It is difficult to say just what his qualities are, or precisely to describe the nature of his rather gentle roar. His *bal-lades* and *villanelles* and *triolet*s are *triolet*s and *villanelles* and *ballades* with the Gallic soul left out.

It is to the inadequacy of these reproductions of an antiquated manner, and not to the fact of reproduction, that we demur. Many of the obsolete forms of French verse are admirable, and there is no reason why some of them should not take root in English soil and break into flower, as the Italian sonnet has done. That they can be trained to do so Mr. Austin Dobson has proved by several of the delicate lyrics in his *Proverbs in Porcelain*. Mr. Dante Rossetti,

with his *Ballad of Dead Ladies* paraphrased from Villon, and Mr. Swinburne, in his bolder translations from the same author, have shown what sonorous and various music may be blown through old pipes. If none but such skillful masters played upon them! But unluckily these measures are not difficult; with few exceptions, they easily lend themselves to the genius of our language. The facility with which they can be constructed has won the fancy of a great many clever young men who should not touch verse at all. In England it will presently be a distinction not to have written a ballade.

The ballade, however, and especially the *ballade à double refrain*, is a noble fashion of rhyming, in spite of its affectation and artificiality. Not so much can be said of the *rondeau* and the *ron-del*: at best they are but graceful cages for pretty thought. Lacking the pretty thought, they are intolerable. Now, for the most part, it is the cage and not the bird which the latter-day troubadours give us, — the form and not the voice of poetry. Their attitude, it seems to us, is wholly mistaken. There is something not a little comical in the spectacle of a group of young poets trying to catch the ear of the dying Nineteenth Century with quaintly-phrased lyrics about attenuated saints, and citholes, and stained-glass windows, and passionate *Drowsabellas*! The seriousness with which all this imitation bricabrac is offered to us has a touch of pathos in it.

It has been asked in America, Who is to fill the places of our own elder singers when, unhappily, their places are vacant? Looking across the sea, we may well put the question, Who is to follow Tennyson and Browning?

— In reading Carlyle's *Reminiscences* of his wife, what strikes me most forcibly

bly is his thorough selfishness through the whole course of their married life. Her devotion to him was beautiful and entire: a constant struggle to make his path easy at the expense of her own comfort, and finally of her life. Her appreciation of his intellect was hardly less than his own, and she lived only too cheerfully the life of self-denial to which she was condemned; but she was too thorough a woman not to have longed for something from him besides a passive and often unconscious acceptance of her self-abnegation. Can any one doubt that his life would have been nobler and sweeter if some of the sacrifices had fallen upon him; if he had occasionally put aside the great thoughts which she so revered, to exercise a little tender care for her comfort and well-being? It is common enough, this utter self-surrender on the part of a faithful wife, and the acceptance of it by the superior being to whom she is allied; but there would be fewer bitter regrets after the parting comes if each helped to bear the burden which is so often laid upon one alone. No wonder that poor Carlyle constantly sighs, "Wae's me! wae's me! Ay de mi! ay de mi!" as he recalls his own blindness and her silent suffering. One is almost amused, in spite of the pathos of the story, to read, in the account of the sad journey to St. Leonard's, that the invalid railway carriage (so like a hearse) cost "some ten or twelve times the common expense." The canny Scot could not forbear, even in his misery, the record of the extra shillings! And the brougham which would have spared her that frightful accident and consequent suffering, must wait for months, because he could not take a day to order it! It is well, at least, to see that he recognized at the last his own selfish egotism, even though his moanings could not reach her ear.

— It was in the early spring of 1847 that we dined — my father, mother, and myself — with the American minister

in London. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft exercised at that time a great deal of hospitality. Enjoying the society of literary men and women, they were generously disposed to share a pleasure dear to them with such of their country people as would also enjoy it.

I remember nothing about this dinner party until we assembled at table, to the number of twelve or fourteen, where I found myself sitting opposite to Mr. Carlyle, who had taken my mother down to dinner. There were present, besides ourselves and two or three Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle and a granddaughter of Lord Dunmore, the last British governor of Virginia, — the Hon. Miss Murray, author of *Travels in this country*. Miss Murray wore her badge of office as a lady in the queen's household, and entertained us for some time with anecdotes of the queen's management of her children. My father then engaged Miss Murray in conversation about her grandfather (his father's old friend), and my attention was diverted to the conversation between my mother and Mr. Carlyle. He had a rugged face, very Scotch in outline and expression, and shaggy reddish hair. He spoke with a strong Scotch accent. Mrs. Carlyle, who was seated beside Mr. Bancroft, at some distance from her husband, appeared to me charming. She had lively manners, a beautiful figure, most expressive eyes, and was very becomingly dressed. My mother as a girl had spent much of her time in Boston under the kind care of Mrs. Prescott (mother of the historian), and had thus acquired a more than usual familiarity with the writers of her own time, but she had hardly kept pace with the literary revolution in progress. At any rate, she was not *en rapport* with Carlyle.

When I first noticed them my mother was speaking about Switzerland, where she hoped to find herself during the coming summer. Mr. Carlyle laid down his knife and fork, and turning abruptly

towards her declared that no human being really loved the act of traveling, — that those who averred they did were humbugs and shams and deceivers. My mother was confounded. She insisted that she liked traveling. All the concession she could get out of Carlyle was, "You may suppose you do." And this thesis, that if you professed to enjoy traveling you wrote yourself (consciously or unconsciously, as the case might be) a sham and a false witness, he continued to maintain for some time.

The next subject that came up was the condition of Ireland. Carlyle was just then busy with his *Cromwell*, and without alluding to his occupation he gave us in brief all the ideas subsequently put forth in the chapter on the Irish War and Drogheda, and concluded by saying that the only effectual remedy for Ireland would be to dip her twenty-four hours under the Atlantic Ocean. This remark startled my father, a philanthropist and liberal in politics; a man familiar with every book worth reading from Johnson's time down to the days of the Reform Bill, but wholly incapable of making anything out of the writings of Mr. Carlyle. My father became very indignant at what he called "such atrocious sentiments," taking the words *au pied de la lettre*, and not as a too forcible way of expressing a strong conviction. The war raged during the rest of dinner; Mr. Carlyle defending his position, and my father fighting blindly, hardly perceiving what that position was. I do not remember the part Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft took in the discussion. I think their sole aim was to make the combatants comprehend each other.

After dinner, when we ladies went up-stairs, I well remember Mrs. Carlyle's efforts to apologize for her husband. He felt strongly, she said, about the Irish difficulty; he had recently been engaged upon an Irish subject, and by no means meant what we might suppose

his words implied; no man could be more merciful and tender-hearted. She begged us not to form an incorrect impression of him; and then she exerted herself to amuse and interest us, throwing herself into the breach with a true wife's devotion.

— To-day, when the higher education of women is a topic of general discussion, a short extract from Gregorovius on the education of Italian women may interest some of our readers: —

"In our day a learned woman is too often regarded by men with aversion rather than respect. We call her, specially if she be a writer of books, a blue-stocking. In the Renaissance such a woman bore the name of 'virago,' — a term of most honorable distinction. As such Jacob von Bergamo employs it in his work on Celebrated Women. Italians seldom used the word in its modern acceptance, — a *hermaphrodite*. At the time of which we write it was always employed to designate a woman who by character, intellect, and culture had raised herself above the majority of her sex. She was still further honored if to these qualities the claims of beauty and grace were added. For a classical education was not regarded by the Italians of the fifteenth century as an enemy to womanly charms, but rather as an enhancer of the same. Jacob von Bergamo, when speaking of a woman who had appeared publicly as an orator and poetess, makes mention of the fact that it was her modesty and propriety of demeanor which fascinated her listeners. These are the qualities which he particularly commends in Cassandra Fidei. When speaking of Genevra Sforza, the same author extols her beauty of form, her grace of motion, her dignified self-possession, and above all her chaste beauty. What at that time was called modesty (*pudor*) was meant to designate the natural charms of a highly gifted woman, carried by education to a high degree of development.

"The studies of a well-educated woman at this period embraced the classical languages, and their literature, music, oratory, and poetry,—that is, the art of rhyming. To these were added, of course, a knowledge of drawing. The priceless art treasures of the Renaissance naturally made every educated woman a connoisseur of art. Philosophy and theology were likewise included in the course of study. Disputations on such subjects at the various courts and in the university halls were the order of the day; and here women, too, sought to shine. The Venetian Cassandra Fideli, the wonder of the fifteenth century, was as conversant in philosophy and theology as any learned man of her time. She disputed publicly before the Doge, Agostino Barbadiago, and in the auditory of Padua, with great grace and power, and before enthusiastic audiences. Costanza Varano, the beautiful wife of Alessandro Sforza, of Pesaro, was poetess, orator, and philosopher. She wrote several learned treatises. The writings of Augustine, Ambrosius, Hieronymus, and Gregory, of Seneca, Cicero, and Lactantius, were daily in her hands. Battista Sforza, the noble wife of the highly gifted Federigo of Urbino, was also celebrated for her learning; and it is narrated of the renowned Isotta Nugarola, of Verona, that she was perfectly at home in all the writings of the church fathers and well versed in philosophy. Isabella Gonzaga and Elizabilla of Urbino were equally learned, not to speak of Vittoria Colonna and Veronica Gambara. These names and many others indicate the highest point to which the education of women in the Renaissance was carried. Even if we admit that the talents and attainments of these women were exceptional, still the studies in which they excelled were common to all women of the upper class. Such studies were pursued for personal improvement and for the adornment of social

life. What a contrast does such a life present to the *salons* of to-day, whose inexpressible dullness and vapidness is barely relieved by song and instrumental music!

"To be sure, the salons of the Renaissance cannot always be compared to Plato's *Symposia*, and these disputations would to-day be wearisome. But let us remember that the exigencies of society were very different at that time. The ability to carry on a spirited and intellectual conversation, and to give it a classical turn, was considered the highest social gift. It was this same art of conversation which, at a later period in the Renaissance, was carried in France to such a high degree of perfection. Talleyrand called it the greatest and purest pleasure in life.

"But social enjoyment in Italy was not limited to conversation. Dancing was as favorite an amusement then as now. A ball, however, in the time of the Renaissance was not the stiff, artificial affair it is with us. It was a far simpler pleasure. Women often danced with one another, or alone. The French style was the prevailing one; for even then France had begun to dictate her fashions to other nations. The *moresca*, one of the favorite dances at that time, unites the qualities of both opera and ballet. Its origin has been traced to the darkest period of the Middle Ages. It represented, then as now, the conflict of the Moor and Christian.

"Dress, also, was an absorbing interest in the life of a woman of this period. Great attention was paid to the subject. Especially was this the case at the several Italian courts, where the costumes of the ladies were both magnificent and costly. Isabella, the Margravine of Mantua (the same learned Isabella of whom we have spoken), was accustomed to send an agent to Rome to study the latest fashions in dress and *fêtes*. When the two Venetian ambassadors were about to travel to France to attend the

wedding of Lucrezia Borgia and Alfonso, they were obliged to present themselves before the assembled senate, for inspection, in their crimson velvet, furlined cloaks and caps. More than four thousand persons were assembled in the hall of the grand council to wonder and admire, and the Piazza of St. Mark was filled with a curious and expectant multitude. One of these state mantles is said to have contained twenty-two yards of velvet, the other eighteen. These garments were also intended as wedding presents to Lucrezia Borgia. . . . But this period of woman's proud supremacy was not of long duration. In proportion as the education of woman began to be considered in the Germanic and Romanic countries, it declined in Italy, until at last the Italian woman, who during the Renaissance had advanced step by step with man, contending with him for the palm of education and culture, sharing with him all intellectual progress, stepped once more into the background."

— In an article on George Eliot in the *Contemporary Review*, the writer of it refers to a passage in the *Spectator*, which notes as a sign of the greatness of the novelist's dramatic genius that she portrayed the characters most unlike her own with the utmost intellectual sympathy. The writer objects to the *Spectator's* view, remarking, "It surely takes the minimum of dramatic power to bring out the enjoyment that all feel in characters unlike their own." An interesting question is here touched on, and that it is a question not to be too hastily decided appears from the fact that two able critics differ so absolutely upon it. I wish it had come within the scope of their writings to dwell upon the point, and to present the arguments for their respective views. Certain things that may be said on one side of the question seem to me apparent, and I do not doubt that the *Contemporary Reviewer* would have something to say for the

other side, although I confess I do not guess what it would be. In support of the view that an author's dramatic power is shown most fully in the portrayal of character unlike his own, this may be said: that it is an easier task to describe what we know well than what we know less well, and that we know ourselves better than we know others. Of course, by *we* I mean not the common run of irreflective people, but those possessing the mental breadth and imaginative quality which alone give insight into character. I venture to affirm that those who know little or nothing of themselves know equally little of others. Self-love, it is true, sometimes draws a veil over us to hide us from our own observation, but in such a case the same screen is apt to interpose between us and other persons whom we would scrutinize; none is so slow to comprehend others as the conceited man. But when this veil is withdrawn, or attenuated to the thinnest texture possible, we may know ourselves and those who are like us better than those who are unlike, — know the interior of character, I mean, for that is the only knowledge worth talking of here. So far as mere surface goes, we are, I admit, often very ignorant of ourselves and well informed as to others. It is difficult to see one's own outside, to appreciate the effect of one's manner and conversation, or even to account to one's self accurately for one's passing thoughts and trivial actions. But it is not so difficult for a sincere person to search out the springs of his deeper thought and more considered action. Such knowledge as this of our own characteristics must give at least an approximate comprehension of other persons who in fundamental qualities resemble us. With regard to those who are unlike us the case is reversed. We note their external characteristics, catch sight of and follow the movement of their superficial thought and feeling, but what goes on beneath is matter of guess-work

for us. To trace the growth of sentiments we have never known, to paint the force of desires and passions we have not felt and the urgency of motives that have never influenced our action, needs something more than a vivid descriptive power: it needs the genius of an artist. To conceive a being destitute of the impulses and principles of thought that habitually act upon and govern our lives is perhaps a still greater effort of the imagination.

That George Eliot should describe a Romola or Dorothea seems, then, not at all wonderful; it was the creation of characters like Hetty, Rosamund, and Gwendolen, out of elements most unlike those that composed her own individuality, that marked the range and the force of her dramatic imagination.

— Allow me to soften the distasteful speech, attributed to Thackeray in Trollope's memoir, and supposed to be addressed to Mr. Ticknor, about "two broken-nosed old fogies sitting talking of love."

The name of the recipient of this remark is not mentioned by the biographer, but he describes him as a literary, middle-aged, dignified gentleman, who always had the air in society of wrapping a toga about him, and others have asserted it was Mr. Ticknor. Thackeray, although given to free speech, would, we think, have hesitated to make so coarse a remark to a reserved American gentleman; neither would the conversation which led up to it, upon the "tender passion," have been in Mr. Ticknor's vein.

The report at the time that Grattan, the British consul, was the victim bears thorough internal evidence of its genuineness. Grattan was literary and middle-aged, but far from dignified. He draped himself in no toga, but clothed mind and body in a rough-and-ready English suit. He was known, before being here officially, as the author of some pretty tales called *Highways* and *Byways*, and other

novels and travels. Being a clever, jovial Englishman and an agreeable dinner companion, with a gallant manner and an ambition for friendship with fashionable women, he was much noticed during his consulate in Boston, where, after leaving, he was thought ungrateful for the attentions paid him, as in his book on America he diluted praise with criticism.

This version cannot free the speech from being contrary to all our ideas of good manners, but, addressed to a compatriot of the character described and with a profile like Thackeray's, it relieves it from being a social outrage.

— When Harvard has its Chinese professor, and every metropolis its Chinese laundry, and San Francisco is making calls at New Year's upon Chinese ladies; when even our great republic sends a tidal wave of welcome across the Pacific to float the whole of China into California, ought not our world of letters to give its right hand of fellowship to that country of Confucius? And we may be not irrelevantly reminded of that Chinese novel which has gained, by its eccentricities and excellences, the compliment of two translations from as many French Academicians. *Yu-Kiao-Li* is the Chinese title of a romance which, as *Les Deux Cousins* (*The Two Cousins*), was introduced to the French public at different periods by MM. Abel Rémusat and Stanislas Julien, and presents to our modern civilization a startling suggestion of our arrogance in the judgment which we have been accustomed ignorantly to pass upon our Oriental friends.

The book has never been translated into English, and has one glaring fault, which must always forbid its reproduction for popular reading; and it may be readily seen that a work for which Stanislas Julien felt himself compelled to apologize to a French public is not one which an English or American will readily allow himself to purchase.

We have in the first volume of this novel a florid picture of the trials of one Chinese "maiden's choosing." In this we are introduced to Cousin Hong Lu, for whose suitable marriage we find a select and distinguished circle manoeuvring with a degree of diplomacy which might readily attend an international treaty. The young woman we must believe quite worthy the care which is taken to make the path to the marriage altar straight and her life forever after happy.

As the only child of a man of high standing, attached to the imperial person, the girl has received all the benefits of companionship with one of the greatest scholars of the age, and if we may trust her historian Miss Hong Lu, at sixteen, was the peer of Minerva and the Muses. Like Pope, "she lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," and her favorite amusement was "improvisation at seven steps," — an idiomatic expression for a trial of great geniuses, which was decreed by a certain emperor about the year 1300 A. D., who awarded a prize to the scholar who could make verses on a given subject after seven paces in contemplation. Even in China, in the year 1449 A. D., when learning was, we suppose, almost as universal as now, it was difficult to find a suitable match for a young lady whose acquirements were so great. Months were spent in search of a youth whose verses could compare with her own, and when, at last, the prize was found, among the newly made bachelors of art graduated from a certain university, the bachelor refused the maiden. And so the plot thickens, and the maiden, who hitherto allowed her choice to depend upon the quality of her suitors' manuscripts and the quantity of their syllables, finds herself moved with those feelings which trouble foolish young women. She sees the bachelor through a latticed window, and loves him for his comely figure, while he, meanwhile, is still strong in his

refusal, until he can believe by seeing that she is fair. It matters not to the bachelor, young, talented, and adventuresome, that Miss Hong Lu is reputed clever and a poet. Unless he see that the blue stocking is not a gray, he will not consent even to a Chinese betrothal.

This independence on the part of an obscure youth, whose only capital is wit, offends the aristocratic guardians of Miss Hong Lu. They take measures to deprive him of his degree. He laughs them to scorn. What is a degree to a man with brains enough to take one? They rob him of his B. C. He is still the most intellectual man in his class, and the best improvisator in the kingdom, and the match-makers find it difficult to discover his equal for Hong Lu. While their stubborn highnesses are refusing to grant his stipulation, the young man amuses himself with a wild flirtation with Hong Lu's cousin, a young girl nearly her own age, who, although she does not try her lover by the same intellectual standards, is not less charming than Hong Lu, and has allowed her cousin's exacting suitor a glimpse of her pretty figure through the vista of a garden gate and a pomegranate grove. And so we are brought to the close of the first volume, which is replete with Orientalism, that M. Julien makes clear to our Occidental mind by ample commentary.

The gentlemen drink wine from the rhinoceros horn, and are inspired by forty or more of those tankards to write a rhyme of seven syllables. Miss Hong Lu's verses are chiefly of light, and she allows them to enter into competition with certain made by her father's guests, gentlemen who drink much wine, and force their host to drink more, that he may be rendered *non compos mentis* for the trial verses. There is much self-abasement in social converse, much neighborly backbiting in familiar intercourse. Kissing of hands and laying on and off the ceremonial robes occupy almost as

much time as writing verses to Wine, Women, and Song, subjects for which they invoke the muse as frequently as they tap the wine cask.

In the second volume, difficulties in the hymeneal path lessen the list of unworthy suitors, for Miss Hong Lu is no longer prominent. The two cousins warm towards each other, and confide their mutual choice, and we and they are made happy by their union with the fortunate bachelor, who gains thereby two opulent fathers-in-law and two charming wives. In the manner of the Chinese novelist, we should make an epitome of these facts in a strophe, but we have not the "divine afflatus."

—On the topmost twig of a maple-tree there grew a seed. In the spring-time the tremulous pulsation of the sap and the soft rustle of the leaves whispering among themselves had awakened him; then, day by day, in a slumberous, semi-conscious state, he had fed upon what the roots provided, stretching himself lazily in the sunshine. Presently his wing began to unfold.

"That is very curious," said he, stirring a little. "It must be a mistake. *I* don't flutter about like the bees." That bit of pinion, which seemed his and not his, puzzled him. "It must belong to something else," he thought; and thenceforward he was always on the lookout for a bee or a dragon-fly with only one wing. But none came.

The hot summer noons and the long moonlit nights became sultrier, and the leaves drooped. "How withered I am!" said the maple-seed to his most intimate friend, a leaf residing on a neighboring bough. "It makes one feel quite brittle." But the leaf did not answer, for just then it detached itself from the twig, and with a queer, reluctant shiver dropped to the ground.

"Ah!" murmured the maple-seed, "I understand." So he was not surprised when a rude breeze twisted him off, one day, and sent him spinning into space.

"Here I go!" thought he; "and this is the end of it."

"Puff!" said the breeze, who had seen much of the world, and looked with contempt upon the untraveled. "Puff! how ignorant!" and he blew the seed right into a fissure in the earth.

"It must be the end, for all that," insisted the seed; and no wonder he thought so, for it was cold and dark where he lay, and a troubled cloud leaned down and wept over him.

Then he began to grow amazingly, and he continued to expand with the warmth and moisture.

"If this goes on," he meditated, "I shall certainly burst, and then I must die. How is one to live with a crack in one's side?"

The maple-seed was wrong, however; he did not die; an unsuspected, mysterious strength sustained him; he reached up from the gloom into the pure sunlight, and became a sapling, and at last a fine tree with spreading branches.

"Now," said the maple, "I know how stupid I was."

It was very pleasant there on the lawn. An old couple from the mansion near by came out in good weather to sit under the tree. Though they vaguely reminded the maple of some fragile leaves he had seen fluttering somewhere in the past, he was glad to have the aged pair keep his company, and always kept his most agreeable shade for them. Partly for their sake he liked to have the robins singing among his branches. So the years went by.

The old man tottered out alone now to sit in the cool shadow. He looked bent and sorrowful.

"Ah!" sighed the tree, "I know, I know: he has lost his leaf, and feels brittle."

After this many sunny days came, but not the old man, and the tree concluded that he had been blown away.

"If he only knew he will grow again!" the tree mused to himself. "Unless one

knows that, it is so uncomfortable to lie in the dark."

One day the sky blackened; the birds flew anxiously to their nests; even the lips of the sea turned white with a nameless apprehension.

"Hark!" said the tree, and a shudder ran through all his fibres. Then the storm burst from its cavern among the hills.

"Down with him!" shrieked the blast, as it struck the edge of the lawn.

After struggling a moment, the maple tossed his arms in despair, and then—crash!

The next day men with axes in their hands gathered about the fallen tree. They chopped him, and split him, and dragged him to the house, where he was thrown into an obscure corner of the cellar.

"It is over," he muttered; "one does n't live through everything. This is the end."

He lay there a long while in the dampness, with a dull ache in every splinter. Then they began to carry him up-stairs, piece by piece. Finally, he found himself in a spacious chamber, and was astonished at seeing the old man seated in an arm-chair before the fire-place.

The fresh logs were piled on the hearth, where they soon blazed and crackled with a cheerful sound. Ruddy points of flame thrust themselves through the bark here and there, and curled up like rose-petals.

"Why!" exclaimed the tree, "I am putting out leaves again, — crimson leaves!"

"Is it the maple?" inquired the old man, stooping to look at the logs.

"Yes," answered they.

"Ah! quite right, quite right! That goes with the rest." And his cheeks were moist as he spread his thin palms to the warmth.

The fire burned brighter, grew duller, turned to embers, smouldered to ashes. The hearth was cold. A figure still sat

in the arm-chair by the fire-place, gazing at the whitened hearth, but the old man himself had blown away.

As for the maple-tree, its spirit mounted to the clouds; but in the spring-time it came again, with other invisible airs, to refresh the maples upon the lawn, to lead a new existence in grasses and ferns and flowers.

"Now," said he, "I understand it all. There is no end."

—There is a word which, for several years past, has been forcing its way into positions where it has no business. It is the word *then*, classed by Lindley Murray among conjunctions, by Dr. Johnson among adverbs, by Worcester among conjunctions, adverbs, and adjectives, according to its application. Johnson gives as its definitions, "At that time; afterwards; in that case; in consequence; therefore; for this reason; at another time; that time," — with authorities in prose and poetry for each acceptance. Worcester follows him exactly, except that he gives, "at that time, afterwards, therefore, that time," under the head of adverb; "in that case" as a conjunction; and "at that time existing" as an adjective. At present it is used almost to the exclusion of "therefore," and with a shade of affirmation not preceded by any of the standard quotations in Johnson or Worcester. It is superfluous to give examples of this misapplication, as there are probably not half a dozen essays, English or American, written within the last five years, in which it does not occur, and it may be found on almost every page of the current newspapers and magazines. It has superseded "for this reason," "since," "because of," and sundry other forms and parts of speech. There are two objections to it: one that it is an affectation, a trick, a mannerism; the other that it is used as a specious mode of taking an argument for granted, or a proposition as proved, which has only been asserted. A writer, most often in

one of those psycho-scientific articles which are the bane of contemporary periodical literature and popular reading, assumes a number of propositions which have never got beyond the condition of hypothesis, and beginning a new paragraph with a "We see, then," glibly proceeds to his deductions and conclusions as if he had established his premises. "Therefore," or "for this reason," challenges inquiry and discussion; "then" slips by easily, and the careless, hasty, or superficial reader accepts it, with its chain of consequences. It is a presumptuous, perfidious word, as well as an intrusive one; it does harm, and ought to be taught its proper place again.

— In *The Atlantic* of last July there was an essay called *A French Comic Dramatist*, and devoted to a consideration of the career and compositions of M. Eugène Labiche. Incidentally, the writer of the essay discussed the claims of M. Labiche to a seat among the forty immortals of the French Academy. After the essay was written M. Labiche was elected a member of the Academy. After the essay was printed he was formally received as a member. The ceremonies of reception always include an address by the neophyte, in which he compliments his new associates first, and then eulogizes his immediate predecessor. To this discourse one of the other thirty-nine Academicians replies in a set speech of welcome, in which he delicately comments upon the works of the new-comer, and often ingeniously and insidiously insinuates some very wholesome criticism in among the flowers of rhetoric in his complimentary nosegay; after which he lays his wreath also upon the grave of the departed Academician, in whose place and stead the novice then stands, or, to use the academic formula, in whose chair the novice sits. Now, it so happened, by one of the incongruities not infrequent in the annals of the Academy, that the immediate predecessor of M. Labiche was Sylvestre de Sacy; and

there was general curiosity in Paris to see how the author of the most easy and joyous farces of our time would acquaint himself of the hard task of properly praising an author who was his exact opposite: a Jansenist by birth and breeding, a writer of a perfect and polished style, a worshiper of the great French writers of the seventeenth century, and a man who ignored and was ignorant of anything and everything in the nineteenth century, saving only a certain line of abstract politics. M. Labiche rose equal to the occasion; his address has just been published, and we can follow his words. He began modestly; he found simple and fit phrases in which to praise M. de Sacy's simple life and nature; he was witty, as he could not well help being; and, better still, by a few quotations from M. de Sacy's letters, M. Labiche touched the hearts of all who heard him, and drew pathetic and patriotic tears as readily as he was wont to draw laughter. To M. John Lemoine, most English of Frenchmen in name and training, fell the task of responding to M. Labiche's address. From the French papers one might infer that his speech was a failure; but in print it certainly reads well enough. It is an exact and apt criticism of his to say that M. Labiche's plays, light and lively and even broad as many of them are, are never immoral, because they are never sentimental. This is a judgment for the admirers of M. Octave Feuillet to consider. It was the ultra-sentimentality into which Romanticism degenerated that made it so enervating an influence. Work which is free from sentimentality, and through which a gale of laughter blows, is not, however broad it may be, likely to hurt any but the sickly and the predestined valetudinarians in morals. Far different were many of the writings of the Romanticists, in which there was a dangerous sentimentality and license. M. Lemoine cites a remark of Thiers, made during the dark days of 1871.

One day, when M. Lemoigne called on Thiers at Versailles, the latter asked after M. de Sacy, and the former answered that "he kept on loving his good old books and ignoring the Romantics." "Ah!" replied Thiers, with the usual vivacity, "Sacy is right; the Romantics, — that's the commune!" With which cheerful tidbit of literary criticism we may leave the subject.

— There seems nothing harder to arrive at than fixed principles of art. Notwithstanding all discussion, they have never yet been so defined as to become matter of general acceptance. It is not wonderful, perhaps, that, with regard to a subject of such deep interest to mankind, ideas should continually vary as years and men themselves change. Yet after all there are but two ways of looking on the matter, as it seems to me, and the fluctuation of ideas is only an alternation from one view to the other. I speak, of course, of fundamental ideas, not of subsidiary principles or technical rules. Of art, as of philosophy and religion, there have always been opposite conceptions held by men termed spiritualists or idealists and those calling themselves realists, and to-day the same war of opposed opinions goes on. Reconciliation between views which are really contradictory cannot, of course, be looked for, but the contradiction may sometimes be only apparent, and the partisans of either theory be more in harmony than they are aware; all that is needed being that both sides should come to a better apprehension of the terms of debate. Where a theory of realism as the only true art has been wrought out deliberately, as Zola has done with respect to literary art, we can hardly look to see it altered or modified; but there are many who have adopted the idea and the word "realism" unthinkingly, without any understanding of its full import. They admire it, because they take it to mean naturalness and truthfulness as opposed to mere fancy-

work of the mind, having no basis in fact. Is the logical and consistent advocate of extreme realism, however, he who teaches the most of truth? That is precisely the question. Zola, Flaubert, and company devote themselves to the "rendering of facts without compromise or embellishment." Very good: we may be glad to have certain facts presented to us in this faithful manner, and it may be the peculiar gift of these writers to produce this special work; but this is by no means to say that we accept their work as the only true art, or as representing the whole of truth. On the contrary, their very theory is a partial one, and all done in accordance with it must therefore be one-sided and incomplete. A theory which claims to have absolute truth on its side, and does not show the whole of truth, or of fact, if that word is preferred, proves its own insufficiency and falsehood. It is seen that these realistic writers do not render fact, but only certain facts, — indeed, a limited number of facts, — for which they have, apparently, a special preference. To insist upon a partial truth of human nature, I repeat, is to insist upon a falsehood, for it is the implicit denial of other and equally important truths. Writers of the above-mentioned school, who persist in painting only the lowest and most depraved types of human nature, nullify their own claim to be the only true artists, teachers of *la vérité vraie*, the truest truth. These advocates of extreme realism are in a small minority, but it is well to note how far a theory may carry us when we are judging of its merits. One who firmly holds, as I myself do, to the opposite theory would inquire of the realist what he means by "the real"? Does he mean the only true, or does he merely mean the actual? The actual is not the real, or rather cannot give us, taken alone, the whole of the real. The actual is always the particular, and a particular can never give us a general truth,

except when brought by the understanding into comparison with all other related particulars. You do not know your friend by any especial trait, by what you saw of him to-day or yesterday, but by all his traits combined, and your knowledge of him from the beginning of your acquaintance until now. The literary artist must therefore be as wide as well as keen observer, if he pretends to be anything more than a specialist, a reporter of a certain class of phenomena only. The idealist may go further. Is there not, he would say, for every living species a perfect type, which individuals of that species approximate to more or less nearly, — an ideal, that is, for each particular, actual thing to conform to? This ideal cannot be called an unreality, though it may seldom be seen actualized; on the contrary, it is the highest truth of the particular existence toward which it should ever tend, and so far as the individual falls short of its own ideal it is untrue to itself, becomes itself an unreality. The artist, then, who has a true conception of an ideal has the right to call the creations of his imagination made after the image of that ideal truths, realities; these creations must not contradict the truths given by observation, but they may transcend any particular truth. He may paint average human beings, the lowest beings and the highest, human nature as he has seen it and as he has not seen it, but conceived of it from the reports of other observers and the illumination of the ideal. The "realist," so called, denies these "rights of the imagination." The idealist is the only true realist, and some other word should be found to designate the artist who clings to the material, particular fact, and is indifferent to the spiritual truth in virtue of which the particular fact exists. How shall we name some of the greatest artists the world has known? Was Shakespeare an idealist or a realist? Was he not both? Does not the question seem a

futile one in regard to any of the highest, truest masters of art?

—The difficulty of translating from a foreign language is always great, but it becomes even more complicated when the writing that is to be translated is full of allusions which are wholly unfamiliar to the reader. The differences between the Oriental civilization and our own, between their method of writing verse and the various ways that our poets try, are enough to make a man hesitate before he attempts to give us any notion of their poems; and when we recall the impossibility of our understanding the allusions that the native poets learned in the cradle it is plain that any version of Japanese poetry, for instance, must be considerably diluted and altered before it conveys any distinct notion to us. The charm of Japanese poetry seems to lie in extreme brevity and simplicity, such as we find in some of the fragments of Sappho, for instance, and we all know how impossible it is to find any translation of these poems that does justice to the original. Occasionally, a poet is able to give us in a translation something that makes his verse the equivalent of what the original is to the fellow-countrymen of him who wrote it, but examples of this are necessarily very rare. Fitzgerald's version of the *Rubâiyat* of Omar Khayyam is about the only instance that readily suggests itself of absolutely successful translation into English.

Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain has just published a volume on the classical poetry of the Japanese, in which he has represented the original poems in various measures, and with a commendable degree of smoothness. This is not the first attempt to introduce us to the knowledge of the poetry of this country. Mr. F. V. Dickens, in 1866, published a volume entitled *Japanese Odes*, in which were metrical versions and literal prose translations, and M. de Rosny's *Anthologie Japonaise* contains

many poems in French prose. This volume of Mr. Chamberlain's is interesting reading; the history of this department of Japanese literature is clearly told. The translations, we gather, keep close to the original, and although at times they lack poetical charm they are of service to the reader.

Many of the peculiar qualities of the Japanese mind are to be seen in the beautiful works of art, and in these translations of Japanese poetry we have a new opportunity to observe this interesting people. Most of their poems are very short, as we have stated, and in this respect they are like the Greek epigrams; but they differ from these in that they abound with descriptions of natural scenery, and like all lyrical poetry, and especially that of the East, they are full of lamentation concerning the brevity and misery of human life. Here is a fair example:—

"Since the far natal hour of earth and heaven,
Men never cease to cry,
That ne'er to aught in this our world 't was given
To last eternally.

"If upward gazing on the moon of light
That hangs in heav'n's high plain,
I see her wax, 't will not be many a night
Before that moon shall wane.

"And if in spring each twig puts forth his flow'r
On all the hills around,
Dew-chill'd and storm-swept in dull autumn's hour
The leaves fall to the ground.

"Such, too, is man: soon pales the ruddy cheek,
The raven locks soon fade;
And the fresh smile of morn 't were vain to seek
Amid the evening shade.

"And I that gaze upon the mortal scene,
My tears flow down forever,
Where all is viewless as the wind unseen,
And fleeting as the river."

Here is a fascinating little poem:—

"The trees and herbage, as the year doth wane,
For gold and russet leave their former hue, —
All but the wave-toss'd flow'rets of the main,
That never yet chill autumn's empire knew."

These poems are hardly more interesting than the dramas that are given by Mr. Chamberlain; for a sort of

naïve simplicity these plays have no equal. It is curious to find one resembling vaguely Calderon's *Vida es Sueño*. The remarks with which Mr. Chamberlain introduces his subject are very well worth reading. He shows how closely the ancient Japanese imitated the Chinese, just as now they copy our civilization; he points out many of their more marked mental peculiarities, and shows, too, how much some of the technical difficulties of Japanese metrical composition hamper the translator. As it is, we can get but a paraphrase of the original; but then we may console ourselves by thinking how mysterious Horace and Keats must be to the Japanese student in this country.

— Apropos of the complaint of the contributor, in the February Club, who thinks it is an Americanism to accent Parnell on the last syllable, here are two verses from the *Spectator* of January 22d, in both of which the name is accented on the last syllable. I can also assure the discontented philologist that Parnell is the usual Irish pronunciation of it.

"Parnell plays the stalest of demagogue play;
To be called 'King Parnell,' talks his country away."

"Oh, sad was that valley when luckless she fell
To thee and to thine, landlord-hating Parnell!"

— Mr. White, in his article on England, in the *March Atlantic*, makes the statement that the town-crier is unknown in America. Generally speaking, this is so, yet I have myself seen him in the city of Newport, R. I. No longer ago than 1878, as I was passing down Thames Street, in that curious aged and new town, I noticed an old man ringing a bell on the corner. No one but myself seemed to pay any attention to him. After ringing the bell for some time, he adjusted his spectacles, and read a notice for an auction in a monotonous, perfunctory sort of way.

Then he passed on to the next corner, and rung and read again. He was probably the last of his race in America.

— Whilst Sanskrit scholars are successfully tracing the pedigrees of our commonest words back to so remote an age as to excite the envy of owners of "family pride" and thorough-bred horses, are we not in danger of forgetting the origin of some of our local names?

Doubtless, New England smiled on reading in the associated press dispatches that the legislature of Arkansas decides the official name of that State to be *Arkansaw*, just as one always hears it in the trans-Mississippi; but does not the name come from the *arc en sang* of the early French traders, its likeness to Kansas being accidental? Whether the "bloody bow" was a special weapon, like the "medicine bow," that gave its name to a creek, mountain range, and railway station in Wyoming, or the "Bloody Bows" were a band, like the Sans Arcs, cannot now be determined.

Is not the Ozark range a remnant of *aux arcs*, and that a Frenchman's translation of an Indian name for the place where he got the wood to make his bow, just as on the head of "Pole Creek" in Wyoming they got lodge poles?

Some say the word "sni" or "sny," creek, is Chippewa, as Sni Magill, — Magill's Creek, — on the Upper Mississippi. In my county a township is named Sni-a-bar, and the oldest inhabitant does not know that it was the name of Herbert's Creek. Being a Frenchman, Herbert called himself *Abaire*, and the Virginia and Kentucky settlers called it "Sni b'ah" (with a German *a*), just as they called the plantigrades they found here "bahs," and wrote it "bar."

When in the East, it shames me to find that I do not know how to pro-

nounce the name of my native State, but call it *I-oway* instead of *I-o-y*. The *Ah-hee-oo-ba*, or "sleepers," probably overslept themselves, and let the Sioux murder them; but the present inhabitants are wide-awake, and were nearly all "Wide-Awakes" in 1860.

Who would look for Nebraska in the Sioux language, that has no *r*? It is *Mnee bah-lah-skah*, the "broad, shallow water," — the Platte, — and enough like Alaska to give color to Spotted Tail's story that his fathers came from the far north, and once used dogs for dragging lodges, etc., and had never seen horses.

Dakota has not changed much from *Lah-ko-tah* (the *t* strongly dental), "the cut-throats."

Once, in Nebraska, a fellow-traveler on horseback overtook me, and during the day remarked that he lived on a stream that "the settlers call 'Pappy oh,' but the right name is Paypillyun." For some reason or other it swarms with butterflies in summer.

The Sioux say the first Cheyennes they ever saw had their thighs painted red (like the Kansas guerrillas, who in the late war wore red-morocco-legged boots, and were known as "red-legs"). The Sioux said, "*Shah-shah ee-a loo hah*" (you have painted yourselves red). *Shah ee* is, in sound, our "shy" pronounced slowly, and the Sioux now call them *Shy ale ah*; giving exactly the sound of those three words of our language, running them into one, and accenting the second syllable. The French traders got it down to Cheyenne (*Shy Ann*). Who would ever suspect that timid female to be descended from those bold and indelicate "red-legs"?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Lexicography. The new edition of Worcester's Quarto Dictionary (Lippincott) differs from former ones by the addition of an important supplement and a vocabulary of synonyms. The supplement, containing about twelve thousand five hundred words, was prepared by James Hunter, with assistants, and had also the benefit of the experience and learning of Dr. Thomas and the late Dr. Haldeman. The great source of accretions has necessarily been science, but creative literature has not been overlooked, and the pages of our own writers have evidently been gleaned with care. The dictionary had the advantage of following Webster's latest, and could use the criticisms passed upon that. We have been interested to see that our own suggestions in noticing Webster have been largely availed of in this work. The public may be congratulated on getting two good dictionaries instead of one, for each acts as a stimulus and check to the other. The cause of sound learning is helped by this scholarly rivalry. — A novelty which is more than a novelty is Kwong's Dictionary of English Phrases (Barnes), a stout octavo contribution to the anatomy of English idioms by an educated Chinaman. Mr. Kwong set out to make a book for his countrymen, and by the way has produced a most interesting book for English-speaking people. He has taken the picturesque phrases which we use, often without a thought of their unintelligibility upon the lower plane of the understanding, and has translated them into matter-of-fact language. The book becomes thus a most curious commentary upon the character of our vernacular, and only lacks the historical genesis of the phrases to be a singularly important contribution to linguistics. It is interesting to see how, occasionally, the author has unconsciously translated one picturesque phrase by another which was more familiar to him, and how hard it has been to get away from the figurative even in definition.

Social Science. Mr. Henry George, whose Progress and Poverty was lately reviewed by us, has published through Appleton's a pamphlet on The Irish Land Question, what it involves, and how alone it can be settled. Mr. George's position that private property in land blocks the way of all civilization is maintained in this explosive little book.

History and Antiquities. The late Mr. George Smith's The Chaldaean Account of Genesis has been revised and corrected by Prof. A. H. Sayce. (Scribners.) The period of five years which has elapsed since the first edition has been one fruitful in investigation and criticism. — The Past in the Present: What is Civilization? is the title of a volume of lectures by Dr. Arthur Mitchell, a Scottish antiquary (Harpers), in which he undertakes to illustrate primitive life from familiar implements still in use, and to inquire into the philosophy of civilization. The mistake of the school of sociology to which Dr. Mitchell appears to belong is in

the ignorance of all but conventional forces; spiritual facts are counted out as if they did not exist. — Two more volumes have been published of Memoirs of Prince Metternich. (Scribners.) They embrace the years 1815-1829, and deal principally with the internal affairs of the Austrian empire in the years 1816 and 1817; the period of the congresses, 1818 to 1822; and the complications arising from the Russian advance upon Turkey, ending in 1829. If novel-readers only knew how vastly more interesting were political and literary memoirs than any but the very best and infrequent novels! — Mr. Frederick Martin's useful The Statesman's Year-Book has been issued for 1881. (Macmillan.) It is the eighteenth annual publication of this statistical and historical annual of the states of the civilized world. It is so recent as to have such details of the United States census as were given in January, 1881. — In Epochs of Ancient History (Scribners), the latest issue is Rome and Carthage: The Punic Wars, by R. Bosworth Smith, an abridgment of the author's larger work on Carthage and the Carthaginians, in which the generous instinct to support the under dog in a fight is not disregarded. — In the Epochs of Modern History (Scribners), the latest volume is F. W. Longman's Frederick the Great and the Seven Years War. It is furnished with maps.

Poetry and the Drama. The third and fourth volumes of Mr. Ward's The English Poets have been published (Macmillan), completing the work. The first poet included in the third volume is Addison, the last in the fourth is Dobell. Each writer, according to the plan, is represented by judicious selection and introduced by special criticism. The survey thus obtained has the double advantage that the poet does not depend solely on himself nor solely on his friend. — Under the Mistletoe, and Other Poems, by Edward L. Fales, is a pamphlet collection which comes to us from the author in Minneapolis. — Broken Thoughts is the longest poem of a little volume to which it gives a name. It is by G. L. B., and dedicated to J. A. O. and J. S. M. W. Only publishers require to have their names given in full. (Putnam's.) — Miss H. W. Preston in her metrical translation of The Georgics of Vergil (Osgood) has made a positive addition to our stock of poetry. Her conception of the translator's aim is always clear, and her faithfulness is a loving as well as conscientious one. — J. S. Ogilvie & Co., of New York, come to the rescue of persons solicited to write in albums by offering a compilation of more than three hundred selections, many of which, we are told, are original. These probably are to answer the demand, "Please write something original."

Bibliography. Putnam's Library Companion, edited by F. B. Perkins, is a quarterly summary of books, authors, and prices, but without publishers' names, and the bound volume for 1880 is a tidy book of seventy-four pages. It is frankly in

the interest of the publishers, both as such and as booksellers, but is made with judgment. — The American View of the Copyright Question is a reprint, by Richard Grant White, of an article which he contributed to the Broadway magazine in 1863, with notes and additions intended to make it of special service in the present discussion of the question. Mr. White's position is that which has been growing in favor since his earlier advocacy, — the repeal of copyright statutes, with a view to leaving author's property to the protection of the common law. His brochure is interesting for another point, since it shows the Englishman clearly that the American indifference or hostility to international copyright is incidental to a protective policy: the protection, however, is to manufacture, not to thought, and though publishers and manufacturers are the partners of authors, and their natural allies, the interests of authors have not always been put in the front by their partners. (Routledge.)

Science. The latest volume of the International Scientific Series (Appleton) is Dr. Joseph Le Conte's *Sight: An Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision*, in which he has aimed to meet the wants both of the intelligent reader and of the specialist. — *Problems of Creation*, by J. Stanley Grimes (Chicago: H. A. Sumner), has to do with the origin of matter and force, of the solar system, oceans, continents, and similar small fry, which are disposed of in fifty-eight pages; and then follows a final problem, which is headed *Phreno-Geology*, which has two hundred pages given to it, and wild horses shall not drag from us what phreno-geology is. — *The Causes which produce the Great Prevailing Winds and Ocean Currents, and their Effects on Climate*, is a thoughtful pamphlet, by C. A. M. Taber. (Boston: David Clapp & Son.)

Biography. Sister Augustine, an Old Catholic (Holt), is a translation from the German memorials of Amalie von Lasaulx, who was superior of the Sisters of Charity in the St. Johannis Hospital at Bonn. The book belongs in the order of books which includes Sister Dora, Baroness Bunsen, *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, records of a noble Christianity which fuses creeds and philosophies into a high personal faith. — *Carlyle's Reminiscences*, edited by J. A. Froude (Scribners), comes with astonishing celerity after the author's death. It was not necessary to have Carlyle hot, but it is none the less agreeable, when so immense a friend has died, to hear at once that voice, so long heard, pouring out again free speech upon the most personal of topics. The book belongs to the order of high gossip. The same work is issued by the Harpers in cloth and in the Franklin Square Library. — The New England Historical Genealogical Society, has begun the publication of a series of *Memorial Biographies*, to include the names of its deceased members. The first volume, a comely octavo, contains short sketches of twoscore gentlemen who died in the first eight years of the society's existence, that is 1845-1852. The value of the work depends not so much on the brief lives of eminent men, like J. Q. Adams, Albert Gallatin, Henry Clay, and Daniel Webster, excellently as

these are done by competent hands, for one may find the material elsewhere, as on the sympathetic and interesting sketches of village Hampdens, which would otherwise be lost, and are too good to be lost. The book is readable now, and will be a storehouse for future students in New England society.

Text-Books and Education. A *Manual of Suggestions for Teaching Fractions*, by W. W. Davis, (Syracuse, N. Y., C. W. Bardeen), is intended especially to accompany a fractional apparatus invented by the author, which he conceives to have a use in developing the idea of fractions by an appeal to the senses. To break a stick in halves makes two sticks, and not two halves of one stick; hence the invention of an apparatus to obviate this difficulty. — By the same publisher is issued a pamphlet under the title of *The New York Examination Questions*, containing about three thousand questions in the range of school work, which have been given at all the examinations for state certificates up to date. — *The Spirit of Education*, by the Abbé Amable Bésau, translated by Mrs. E. M. McCarthy (same publisher), is a somewhat emotional treatise on education, written in a temper which renders it especially acceptable to the Roman Catholic church. — *The Schoolmaster's Trial*, by A. Perry (Scribners), might go under Fiction, for it is a story; but if put there, it would be necessary to apologize for removing it from Education, since the purpose of the story is not only to picture certain phases of school life, but to contribute to better views of education. — Two new numbers have been issued in Rolfe's *School Shakespeare* (Harpers), *The Taming of the Shrew* and *All's Well that Ends Well*. Mr. Rolfe keeps to his well-considered plan of giving the reader a condensation of the best Shakespearean criticism. — *Romeo and Juliet* and *King Henry VIII.* have been added to Mr. Hudson's *School Shakespeare*. (Ginn & Heath.)

Fiction. Mr. J. W. Forney, with the somewhat mysterious assistance of W. M. Baker, has produced a novel entitled *The New Nobility*, a story of Europe and America; the old and exploded caste is also mentioned in the work. (Appletons.) — The latest volume of the *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt) is *The Leaden Casket*, by Mrs. A. W. Hunt. One's curiosity is piqued by the prefatory note that "the author has availed herself of the collaboration of an American friend in preparing this edition, with reference to American standards." Standards of what? — morality, culture, spelling? Or, perhaps, from the title, one may surmise platform scales. — A new edition has been published by Peterson of Frank Forester's *Sporting Scenes and Characters*, in two volumes. A new biographical sketch of the author (Henry William Herbert) is prefixed to the edition. — *Flirtation Camp*; or, *The Rifle, Rod, and Gun in California*, is a breezy story, by Theodore S. Van Dyke. (Fords, Howard and Hulbert.) — *Miss Amanda M. Douglas's* latest novel is *Lost in a Great City*. (Lee & Shepard.) — *Ploughed Under*, the Story of an Indian Chief (Fords, Howard and Hulbert), is in the form of fiction, but is occupied, we are assured,

with unmistakable facts of Indian life in its conflict with American civilization. The nervous introduction by Inshita Theamba (Bright Eyes) at once induces the reader's respect and serious attention. — Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole, by Caroline Lee Hentz (Petersons), is a new edition of a novel which has enjoyed popularity. — The latest of Zola's novels to see the light in English is *Thérèse Raquin*, translated by John Stirling. (Petersons.) It is a horrible story. — Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *A Fair Barbarian* (Osgood) attacks again the weighty problem of the American girl's behavior in the presence of Europe. Mrs. Burnett's patriotism and art may both be trusted.

Philosophy and Religion. The growing literature about China is increased by a work from a competent hand, Dr. James Legge, who has published his lectures on *The Religions of China, Confucianism and Taoism*, described and compared with Christianity. (Scribners.) It is not entirely certain, however, that Dr. Legge's statement of Christianity is complete. He seems to regard it too much in the light of a religion. — Two volumes of sermons by the late Dr. E. H. Chapin, *God's Requirements and other Sermons and The Church of the Living God and other Sermons* (Miller), come as a timely memorial of a man who was an intellectual and spiritual force. — The series of *English Philosophers* belongs under this division rather than under Biography, since the treatment is but briefly biographical; the main work is expended in an exposition of the philosophic creed of the subject. The latest volume is *Sir William Hamilton*, by Professor W. H. S. Monck. (Putnams.) The series is edited by Ivan Müller, of New College, Oxford, and is to have an Introduction to the Study of Philosophy by Professor H. Sidgwick. — The indefatigable and virile John Bascom has added to his various philosophical works one on *The Science of Mind*. (Putnams.) If this author had the mastery of style he would before this have made a more emphatic mark in literature. — A volume of sermons has been published from those preached by the late Dr. Rudder, a leading clergyman of the Episcopal church in Philadelphia. The volume is introduced by the Rev. Henry C. Potter. (Porter & Coates.) — The main subject of G. Stanley Hall's *Aspects of German Culture* (Osgood) leads us to place it under Philosophy. The author

gives in the volume the results of observation and study in Germany of an American student, whose tastes led him to inquire particularly into the current phases of philosophical science. The book is made up of papers for the most part contributed to *The Nation* of New York. — Dean Stanley's *Christian Institutions* (Scribners) is a collection of essays, in which he applies a historical method and a judicial temper to fundamental institutions of Christianity, with the purpose of discovering the essentials existing both in the earlier and in the present stage.

Medicine and Hygiene. *The Human Body*, an account of its structure and activities and the condition of its healthy working, by H. Newell Martin, M. D. (Holt), is a volume in the *American Science Series*, intended for use in high schools and colleges; it is, however, more than a textbook, or rather it belongs to a class of text-books, growing in number and importance, which are also compendiums of the latest results in scientific study, and useful to the student as positive guides in his own investigations.

Economics. Mr. Augustus Mongredien has written a succinct *History of the Free-Trade Movement in England* (Putnams), which is intended for a defense of the policy. The book is written by an Englishman, and may be read with more satisfaction that it is not offensively a missionary document for circulation in this country; it has the customary assumptions of free-trade doctrinaires. Published also by Cassell.

Fine Arts. Mr. Charles M. Kurtz has begun the preparation of *American Academy Notes*, a pamphlet intended to do for the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design what Mr. Henry Blackburn's *Academy Notes* do in England. The note consists of memoranda both in the form of text and of picture, for the chief paintings in the exhibition are represented in it by miniature copies by some one of the many "processes." The design is good and well carried out. (Cassell.) — The March number of the *American Art Review* (Estes & Lauriat) has for its full-page etchings Henry Farrer's *Sunset*, Gowanus Bay, Mrs. Moran's *Solitude*, and a *View of Dordrecht*, painted by Jan van Goyen and etched by L. Fischer. The *Water Color* exhibition in New York and the *Art Club* exhibition in Boston are described with illustrative memoranda.

